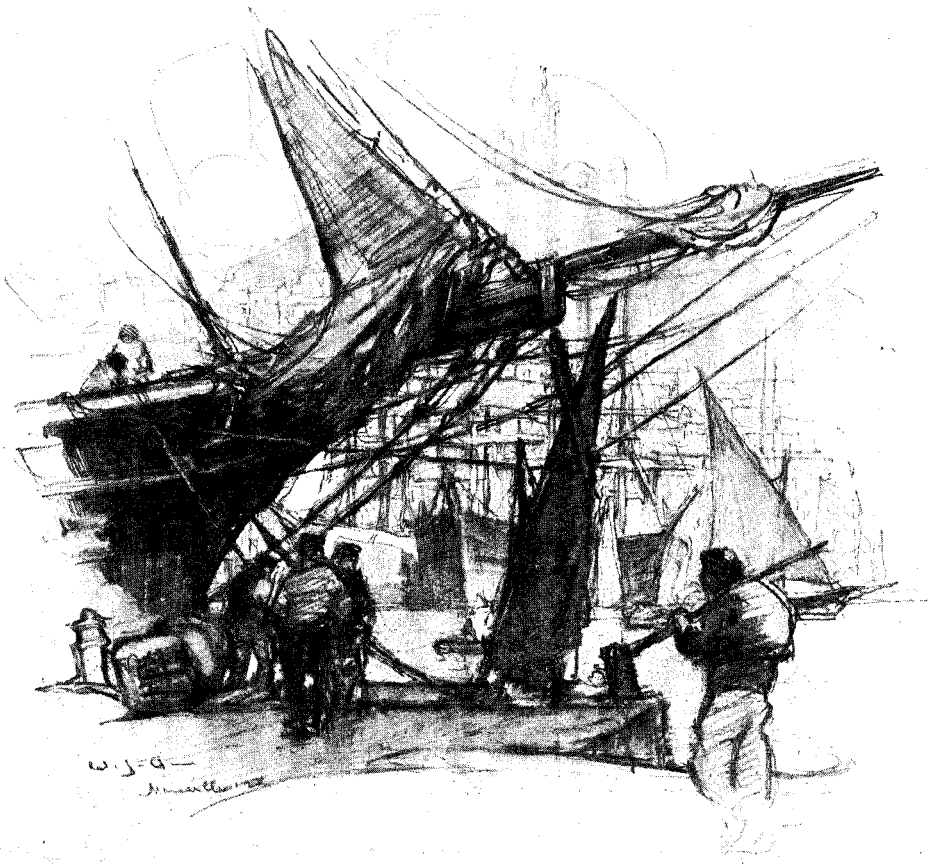
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXIX *MAY*, 1926 *NO. 5*



Marseilles (old harbor). The quays of Marseilles teem with Mediterranean craft of every description.

IN FRENCH PORTS

Twelve Sketches by

W. J. Aylward

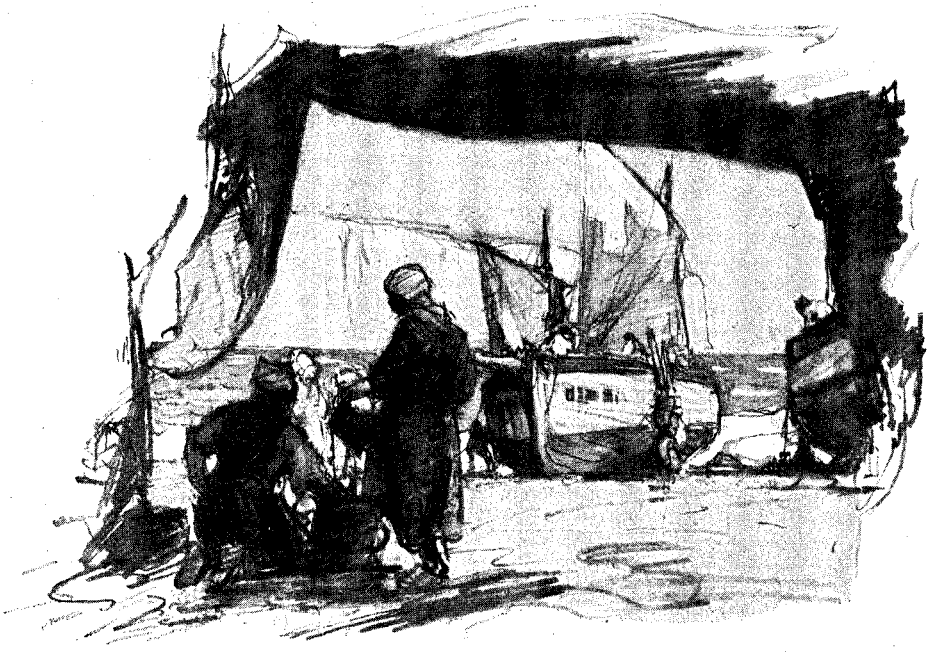
Including

MARSEILLES
NANTES
ROUEN
BOULOGNE
DIEPPE
TREPORT
LES SABLES D'OLONNE

Copyrighted in 1926 in United States, Canada, and Great Britain by Charles Scribner's Sons.
Printed in New York. All rights reserved.

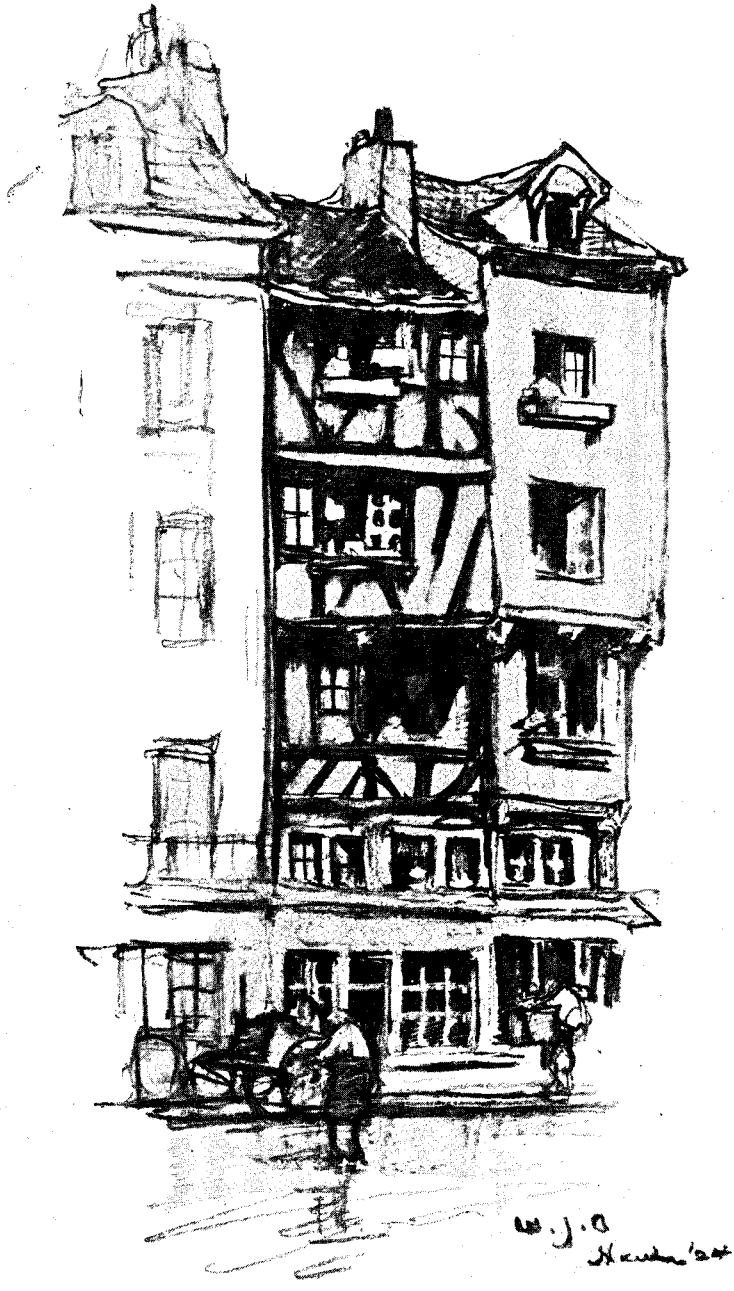
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Le Pollet, opposite famed Dieppe, is full of quaint dwellings of fisher-folk.



Historic Dieppe, fashionable watering place and thriving port and manufacturing centre, has a small population that lives in caves along the beach.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



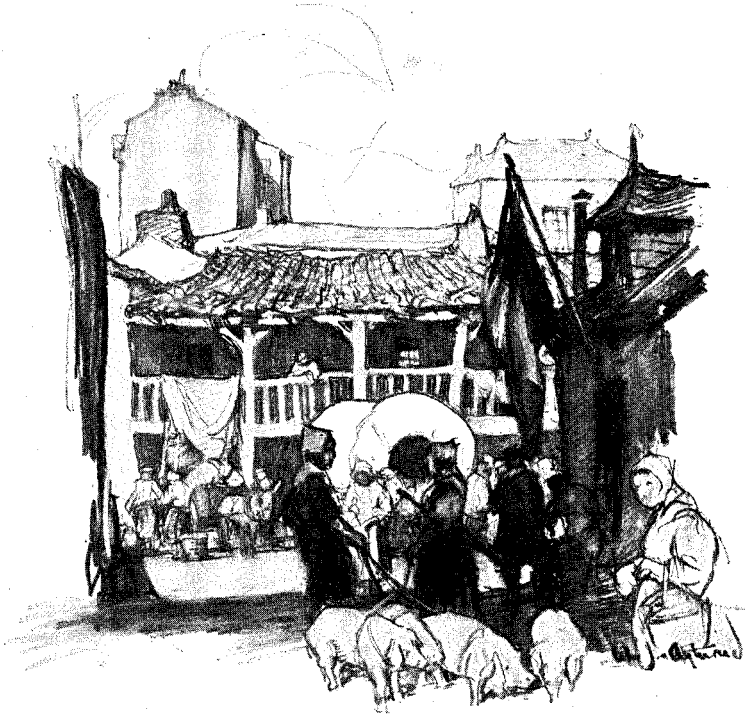
Nantes, "Chicago of France" and old capital of Brittany, has a few fragments of a glorious past.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boulogne.

A modern busy port, from whose ramparts ("Upper Town") England may be seen. It has its feudal citadel as well as its heavy foreign trade, its boarding-schools (English and French) and navigation-schools, and is on a direct route between London and Paris.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Inn Yard on Market Day, Les Sables d'Olonne.

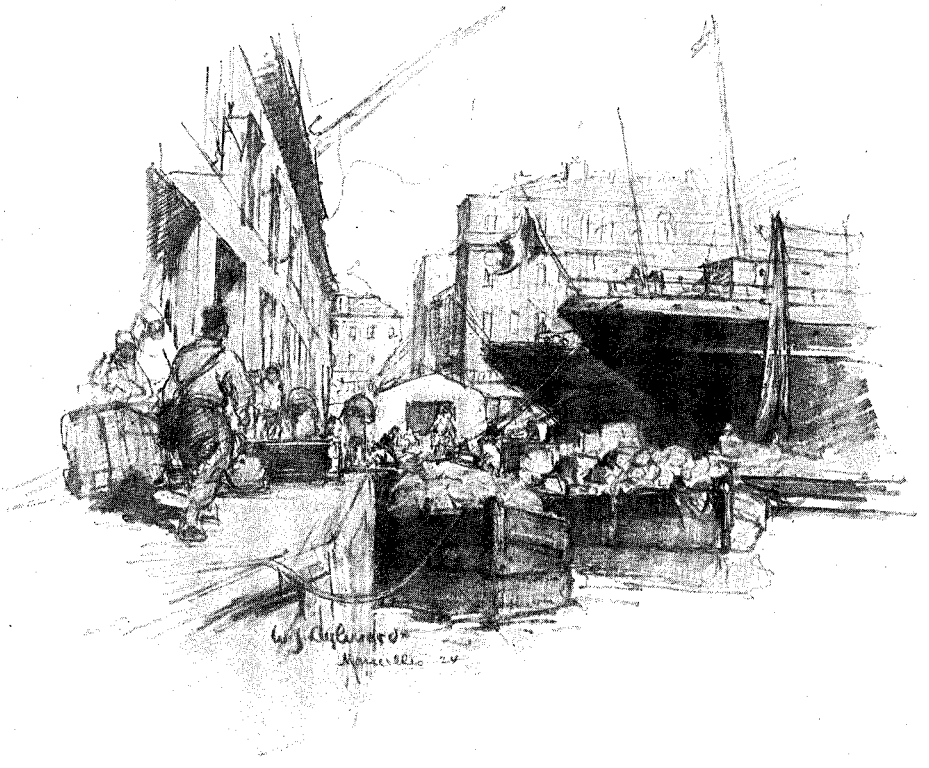
Seaport, fishing village, and watering place on west coast, north of Bay of Biscay, which has a life full of charm and variety.

Net-Menders, Les Sables d'Olonne.

While the fishing fleet is away, the good fishwives either sell the catch or mend the nets.

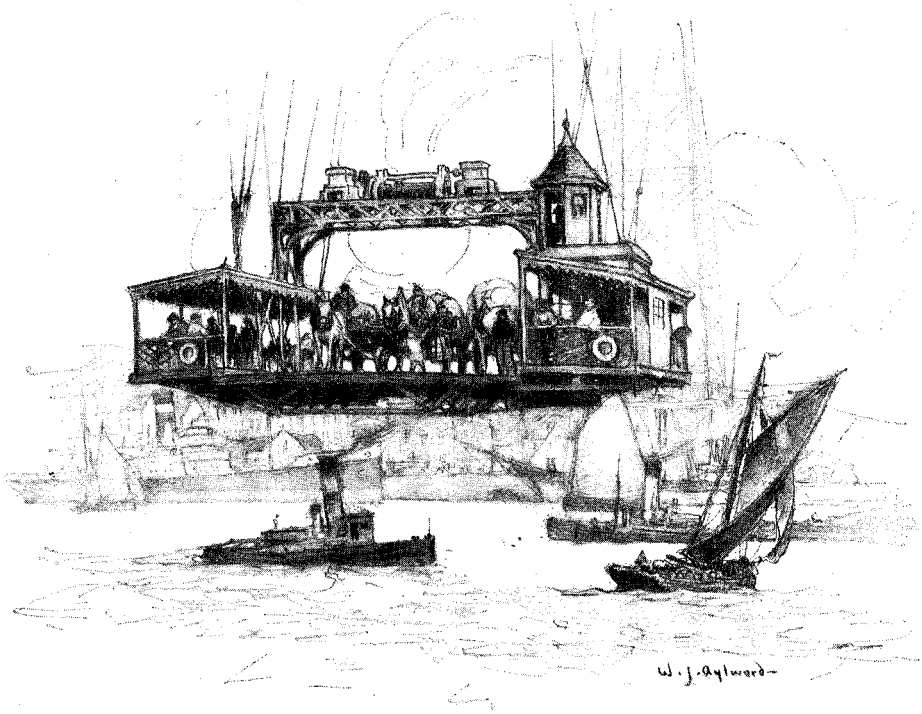
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Le Tréport, a small fishing village on the English Channel, has a delightful charm that lures many a tourist to remain.



Marseilles—"Joliette," or the new basins, is crowded with great liners that sail to every port of the Seven Seas.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The travelling bridge at Rouen.

Due to the heavy traffic and swift current of the Seine at Rouen the river is spanned by a ferry that crosses above the water instead of upon it.

On the coast of Brittany.

Brittany is honeycombed with tiny harbors that shelter a great fishing population; it is, in fact, the "Nursery of the French Navy."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Shibata Collection, Tokyo.

Spring.

A Leader in New Japanese Art

THE PAINTER WHO SET OUT TO FIND MICHAEL ANGELO

BY CAROLINE SINGER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE AND FROM THE WORK OF SEIJO

CHARACTERIZING his compatriots, a Japanese writer has placed them temperamentally between China and America, as the country lies. This would indicate a new type, a human blend of Orient and Occident, evolved in the incredibly short time since Admiral Perry exchanged assorted liquors, assorted guns, Government publications, and mechanical models with the island nobility for bronze, lacquer, silver, silk, and porcelain. So infrequently does the foreign visitor encounter a happy approximation of East and West in an individual, a craft, or in art, that one is inclined to accept this statement as prophecy.

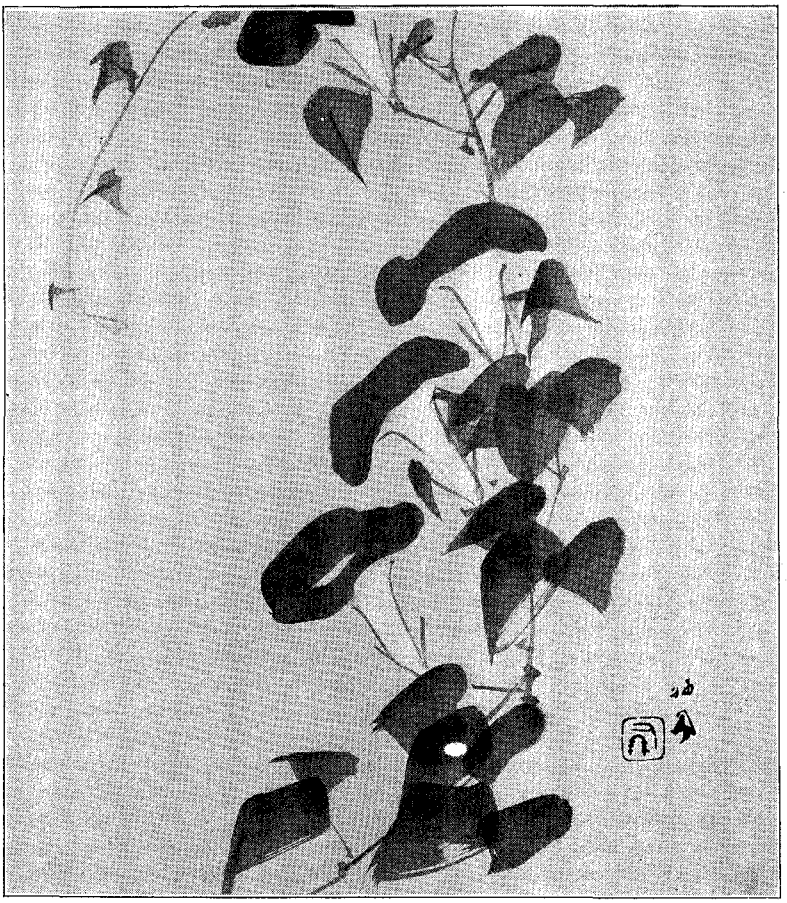
For justification of this prophecy in art, however, one need look no farther than the work of Seijo (Seijo Takeuchi), imperial artist. Inklings of his vigor and originality have reached Paris from time to time in the exhibitions of such Japanese as the young Bakusan, whose paintings show the older man's influence. It is only recently that his fame, undeniably established at home, has crept abroad. The French, with great discrimination, have hung one of his paintings in the Luxembourg and have decorated the artist.

To appreciate the vigor and originality of this man one must know his history. To appreciate his achievement one must understand, at least superficially, the present-day intellectual tumult of his environment. Like a succession of gales, foreign

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

influence has swept across the land for seventy years. The people have been thrown into mental confusion. The native culture, once enriched by China's civilization and by India's religion, has been altered. The country, threatened with loss of identity, now seeks by urgent eastward and dreams of the past. The modern watches the western horizon, eager for fresh gales.

These irreconcilables approach accord in mutual admiration of Seijo. By his mastery of the traditional technic, by the Orientalism of his imagery, he retains

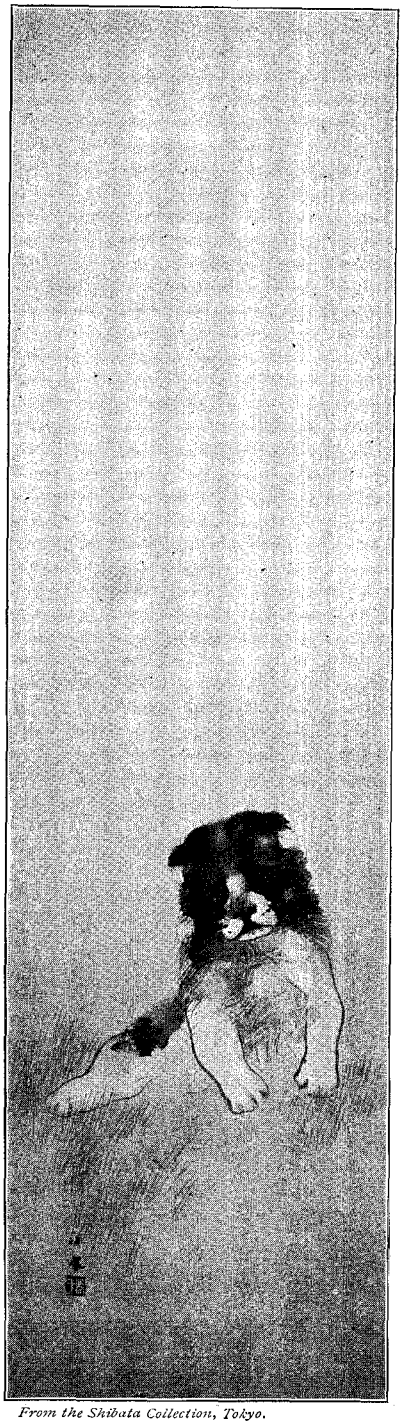


From wood-block print of the artist's painting of his favorite flower.

nationalism, receiving official impetus through schools and press, to restore tranquillity and recover its identity. Super-patriots are being bred. But as to this identity, the conservatives and the moderns, equally patriotic, scarcely agree. It is one thing for the fine old gentleman who withdraws to the hillsides of Kyoto to escape the hurly-burly of increasing industrialism; for the volatile youth who sits in the cafés of westernized Tokyo it is quite another. The conservative looks the confidence of the conservative; by the manner in which he has expanded this technic and forced it to express a new symbolism he compels the young modern to defer to him, even grudgingly to admire.

Long ago, before the modern was being wrapped in his first scarlet and pink kimono decorated with fish, Seijo had found the old forms sterile. He had rebelled against realism. His was a one-man revolution, a deep and real thing be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From the Shibata Collection, Tokyo.

The artist's studies of animals are nationally famous.

yond conversation. Pattern, design, rhythm are for him the ancient heritage from Asia and too innate to be looked upon as unique developments of art. Having rebelled, he, too, turned to the Western schools of painting for a solution of his personal problems, but he did not imitate.

Although painter to the Mikado, whose coronation screen executed by him is a court treasure, Seijo does not live in the capital, but chooses to remain in tranquil, lovely Kyoto. He is bound not only by the faint perfume of the Golden Age and the picturesque Bohemian life full of delicious young folly and romance which flowers in those resorts along the river-banks where wandering minstrels still play and sing of love and death beneath the tea-house balconies, but by memories almost too tender, too deeply intimate, to disturb. He was born in Kyoto, and from the first was destined to be a keeper of one of those resorts which to-day, as always, offer a special hospitality to the artist or the master craftsman. It is this riverside Bohemia which rightly gains for the city the name of the "Japanese Paris."

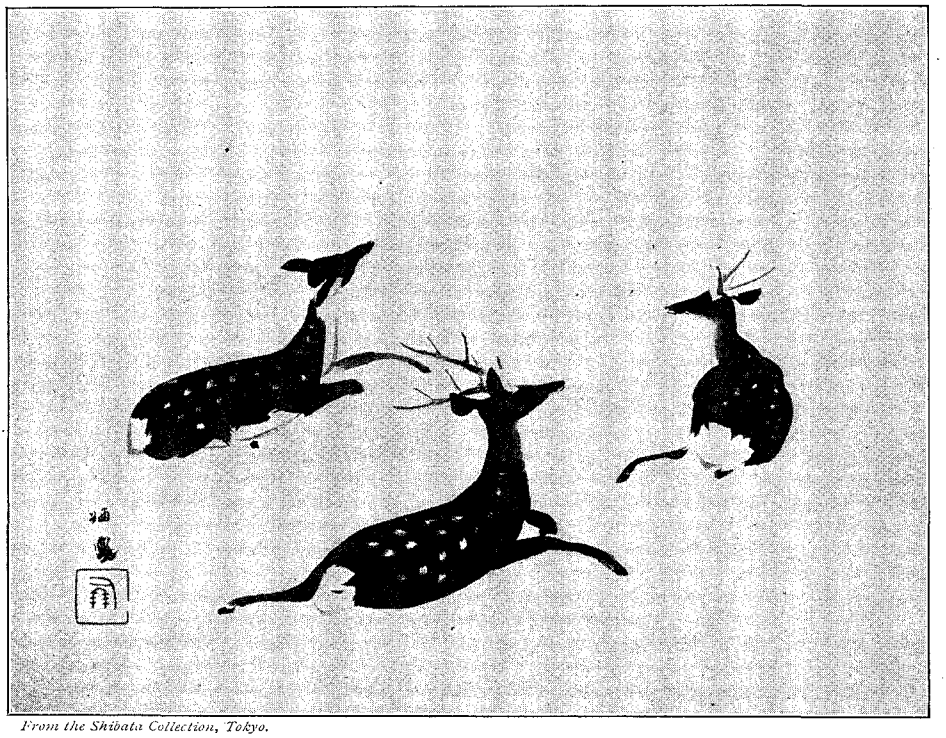
Kyoto is proud of the legend that Seijo was an unknown fisher-lad who peddled his catch from door to door until one day a fairy prince recognized latent genius in his boyish scrawlings, lifted him out of oblivion, gave him a name, and made his fame possible.

The real story as told by the artist himself is far more dramatic than the legend. The most vivid recollection of his childhood is of an evening when he was four. A wood-carver, a jolly fellow who had drunk too many porcelain thimblefuls of saki, drew pictures for the child's amusement. To-day Seijo says that the only emotional experience comparable in keenness to his experience of that evening was his shock upon first entering the Louvre. The wood-carver never returned to the restaurant, but on the following day the small boy began to draw with the writing materials kept on hand for dinner guests, or with charcoal from the kitchen fire.

By the time he was ten he wished to do nothing else, and found the homely chores about his father's kitchen almost unendurable because of his frustration. Secretly one day he sought to become an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

artist. He slipped away to a nearby dye-shop, of which there are many in Kyoto, where the river water is famous as a medium for mixing colors. Always upon fair days he had seen above the roof long strips of kimono cloth, patterned with grass and flowers, floating in the sun like beautiful banners. He believed that within the dye-works must be hidden artists who drew designs upon the cloth. He longed to become their humble apprentice. But among the great vats of dye-stuff he found only the master of the shop and a handful of workmen. There were no artists. The designs were made elsewhere and cut upon blocks of wood for printing, or made into stencils. He was told that painting was a higher art, to be learned only from a scholar. Sick with disappointment, the boy slipped back to his father's pots and pans.



From the Shibata Collection, Tokyo.

The sacred deer.

He did not cease to draw, using the writing-brush and ink-slab as the wood-carver had done and beginning to long now for colors, for the powdered turquoise, the Chinese red, the malachite. Finally his secret need to paint became so great that it burst from him in a torrential confession to his parents. They were kind, they were sympathetic; for in the Orient the wishes of an only son or an eldest son are almost incredibly indulged. But they could do nothing. They were poor, and he was the only boy. For a young Japanese to follow another path than the one taken previously by his father and his male ancestors was then unthinkable. Also, if he did not become a cook and restaurateur who then would care for them in their old age, and who would marry and have sons for the worship of their spirits when they were dead? He must cook, not paint. In a short time his elder sister would be ready for her betrothal. She would soon leave the family to be altogether possessed by her mother-in-law. Then his own duties would be doubled. With a heavy heart the boy returned to his chores, but also he continued to sketch, copying from nature because he had access to no paintings.

As he approached young manhood and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

faced the complete acceptance of his duties the yearning became once more too great for silence. This outburst was followed by an extraordinary incident. His elder sister, now old enough to marry, offered to free him by taking his place in the restaurant. To an American this scarcely seems a remarkable act of sisterly devotion, but in Japan of nearly a half-century ago it was heroic. In a society based upon family organization and ancestor worship, a society in which a woman's deepest obligation was to bear sons, in which there was no place for the unmarried or childless woman, she chose spinsterhood, and therefore ostracism. One can fancy how she knelt upon the padded matting beside her brother, her kimono spread about her like the petals of a flower, and cried out to him in the constrained voice of the Oriental woman, more terribly touching than tears, begging him to take his freedom. Reluctantly he accepted and went forth to his own struggle, while she went into the kitchen.

From wood-block print of the painting of ducks and lotus.

Progress toward his goal was difficult. He had to support himself, and therefore chose crafts which gave his creative ability some small scope. Thus he came to make designs for embroidery during that period when Japan had first discovered America's insatiable appetite for curios, such as hand-embroidered pictures, seascapes, and landscapes, to be covered with glass and hung upon the wall or used as tea-trays. He exercised such care upon these designs, for which he received thirty cents apiece, that sometimes several weeks elapsed before one was ready for delivery. His employer complained then that such a design required the work of a year to perfect in embroidery. He requested the young designer to confine himself to the more obvious birds and flowers, bamboo and butterflies. The youth grew very wroth. If he designed at all it must be according to his own nature. Now this scene would have cost him his job if it had not been discovered that the Seijo designs brought larger prices when embroidered and exported. And so today it is quite possible that pictures of this variety by the Mikado's own painter are scattered through America, while no more than four of his paintings are owned outside of Japan, one in France, one in Germany, and two owned by famous violinists.

There ensued many lean years for the restaurant-keeper's son, but by dint of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meagre living he was able to buy materials for painting and at last to study under the Scholar School of Art, a term loosely describing the group of scholars who painted according to the traditions of Southern China, which had once been as expressive of Japan as of China. To-day this school endures in Peking, where it is stoutly

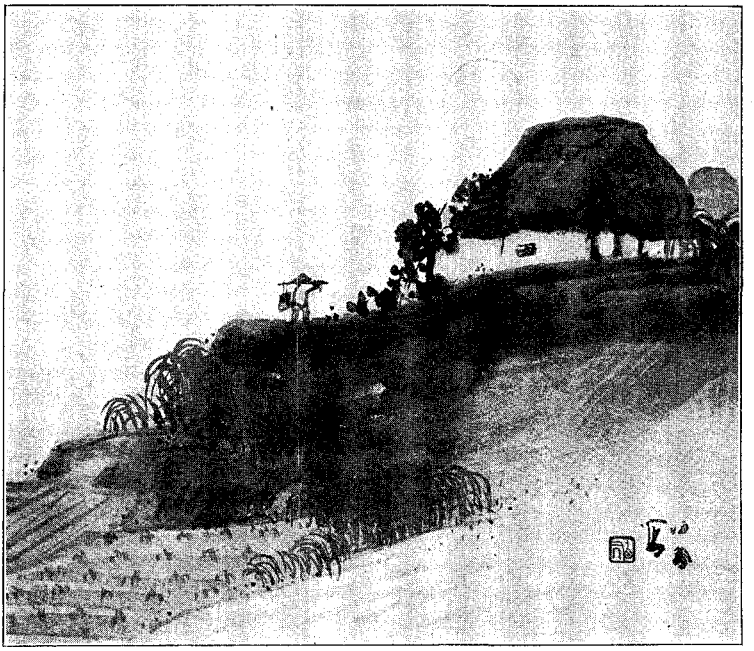
The black bear.

championed by the artist Kungpah King, a contemporary of Seijo. This scholar school in Japan offered release from humanity, from the ugliness of daily life, in an art which did not imitate nature but transformed it into a world of subtle rhythms and harmonies. Painting was considered by this school as the exclusive accomplishment of the scholar who already excelled in chirography and was often something of a poet. A painting was frequently merely the generous decoration upon a poem and completely subordinated to the verse. The poem itself was often more important as an example of beautiful brush writing than as a literary gem. Paintings were exchanged between scholars, who looked askance at the beginnings of commercial art which followed in the wake of buyers for foreign museums. When a scholar exhibited it was understood that the potential buyer must approach him in a semi-social way, and that the whole transaction must retain the odor of a social affair. Seijo conformed, and the slender beginning of his success was made with a wholly traditional painting. Not many years later he was appointed to the faculty of the Kyoto Academy of Fine Arts, where he served for thirty years, resigning only recently, and where for many years the strong influence of his personality will continue to be felt.

As once before he had suffered from the thwarted desire to paint, he was now overcome by a new restlessness. He was sensitive to the conflict between Asia and the West in every phase of Japanese life. From the strangers his country had borrowed an alien energy. There was everywhere a shifting of social values. As the family institution weakened the individual grew in importance. Seijo experienced change within himself. Yet the artists remained mute. Slavishly they repeated the Chinese abstractions and with each repetition grew more sterile. Paint-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing had degenerated into a series of standardized brush trickeries, into a set of formulas by which an average amateur could become an acceptable artist. According to Seijo, art had deteriorated into painting "nature side-view." Profiles of nature and tricks were not enough to satisfy his temperament, and so he cast about him for some other form of expression.



From the Shibata Collection, Tokyo.

Japanese pastoral.

Somewhere there must exist an art expressing the West. Unaided he came to this decision, although the foreign sailor, the trader, the religious zealot had little or nothing to say of it. At last there came into his hands the proof, two photographic prints of the sculpture of Michael Angelo! If there was this form of art, he deduced, it had not been arrived at suddenly. It was the result of long experimentation. In this experimentation, of which there must be some record in Europe, he would, perhaps, find the solution for his personal problem and the future of Japanese painting. Soon he set out upon one of the most remarkable pilgrimages ever recorded. He set out to find Michael Angelo!

The gentle people of Kyoto rarely emigrate. In this they are like the Florentines, and, like them, ask why they should abandon the beauty of which they are assured for the doubtful beauty of far-off places. As Florence scorns the business-like Genoa, so Kyoto, even to-day, scorns the bustling Tokyo. And twenty-five years ago this conservatism was even more marked. Yet, with no knowledge of any foreign language and with nothing to guide him in his quest except two photographic prints, the artist set forth.

Even to-day the cost of such a journey is almost prohibitive for the young artist unless he has a patron. Without patronage it would have been impossible for Seijo, who now had a wife and two small sons, one of whom is to-day the well-known art critic and author, "Itsu" Takeuchi. But as his sister had freed him once before, she again came to his aid. She had become a rare individual in her generation, a successful business woman. Fortunately, she lived to have her inexhaustible faith in her brother rewarded by a realization of his national recognition. On this occasion she be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came his patron. And so, none too easy in unfamiliar foreign clothes and with scanty funds in his pocket, the artist set out to find Michael Angelo. He found him in Italy, as many another pilgrim finds him to-day. He went to the museums of Holland and Germany. Always there was the embarrassment of having no interpreter, so that he must make little sketches in restaurants and shops by which to communicate his needs. Gesturing was difficult, for Japanese are not given to pantomime outside the theatre. Without money enough to buy copies of paintings or even the better prints, he had to search always for obscure stationers who sold postal-card reproductions.

Seijo Takeuchi sits for a sketch by a foreign artist for the first time.

The galleries seemed to him filled with the audible clamor of artists of all ages speaking of their own souls. The Turners blasted his eyes with light. In Corot he found peace and Orientalism. In Fra Angelico he fancied a spiritual kinship with the East. But the pilgrim had been unprepared for the long history of art, for the variety of forms and mediums. He was exhausted. For one day he stood in an obscure corner of Gérôme's studio and watched students and a painter with whom he could not converse draw from the nude figure. Then he turned homeward toward Kyoto.

Twenty-five years ago he was a young man. That his pilgrimage was not followed by a veritable orgy of imitation and experiment is remarkable, but he possessed a curiously clear vision. What he had gone away in search of he had found. He had decided that the best paintings of the West are close in rhythms to the best of the East. For the expression of abstract ideas he had discovered no technic more suitable than the one of which he was already master. He was still satisfied that the interpretation, and not the realistic imitation, of nature was art. And one may now wonder what, after all, he had got for himself on this pilgrimage!

On his journey he had come to believe that Japanese painting must be in the future divested of its snobbery and become the sincere expression of especially talented individuals, instead of the affectation of scholars. The future artists must put aside formulas and eschew trickery. They must look at nature with their own eyes and judge it with their own souls. This would involve them in struggle, self-torment, moments of terrible failure; but also there would be compensation in mo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments of divine achievement. Individual expression was the inalienable right of the individual artist in new Japan. Thus would the spirit of new Japan eventually find its expression.

As for himself, he would no longer accept the old restriction put upon beauty. He would take it where he saw it—in the a mural. It is a great tragedy that many of these paintings were forever lost in the earthquake and fire which demolished Tokyo and Yokohama, but there is one typical of this phase of his work in the Shibata Collection of Tokyo. It is a view of Fuji, in which the mountain, cool and icy, stands above a lesser hill of cobalt

Kiyomizu, the temple in the hills above Kyoto, in the shadow of which lives the great painter.

neck-line and draperies of a geisha, in colored garments flapping upon a clothesline, in an arched bridge over a filthy canal in Suchow, China. He would be true to his own vision and cast away the horn-rimmed spectacles of ancient China. He would paint nature front view, back view, and upside down if he so desired; in the moonlight, in the shadow, in the sunlight, close by or far away, according to the dictates of his soul. In the Japan of a quarter of a century ago this was revolutionary and Seijo was a lonely rebel.

When he painted again there came from his brush lines so fresh and virile and colors so fearlessly radiant that a single narrow kakemona unrolled upon the wall would dominate a room with the power of blue. Against the hill and in the foreground are the sea and a patchwork of cultivated fields upon which there is a gay pattern made by the workers. Coolie labor and tilled fields are far away from the tradition which ignored mankind! In the same collection is a study of the eternally green twilight of a bamboo forest, and there are bold spontaneous sketches of single flowers. There are also delicately humorous studies of birds and beasts, neither weak nor finicky, in the truly Asian manner. And last year Japan began to benefit, as did the Luxembourg, by his prolonged sketching trip in China. This was a second pilgrimage, accompanied by his son, "Itsu," to search out not the future of Japanese art but the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

past. In connection with his interest in China he has gathered one of the most complete collections of Buddhistic stone carvings remaining in the Orient.

As truly Japanese in spirit as the great Korin, who, four hundred years ago in Kyoto, turned away from the over-delicacy of the Chinese decorations to paint the walls of the temples and the Mejii Castle in bold rhythms upon sheer gold, rhythms peculiarly Japanese and as alien as Korin to his own period, Seijo's figure looms against the welter of present-day imitation and experiment. As sensitive to nature as the ancients and as sympathetic with common life as the wood-block artists who once recorded it, he evolved his own form of expression. But to-day he does not press it upon the younger generation. As an official critic, representing the Imperial government upon art juries, he has no mercy for the insincere. Nevertheless, he looks upon the chaos about him with a kindly eye. It is for him the inevitable sign of growth. Surely, if one is to accept the Japanese writer's prophecy, this Seijo Takeuchi is to be hailed as a forerunner.

Don Juan in Baltimore

BY LEONARD CLINE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOUGLAS RYAN

I

IN an ancient red brick house behind the lindens of Eutaw Place, with white stone steps scrubbed every day immaculate by a negress with a blue bandana around her head, lived Don Juan alone with his little granddaughter, Inez.

I would join him evenings on a bench beneath the trees. Here was a pool, and from the middle of it rose a pyramid of concentric mossy basins, and on the topmost poised a naked bronze nymph, green with the patina of years. She held a vase with slender arms outstretched above her head and from it a trickle of water poured upon her laughing face. Down her flanks the water streamed, from bowl to bowl it dripped, until at last it dripped into the pool; and there swam languidly a swarm of gold and silver and purple fish. We would sit and smoke, and Don Juan would gaze on the nymph, and listen to the susurration of the breeze in the lindens and the tinkle of the falling water, with hardly a word for an hour.

Around us on the lawn Inez would frolic. Her playmate was Tasso, the slim little Italian greyhound, barely eighteen inches high but proud and sensitive as the gonfalonier of Florence. When the first star glimmered in the white evening sky Don Juan would rouse himself and call. Hand in hand they two, and I by their side, and Tasso loping ahead of us for herald, would loiter across the lawn and through the ponderous doors into the shadowy corridor of Don Juan's house. Rachel would be waiting to take her mistress to bed. Don Juan would bow over the child's hand with a gallantry so tender that one could not smile at its extravagance; and he would wait at the foot of the stairs until from the top Inez turned and waved him a good-night kiss.

Then Don Juan and Tasso and I would go into the library, one of the suite of rooms on the first floor of the narrow old mansion—rooms cluttered with elaborate gilded Louis Quinze chairs and tables, with soft rugs and tapestried footstools; rooms with flashing glass chandeliers hanging from modelled ceilings, and a hundred dusty paintings, not one of them later than the seventeenth century,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crowding the walls. In the library Tasso would take to his pillow and leave Don Juan and me to the divan.

Here were Don Juan's treasures: those books bound in tooled Morocco on the shelves, a lickerish assortment ranging from Catullus to Aretino; that smouldering Madeira in the amber-corked decanter; that little Tintoret glowing with sensuous reds and yellows over the mantelpiece. He would sip his wine, and let his eyes linger on the Tintoret, and sigh with all his heart.

"I have sinned much in my time. Válgame Dios, I have repented, my dear friend, but my atonement is not yet. . . . She is so frail, so pure, so sweet, that chaste soul fresh from the benediction of the Blessed Virgin in heaven! And her happiness is in my hands. What shall I do? What shall I do! Ah, I am filled with terror when I gaze into the future. She is so beautiful!"

II

One would have said, observing the dulcifluent tenor of Don Juan's life, that he had been vouchsafed long since that absolution for which he sued so humbly every Sunday at the Jesuit chapel. He had quite survived the fever of his youth. Perhaps at first, after the decease of his patient spouse, Doña Irene, after her mute, reproachful gaze ceased to follow him, he had indeed been as serene as his outward manner of life would indicate. He lived in modest comfort on a small fortune. His pleasures were simple.

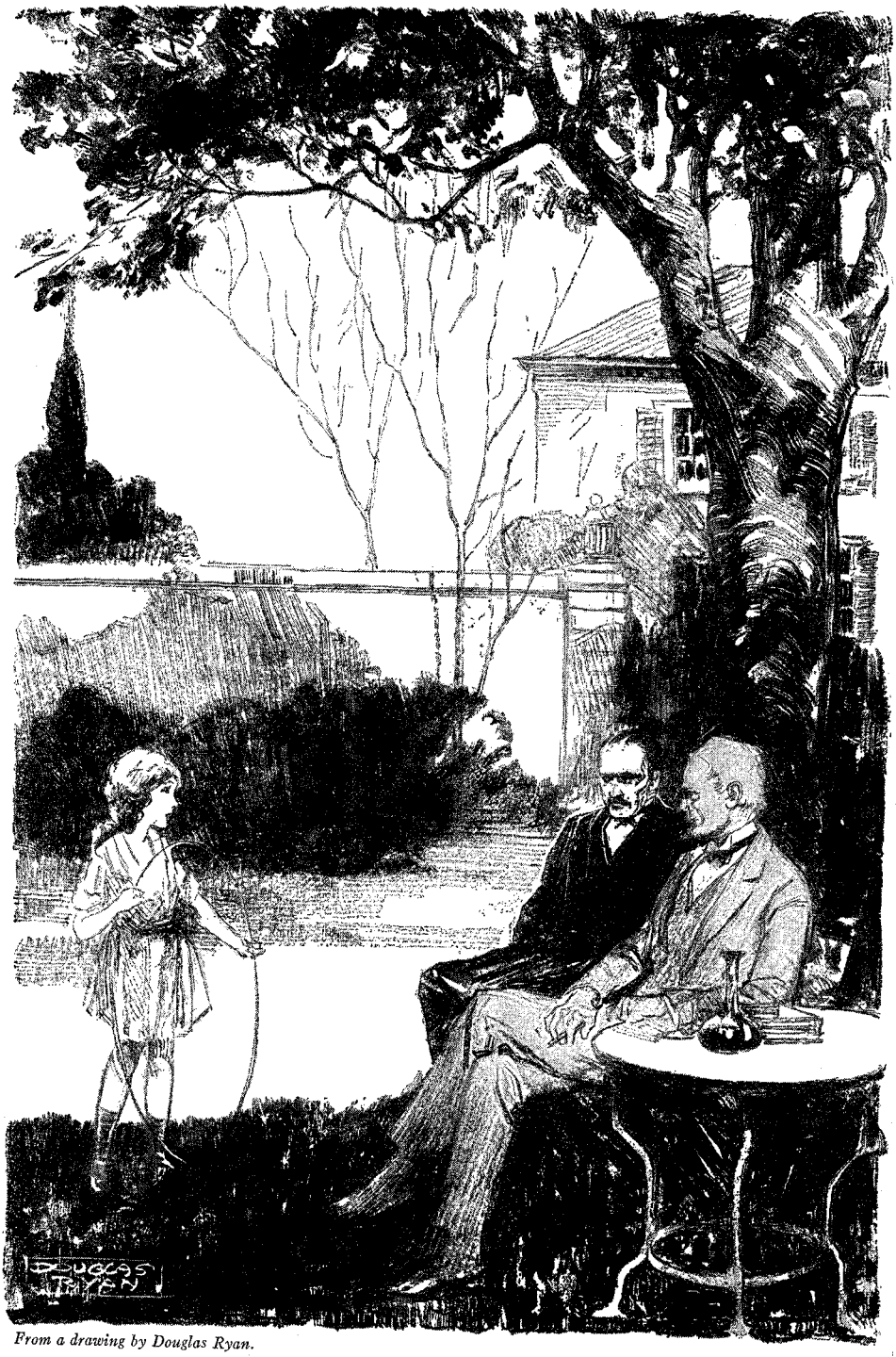
Every Saturday morning Don Juan went to market. He groomed himself for the occasion. Promptly at ten o'clock he issued from his palace, in the softest of linen and the creamiest of pongee. Hardly had the door closed behind him when it opened again before his man Johnson, a prideful blackamoor whose countenance glistened after the burnishing it had been given. Indeed, Johnson could have kissed the white stone steps without smirching them, on a market day. At a respectful distance behind, a good ten yards, Johnson followed; and so the cortège proceeded down Eutaw Place to the Lexington market. Here from stall to stall through the crowded lanes Don Juan adventured, with the curiosity and the joy of a gourmet. He knew all the merchants, he would greet them with a kindly good morning, he would discuss with them solemnly the quality of these alligator pears, of those radishes, and that celery. From time to time Don Juan would buy, and when the transaction was effected he would go on. Then Johnson would come up to collect the purchase. Not until noon would the procession return up Eutaw Place, Don Juan ahead, Johnson at the respectful distance behind, bearing a basket heaped with crisp green lettuce and red and green peppers, with oranges and purple grapes.

Such hauteur for such a little man! But did Don Juan meet some dame of his acquaintance the whole street thrilled at the sweep of his salutation. And when he doffed his hat he disclosed a shock of white hair, for Don Juan was an old man now, nearing seventy.

Then once or twice a week Don Juan would be off to some art auction. He would bide his time until the most disreputable and dust-caked canvas of all were on the block. This he would buy. He would spend more than the purchase price in having it cleaned and restored. A week, a month, a year indeed he would study it, searching it with his magnifying glass, pondering hours over a finger or a bit of lace, hunting through his books and catalogues. Eventually he would hit upon some attribution, and that evening he would impart the news to his companions around the fountain. "School of Giorgione! Claro que sí! Oh, it is priceless, my friend! The master himself touched it in three places!" Not always did experts agree with Don Juan in his conclusions, but that merely demonstrated the fallibility of their expertness. School of Giorgione it remained.

When not with his canvases Don Juan dreamed daylong with his memories; and once a week he knelt humbly at the communion rail and beat his breast with contrition for his dreams. But all this was before Inez came to the old house in Baltimore, to shatter his serenity. Don Juan bowed before her black eyes and her flashing smile, ravished completely. And to me now and to a very few others he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a drawing by Douglas Ryan.

We would sit and smoke, and listen to the susurration of the breeze in the lindens, with hardly a word for an hour.—Page 467.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

confided the doubts that began to torment him.

"Ah, my friend, was ever sinful man so tried as heaven has seen fit to try me? One time I would think, when I put aside at last the sins of my youth and the good Lord permitted me to continue to live, that the Blessed Mother of God had interceded for me . . . perhaps knowing that my heart was never altogether evil. Ah, yes, I have sinned, but I have sometimes thought . . . those moons, those gardens, those songs one sings, they were not entirely bad. But now I fear it was to punish me that I was permitted to live. Do you not understand? I, that know how beautiful life is, am charged with leading through it safely that little child, that petal, that birdling.

"My dear friend, what torture I suffer! She is so vivid, so responsive, so alert, so beautiful—ah, how beautiful! In her veins bounds the blood that went mad in mine. She will want to live richly. She will want all the joy of life, its music, its color, its swirl. What shall I do? Shall I give her everything that in her innocence and eagerness she asks—I who know so well the perils that lie before her? That way, Dios me guarda! is misery and heart-break. But shall I be austere, shall I haunt her with my watchfulness, shall I make this house her prison—I, who know so well the happiness I would deprive her of? That way also is frustration and heart-break, I am afraid.

"Oh, I have not forgotten how an orange-tree in blossom smells, how a star beckons. Was I not wild with joy in my youth? Even when I kneel at the altar, even when I make bold to take in my sinful body the Blood of Our Lord, I cannot think it was all vicious. I am not saint enough to deny everything to that rose, that little bud so soon to blossom; and yet, her happiness and her hope of heaven are in my hands. Her radiant spirit so recently from heaven!

"I do not know, my friend, my dear friend. I do not know." . . .

III

TWELVE years old was Inez when affairs called me away from Baltimore. I would hear now and then from Don Juan, letters in a flamboyant chirography that made me think of those gilded rococo chairs of his, with an incredible signature. There was nothing in his epistles but adoration for Inez and admonitions to pray for him. Seven years later events brought me back unexpectedly, and I made haste to Eutaw Place to visit my friend.

On the same bench in front of the fountain I found him. How slowly his wits came back from their revery, how tardy was his recognition of me! Indeed, Don Juan was getting to be a very old man. Tasso, roly-poly himself now, was drowsing on the grass. Without remembering the lapse of years, I glanced around for Tasso's old playmate, and asked with dismay, "But where is Inez?"

All the way to the house Don Juan held his sides with mirth.

"Madre de Dios!" he chuckled. "'Where is Inez'! Ah, my dear friend, I shall die! 'Where is Inez'! Did you hear him, Tasso? Did you hear Don Leonard? 'Where is Inez'! Pues, it is after eight o'clock, my friend, and the child always is put to bed punctually by eight! 'Where is Inez'! She is home, of course, my dear friend, taking care of her three little grandsons!"

He placed a roguish fat finger along his nose. I laughed with him, and we arrived gasping for breath at the house before my question was finally answered. Doña Inez, if you please, was at a ball this evening. It was a very exclusive ball at the country place of one of Maryland's most aristocratic families. Doña Inez was, you must understand, the unquestioned belle of Baltimore. Weddings were dour and lugubrious affairs these days, for never a bridegroom led his bride to the altar without a pang at the thought of Doña Inez. . . . "Ah, my friend, my dear friend, you will not believe! No, I cannot permit you to gaze upon her; beauty would slay you, would devastate your life. And I—such a great sinner!" . . .

It was not entirely the same house as that I remembered from of old, this to which Don Juan now admitted me. A phonograph had established its vulgar presence in the parlor, and the record on it —I peered as I passed—was a tango. Popular magazines were scattered about.

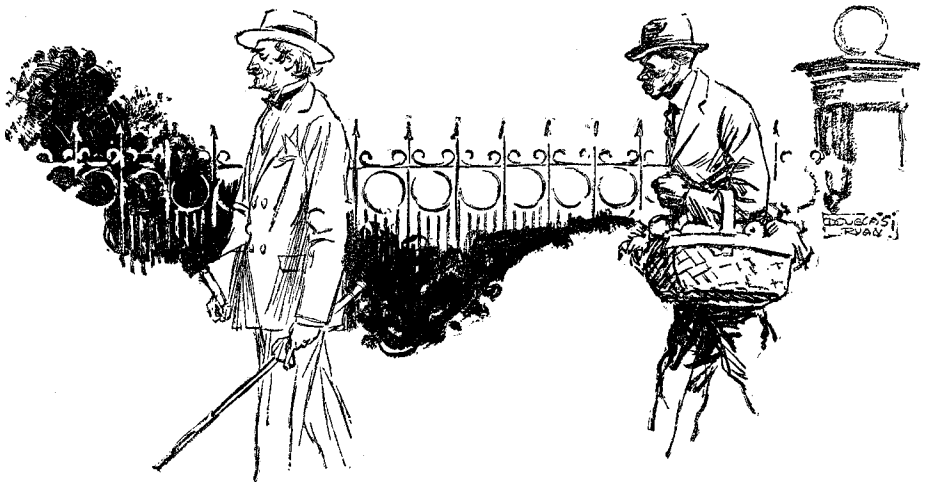
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pillows were tossed carelessly across the floor, where the familiar old carpet had given place to a few scattered oriental rugs. Fully half the dusty canvases had disappeared. Flowers were everywhere, great vases teeming with them. The grand piano stood with keyboard open and a litter of dance music on the rack. The glass chandelier still hung from the ceiling, but floor lamps were in every corner; and one of them was turned on,

penance. The good father is so lenient! So it occurred to me that I should relinquish this . . . this so reminiscent a treasure. I am afraid it is hard enough even without it to keep my mind from sinful revery."

Busying himself with drawers and cupboard, he produced glasses and a decanter, and he smiled when I exclaimed over it.

"Yes, it is the same." He held it up to



Promptly at ten o'clock he issued from his palace in the softest of linen and the creamiest of pongee. —Page 468.

shedding its light over a huge box of candy on a footstool.

Speechless I followed into the library, Tasso content now to waddle behind us. And on my first glance through the curtained door came a sudden pang of apprehension. Over the mantelpiece no longer flamed the Tintoret in its reds and golds. In its place was a cool and chaste Murillo in silver and pearl and blue: a Madonna standing on the crescent.

I could not help a gasp of surprise. Don Juan, noting the direction of my gaze, smiled with ineffable gentleness.

"My Tintoret? You miss my Tintoret! Ah, my friend, it is . . . it is in the way of penance. I have been a very great sinner and there is little enough I can do now in expiation. I pray; yes, yes, I mortify myself; I go to confession, I leave the confessional, I secretly double my

the light and scrutinized it lovingly. "My dear friend, is it against the law? They tell me it is now against the law for me to have wine in my home. I cannot believe them. You know, my friend, that I do not read the newspapers. How can I tell whether it is against the law?" The mischievous finger went to his nose.

"But I heard rumors one time that such a law might be passed. I am afraid that I am a great sinner. My friend, I took pen and paper, I made figures all night long. I said, 'I shall live to be ninety, it is quite probable. But then I might live to be a hundred.' Therefore I calculated what I would need for the rest of my life, and I bought it. I put it away here in my home. I bought enough to last me until I should be one hundred and ten years old, I did indeed, my friend."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We touched our glasses. "To Inez," I suggested.

Don Juan trembled with pride. "Ah, ah, that child, that exquisite child, that rose of the angels! The heavens themselves adore her, the sunset flings its roses upon her, the dawn wakes all the birds to sing for her! I pave her way with my heart, my friend. Yes, yes, lovely beyond earthly dreams!"

She was going to Bryn Mawr now, but was home at present for the summer vacation. She drove her own car: Oh, not a man in Maryland could drive so swiftly, but always with such care! She had legions of admirers. The poetry that had been written to her would fill one of those book-shelves there—that one, where the Casanova used to be. So beautiful, so beautiful! . . . But at the same time how saintly she was! To be sure, one could not know whether to bow to her or to the altar: one said one's Ave Maria, and if one thought of Inez instead of a Dolorous Mystery of Christ the sweet Virgin must approve the thought. It was a symbolism, a ritual in itself, a prayer and a benediction merely to look at her. And Tasso! Poor old Tasso, who was repenting himself now in his old age, that rascal, that tempter, that gay old scamp!—Tasso would surely kill himself with too much wagging of his tail some day when Inez deigned to stroke his head. . . .

Don Juan's fingers, agitated with delight, caught kiss after kiss at his pursed lips and showered them into the air as, panting and flushed, he told his litany.

"But" . . . I smiled . . . "your doubts, Don Juan? All the lions that go through the world seeking whom they may devour?"

He made a gesture of deprecation. "My friend, my dear friend! She would tame them with a laugh! . . . But I am firm, I am not weak, I deny her too much liberty. I temper my discipline with justice and with adoration. She is so beautiful!

"And then" . . . and Don Juan's visage twinkled into a smile . . ."I think, my friend, that very soon there may be something to announce. A charming young man, of excellent family, and wealthy, very, very wealthy; a Harvard man, and such sonnets as he writes to her! But modest and honest and clean. It would be a match quite worthy of her blood, my friend."

Don Juan paused and frowned meditatively.

"The most excellent family, most excellent. Of course there are one or two considerations. . . . Unfortunately the young man is not of the faith. That can be arranged I have no doubt; this would not be the first time that a dispensation has been procured for a lady of my house. And in my mind it is all the same. God turns not his face away from those whose error is ignorance. Often indeed by such a union the heretic has been brought back in peace and joy to Mother Church. No, this is not an insuperable obstacle to the happiness that I must assure to that beautiful child, that little flower, that angel of mercy and charity.

"Pues . . . I am quite at a loss. I would ask your advice, Don Leonard. In my country it is the custom for young men to wait upon the father or the guardian of the señorita they are courting and profess their desires. In my country our institutions are all so different! Oh, I understand! Here you have no duennas, you have no formalities, no . . . no barred windows. I have learned a great deal, but . . . should not the young man say something to me? One little word, maybe? Even a letter?"

Twitching with anxiety, Don Juan leaned toward me. I concealed a smile.

"Not at all," I exclaimed. "You will be fortunate if the young people condescend to let you know when and where they are going to be married. But, Don Juan, he must have given you some reason to think——"

Don Juan waved me silent. He bent still nearer and his eyes laughed. "It is she," he whispered. "I thought it must be all right. Oh, to be sure, it is all right. She is so happy when she is with him. She is with him to-night! Indeed, you shall see for yourself. You shall meet them both this very night and tell me again if I am wrong. For I am very firm, my friend; I watch her vigilantly, I brush dangers from her path, I—who know life so sinfully and so well—guide her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

carefully through its treacherous places. Discipline tempered, my friend, with adoration."

"But, Don Juan," I protested, "she is at a ball! Surely she will not be home until two or three in the morning?"

"Pues, sí," Don Juan's words stumbled across his lips in confusion, and his eyes fled from mine for succor to the face of the blue-robed Madonna. "But I . . . I am incorrigible. I am . . . what do you say?—a night-hawk. How could I think of retiring without seeing her? I should not sleep, my friend, I should have no rest without the benison of her smile. So . . . now and then . . . Oh, not always, my friend! I assure you! . . . I wait here until she returns. And come, you shall stay with me to-night! Tasso is getting too old, that rogue; he is no longer company for a youth like myself, he goes to sleep. Come: we will drink Madeira for a month! . . . That blossom, that swallow, that fairest child! How glad she will be to see you, my friend! . . . And tell me, is it really true? Is it a crime for me, who have repented so much, to take now a glass of wine? The least little glass of wine?"

IV

THAT night I could not keep the vigil with Don Juan, and I did not see him again, for the pressure of business upon me, for a month. One Sunday a telephone call from him caught me at the hotel at dinner, and I extricated myself from another appointment in order to accept his invitation to go with him to vespers.

I met him at the church. Silent we sat in the dim nave, breathing the fragrance wafted from the censer swung by the little acolyte, with its tiny red star of flame glimmering for a moment at the end of the arc. The choir sang on and on. . . . "Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes . . . quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordia eius. . . . " . . . Then, the priest gripping the golden monstrance reverently with veiled hands, the benediction. . . .

But when it was over Don Juan remained kneeling. At his side I knelt too, patiently, while the congregation filed out: I watched the altar-boy extinguish with his rod the tall white tapers, I listened to the organist in his loft let his fingers stray across the triplicate keyboard through a sonorous, dreamful improvisation in the bass, adorned with remote angelic harmonies in the echo organ.

A sigh deep-drawn and portentous, a sigh from a spirit sorely wrung, called my attention sharply to my companion. Don Juan was rising. I felt his hand on my arm as if for support, and when he bent his knee in his usual profound genuflexion ere he turned his back on the altar I could see he almost staggered.

"Don Juan!" I whispered anxiously, shocked by his feebleness. "Are you ill? What is the matter?"

Gravely he crossed himself with holy water at the little stone font. His lips moved and I bent closer to catch his words. "I have been a great sinner. Ah, but I alone should suffer! Why cannot the pain be mine only?"

I wanted to call a taxicab, but Don Juan insisted on walking the few blocks to Eutaw Place. For the first time in all the years of our friendship he took my arm and leaned upon me. And—bearing his cross to Golgotha—Don Juan told me what already sick at heart I apprehended. Inez. So beautiful, so beautiful, so sweet, so innocent! She had gone with that boy driving; they were going to dine with friends. At midnight she had not returned. At dawn she had not returned. Panic-stricken telephone calls had failed to disclose any trace of her. Don Juan had composed himself to wait. All day Sunday he had waited. Inez had not yet come back.

"Was I wrong, my friend? My dear friend! You have no idea how I have prayed, how with anguish I have dreaded the years, how I have mortified myself! What should I have done? Lock up that little bird, that nightingale, that flower, away from the sun, away from the moon? Deny her the light, the flowers, the color and glow of life? Ah, I have been firm, but I could not do that, not utterly. I have enforced obedience but I have tempered always discipline with justice. And I hoped . . . I prayed always for her. I have had masses said for her, I have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

given to charity always. Did I buy her a dress, I would give to Father DuBois for his charities twice what it cost. Oh, was I wrong? My sinful weakness, my unwisdom, my vain and worldly spirit. . . ."

I made a great pretense of derision, I poured out plausible explanations, I ridiculed the idea that even the most callous wretch in the world would put an impious hand on the hem of her garment, I called to mind the honesty and the goodness of her companion. Doubtless already they were married, and too rapt in their delight to think of anything but their own love! But secretly I was filled with fear. And thus, feigning to smile, and inwardly crucified with pity and rage, I assisted Don Juan up the white stone steps into his house.

That night I alone kept the vigil in Don Juan's library. Exhausted at last, he allowed me to help him to his bedchamber. In his chair I sat and smoked and brooded. From time to time I would wander through the empty rooms, so pitifully filled with tokens of Inez—her gloves here, her books, her music, her bouquets. For a few minutes I stood on the porch and listened to the fountain, to the murmur of the lindens, and watched the moon slide through the foliage, and dawn come bleakly after it. Now and then Tasso would rouse and waddle to the front door, sniffing dubiously, whimpering, surely aware of evil in the world that night. . . .

Shortly after eleven o'clock the next night the scratch of a key in the lock shot through the silent apartments of that house of grief, clutched at our hearts like a scream. Don Juan went deathly white, and he held himself up by the table for a minute, reeling. His eyes were closed, his lips prayed. Then he gripped himself and, declining the support of my arm, strode with me into the hall.

Inez stood just inside the door.

Tasso was at her feet, gazing up imploringly at her face, his tail a-wag but half-heartedly; she ignored him and he could not understand. Inez did not see him. She saw nothing. Her great black eyes stared out of a face ghastly as white jade in the dim light, strained from her face as if to escape the horror that lay behind them. Purple was beneath them, and her cheeks—those sweet round cheeks, so delicately flushed of old!—seemed to have sunken in the space of a few days. I stopped short, smitten by the vision of such loveliness so tortured, by the thought of Don Juan's pain. But Don Juan quickened his step.

Don Juan quickened his step. I heard the gasping intake of his breath as he walked past me. He held out his arms, he murmured something, I could not discern what. As he approached her Inez swayed. Don Juan's arms were about her as she fell.

Then I hurried to help him, but again he waved aside the proffer of my aid. He lifted her in his arms as easily as I myself could have, and with such tenderness the tears rushed to my eyes to see him. He carried her into the parlor and laid her on the divan.

"Peace, peace!" he whispered to me. "She is all right, she will awake soon, it is nothing. But go to the telephone, dear friend, and call the doctor for me. Tell him . . . tell him that I am hurt, that I have . . . fallen."

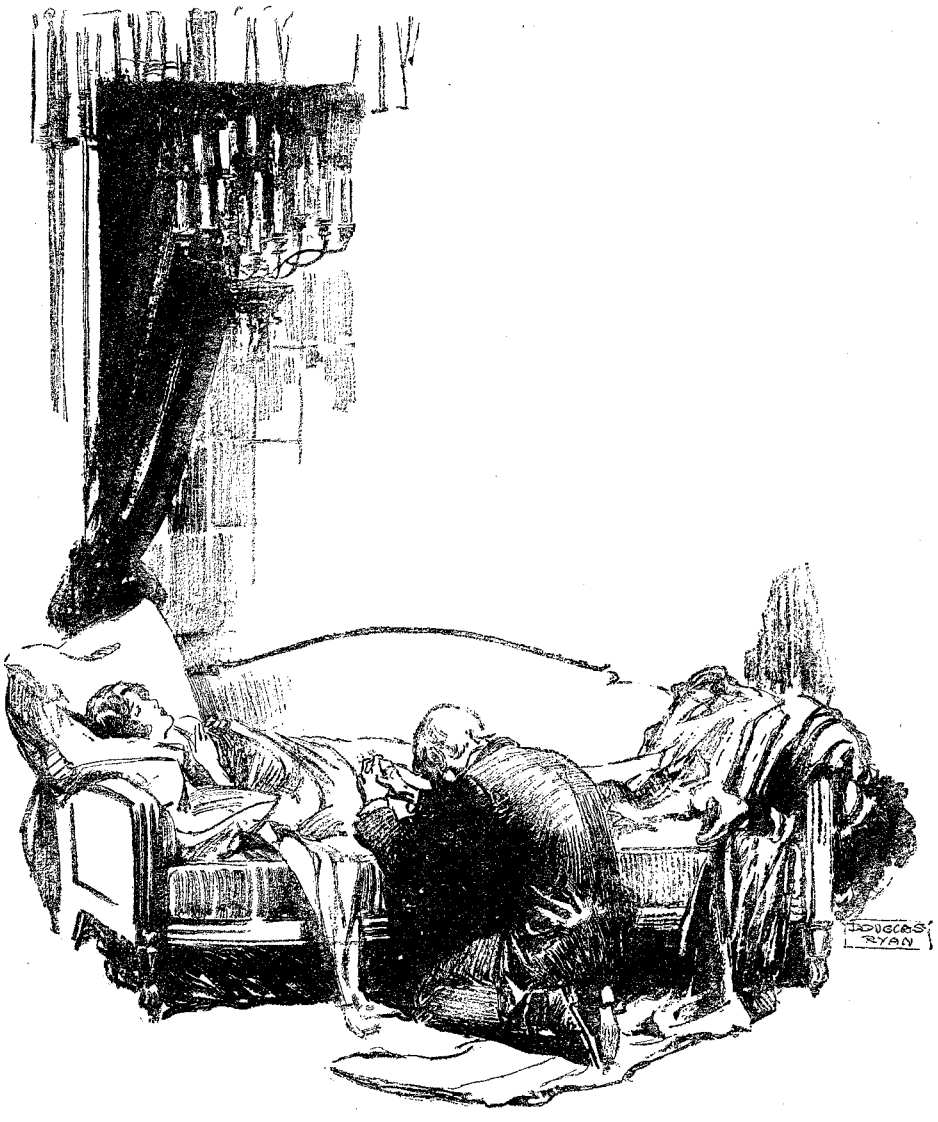
Tasso, who was whining uneasily beside the couch, I took with me into the library. When I returned Don Juan was on his knees, his face was buried on the couch, upon his head lay the white, slender hand of Inez.

V

PROVIDENTIALLY I was called away from Baltimore, and years passed again before, happening to come by that city, I stopped over-night to visit Don Juan. Johnson admitted me into the dusty old house. A quavering figure crept out of the library to greet me, and when a beam of light fell on the wrinkled face I saw that Don Juan was weeping.

"My dear friend, my dear friend! God is good indeed to send you back to me! How long time has been since we sat down together! Come, there is still a bottle of Madeira. They tell me it is actually against the law to drink it. Ah, but I am already half out of this world, half in the next; and surely there is no such law in heaven. So I take half a glass, my friend, from time to time, without sinning. Surely no one would ask

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



He carried her into the parlor and laid her on the divan.—Page 474.

Don Juan, now at the end of his frivolities, a diligent and devout penitent, to relinquish this?"

Even as he blinked the tears away his mouth trembled in a momentary smile.

Through the parlor we went, and I perceived with more and more foreboding that the chairs and the divans were covered with cloths now. Desuetude clung in these empty chambers. The crystal chandelier hung pale and ghostly in the shadows, the piano was closed. . . .

Then we entered the library. Where the Tintoret had glowed one time in its passionate reds and yellows; where later in the days of his doubt the eyes of Don Juan had sought solace in the pale Madonna of Murillo, in her blue robes standing on the silver crescent: there above the mantelpiece the wall was bare.

Hesitating, I inquired about the painting.

Don Juan lifted to mine the gentlest eyes in the world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Ah, yes, my Madonna! But I sold it, you know: did I not tell you? Have you not heard? You will be overjoyed, my friend! That child, that pale lily, that bird of celestial sweetness, that virginal soul that came so reluctant from the bosom of the Blessed Mother of God, she listened to a voice from heaven itself, and found a retreat from the broil of life in a convent.

"Yes, yes, my friend, she is become a religious. In her white robes you should see her; she is the most radiant of all God's children. The sisters adore her. Sister Cecilia she is become. She plays the organ in the chapel, and it is her voice that sings the Gloria.

"And so I sold my Murillo. It is well not to become too attached to the chattels of this false world. How should I, that hope to inherit some humble place in heaven, and lay my weary gaze on the Blessed Virgin herself, pride myself on that ignorant and awkward imagining of her unimaginable sweetness? So I sold it, and gave the money to the convent. Besides, you know, my friend, I . . . I have lived wastefully, I am afraid, and I did not have all the money in the world to begin with."

Inez in a convent! I could not speak at first: I sat with blurring eyes, remembering her joyousness, her vitality, her passionate delight in life now shrouded thus, and watched Don Juan's trembling hands pour the gold wine into two glasses.

"And you see her often?" I asked.

He pondered. "I could wish to see her more. I am getting to be an old man now, my dear friend; I cannot get about so well as once I could, and particularly since I do not keep a car. At my age, and having so little need for one, it would be sinful ostentation to do so! But now and then Sister Cecilia sweetens this lonely old house with her goodness. She was here only last month. Tasso, you know . . . Tasso got very old, that rogue! It will hearten you to learn that his last days were penitent and tranquil. Sister Cecilia came to see him when he was ill. He . . . he wagged his tail."

I sipped my wine. Presently, as if divining my thoughts, looking steadfastly over my head, Don Juan revealed his own.

"Ah, yes, my friend, my dear friend; how can I deceive you? It was a little hard to bear at first; I that have loved this world so richly, it was hard for me to think of her putting it all aside. Sometimes even now, on a sweet night, when I look at flowers, when I see young people walking together, I have a pang. Did I ever tell you about Doña Mercedes? But that was long, long ago! But still, I remember what I said to her, I being younger then and filled with the pride of youth, the night she told me she planned to enter a convent. Was I the vicar of sin? Perhaps. . . . But it is hard to think that life is all evil, when one has found it sometimes so beautiful.

"Am I wrong? I do not know, my friend. I worry; yes, I worry still. I wonder . . . I think, perhaps I should have directed her childish steps even earlier toward the serenity and the refuge she has now found. But tell me I was not wrong, my friend!"

I took his hand and looked him in the eyes.

"You were quite right, Don Juan," I said. "Surely there is a happiness in the service of God far beyond the vision of our gross spirits to understand. One who kneeling can see the light that comes from heaven itself, how shall she miss our moons and suns? And you were right, permitting her to find for herself the way to her haven, for only those who hear the divine voice in their own hearts can be happy there. Be assured, I am overjoyed at her profession."

So I lied, and Don Juan pressed my hand again and smiled. "My friend!" he murmured. "My dear friend!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stripped Atom

BY ROBERT A. MILLIKAN
Norman Bridge Laboratory of Physics, California Institute of Technology

THE ASTRONOMY OF THE ATOM

THE world has just entered upon a period of the development of atomic mechanics, which unquestionably represents the most far-reaching change in our conception of the nature of things that has occurred since the period of development of celestial mechanics that occupied the two and a half centuries following Galileo.

Celestial mechanics was made possible through the invention of the telescope, because this invention enabled astronomers for the first time to make precise measurements of the positions and motions of the heavenly bodies. The spectroscope occupies a precisely analogous position with respect to atomic mechanics. This instrument consists, in its essentials, simply of a prism, grating, or other device for spreading light out into a spectrum, as illustrated in Figure 1, and therefore of separating or differentiating its component wave-lengths so that they can be measured accurately. If the light comes from a Cooper Hewitt mercury-lamp, for example, or from any incandescent vapor, its spectrum consists of a series of definite lines, each of a particular wave-length or of a particular frequency, for frequency is simply the velocity of light divided by the wave-length. Frequency corresponds exactly to pitch in sound, a spectral line of long wave-length (red) having a low optical pitch, and one of short wave-length (violet) about twice that pitch. But it is to be remembered that these optical frequencies are a million million times higher than ordinary acoustic frequencies, which range about a mean of only about 1,000 vibrations per second.

Figure 2 shows such a "line spectrum" obtained from a discharge tube containing hydrogen. The wave-length of the light corresponding to any one of these lines is marked above it, being given in the very minute unit called an angstrom, in terms of which physicists now measure optical wave-lengths. This unit is but one ten-millionth of a millimeter. The line of wave-length 6562.79 angstroms is in the extreme red end of the spectrum, the line 3970.07 at the extreme violet end, from which it is at once seen that the total visible spectrum covers but about an octave of frequencies. The wave-length of any new line that might be found in some intermediate position between two of the foregoing lines can of course be accurately determined by measuring its distances, on such a spectral plate as that shown in Figure 2, from the two nearest lines on either side of it, and then interpolating with the aid of these measurements between the numbers given as the wave-lengths of these two lines. Figure 3 shows the line marked 6562.79 when photographed under high magnification and high resolution. It is seen to be a "doublet"—a fact of interest for what follows.

Celestial mechanics ultimately triumphed and is to-day universally accepted, because the telescope made it possible to determine the exact orbits of the heavenly bodies and to check by precise observation of such phenomena as the time of eclipses the theoretical results which are consequences of the Galilean and Newtonian laws of mechanics that are assumed to govern the motions of the heavenly bodies. Similarly, to-day the spectroscope has provided the physicist with a means for the quantitative testing of the recently developed laws of atomic mechanics, and it is to-day furnishing about as exacting evidence for the orbital theory of elec-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tronic motions as the telescope furnished a century earlier for the orbital theory of the motions of celestial bodies.

In considering the nature of any of this evidence it is important to bear in mind that in neither case do we directly *see* the orbits in the existence of which we are led to believe. For example, no one has ever seen the earth rotate upon its axis nor a planet revolve about the sun. The evidence for the reality of these motions is nevertheless much more trustworthy than ocular evidence in general can be, for sea-serpents and ghosts have repeatedly been "seen" without convincing the

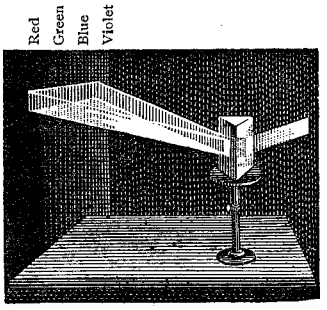


FIG. 1. White light decomposed by a prism. The simplest possible spectroscope.

world of their objective existence. *We believe in astronomical orbits, not because we have seen them, but because by assuming them we are enabled to predict events such as eclipses which can be put to the test of very precise and very exacting experiments.* If the observed results check accurately with the predictions we begin to have some confidence in the validity, or at least in the *utility*, of the assumptions upon which the predictions rest.

We use precisely the same method for gaining confidence in our atomic theories. In both domains quantitative agreement is of course vastly more significant and convincing than mere qualitative explanations. Sunrise and sunset, for example, are in qualitative agreement with the notion of the rotation of the earth, but they are also explicable on a geocentric hypothesis, while the Foucault pendulum in the National Academy Building at Washington, rotating at just the predicted rate, is vastly more convincing evidence of the earth's rotation.

LAWS OF ATOMIC MECHANICS

But what, now, are these newly formulated laws of atomic mechanics? In the first instance they are assumed to embrace completely the laws of celestial mechanics, and in that statement I have introduced one of the most inspiring facts of science, viz.: *Experimental science, at least, never takes anything back. It is an ever-expanding body of truth;* even in theoretical science most new theories are merely extensions and expansions of old theories supplementing rather than replacing. Thus, to account for the fact that the earth does not fall into the sun nor the moon into the earth, in spite of the strong gravitational attraction which pulls them together, we *assume* that the earth rotates in an orbit about the sun and the moon about the earth, each with a speed just sufficient at the observed distance to enable the so-called centrifugal force due to the motion, to balance exactly the central attractive force. Precisely similarly we find in studying the atom that the electrons with their negative charges remain in the outer portions of the volume occupied by the atom in spite of the very powerful central force exerted by the positively charged nucleus which is tending to pull them into it. We therefore *assume*, quite as in astronomy and for exactly the same reason, that the electrons too are held out of the nucleus by the centrifugal forces due to their supposed orbital motion. We have as yet been able to imagine no other way in which their fall into the nucleus can be avoided unless we violate the directly observed and apparently well-established law that electrical charges of opposite sign attract each other.

But we are also obliged to introduce into atomic mechanics two new conditions which are altogether foreign to celestial mechanics, for, barring slight tidal influences, the planets have no means, so far as we know, of *radiating away* any appreciable portion of their energy. The electrons within atoms, on the other hand, are constantly doing so; or, to state the facts more completely, *they are continually interchanging energy with ether waves, sometimes absorbing and sometimes emitting such waves*, as is illustrated by the emission lines of Figure 2 or by the ab-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sorption lines which are seen upon close examination to appear in a solar spectrum as shown in Figure 1.

Further, the general law governing this interchange has been worked out by the laborious experimenting of the physicists during the past twenty years, and constitutes a new and fundamental law of atomic mechanics. It was first seen somewhat dimly about 1900 by Max Planck of Berlin as a result of his endeavors to get a theoretical understanding of the experimentally established laws of the radiations emitted by black bodies, such, for example, as glowing charcoal. It was formulated much more sharply and simply by Einstein in 1905 with the aid of a radically new conception as to the nature of ether waves, a sort of corpuscular or "light-dart" conception, which imagined short wave-length light, at least, to consist of bundles of energy shooting through space like arrows *and yet retaining, in some as yet uncomprehended way, all the vibratory or periodic properties* which a hundred years of experimenting has definitely proved to inhere under all circumstances in light and all other forms of ether waves, and are especially clearly seen in wireless waves. This conception of Einstein's led him to *an equation* which was first experimentally shown in 1914 to predict correctly all of the facts of the emission of electrons from matter under the influence of light-waves—an equation, too, that has since been proven by numerous experiments in many laboratories to be of exceedingly general validity.

This equation states—and this is the fundamental point to be grasped before any further progress can be made in the understanding of stripped atoms, or indeed of any of the radiations produced by atoms—a point, too, which may be stated without any reference to whether the semi-corpuscular conception of localized energy in light-darts or light-quants from which Einstein got his equation is correct or incorrect—that *the total energy available in ether waves for absorption by electrons is proportional to the frequency of the light that is being absorbed.* This energy is equal to the expression $h\nu$, in which ν represents the frequency of the incident light. The constant h is merely the constant of proportionality between the frequency of ether waves and their energy. It is named Planck's h. That there is any such proportionality or indeed that there is any relation at all between energy and frequency is one of the strange, new, but very important discoveries of the past two decades. Nobody understands why it is so. It is merely an experimental fact.*

This equation states further in its most general form that *there is always a reciprocal relation between the energy of ether waves and the energy of the electron that absorbs or emits them.* In other words, if the electron within the atom absorbs energy from ether waves the amount that it gets, as just stated, is $h\nu$, where ν is the frequency of the absorbed light. If, on the other hand, the electron within the atom *loses* energy through radiation, as when it produces one of the spectral lines shown in Figure 2, the frequency of the ether waves radiated can be computed by dividing the loss in energy by h, that is by writing $E_1 - E_2 = h\nu$, where E_1 is the energy contained in the atom before it radiates and E_2 the energy after the radiation. It was the assumption of this specialized form of the general law which constituted the corner-stone of the now famous Bohr theory of spectral lines, first formulated in 1913.

This assumption imposes an interesting condition upon electronic orbits that is wholly unknown to astronomical orbits, namely, the condition that a sudden change in the electronic orbit must take place whenever there is a loss in energy due to radiation; for, if the energy with which the electron is rotating before radiation is just sufficient to produce a balance between the centrifugal force and the electrical pull toward the nucleus, after the radiation of energy the electrical force must pull in the electron to an orbit of smaller radius before equilibrium can be again restored. Precisely the same thing would happen with the moon if there were any mechanism by which it could suddenly lose say half of its energy. In a word, Bohr's most fundamental assumption, made in 1913, in the development of the laws of atomic mechanics, was that when *an atom radiates ether waves an elec-*

*For the most simple and direct experimental proof of this relation see the article on "The Electron and the Light-Quant," SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, January, 1925.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tron within it suddenly drops from an orbit of larger to one of smaller radius, and it is because of that drop that, by some unknown mechanism, it is enabled to send out ether waves, the frequency of which is given by $E_1 - E_2 = h\nu$.

The second important point in which atomic mechanics differs from celestial mechanics is found in the fact that, while the latter permits of as many orbits as you please around a central sun, atomic mechanics permits of only a very limited number of orbits (see Figure 4) the radii of which progress, in the simple Bohr theory, in the ratios of the squares of the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and so on. We do not attempt to understand why this is so. The assumption is made merely because it fits the experimental facts shown in Figure 2, and predicts a mass of new facts, as will presently be shown. The physical meaning of this assumption is that the moment of momentum (mass times velocity, times radius of orbit) of the electron in its various possible orbits can only take on values that bear the ratios 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and so on. This means that *moment of momentum* is a thing which has a unitary or atomic property just as has the thing we call an electric charge. This is the most fundamental assumption of the so-called *quantum theory—a theory which probably is destined to be rated as the most epoch-making advance that physics has made since the days of Copernicus and Galileo.* At any rate, this assumption seems to be justified by its success in predicting a host of new facts, such as those that follow.

To sum up, then, atomic mechanics assumes the same laws as does celestial mechanics, but adds two limitations: (1) the foregoing limitation as to the number and kind of possible orbits; and (2) the limitation imposed by the necessity of providing for electronic jumps between the different possible orbits so as to take care of the possibility of radiation and of the particular kind of radiation that is observed (Figure 2.)

A NEW EXPERIMENTAL TECHNIC

Thus far I have attempted merely to give a very rough idea of the sort of assumed laws with the aid of which the modern physicist makes his predictions before he sets out upon an expedition with his spectroscope to see whether his predictions fit accurately the facts or not. To contrast, now, somewhat more carefully the experimental procedure with that of the astronomer: instead of predicting, as does the latter, the exact instant at which an eclipse is to be expected, and then going upon an expedition to Africa to test it, the physicist predicts the precise kind of electronic jumps or drops between orbits that he may expect to take place in different atoms, and then sets up his spectroscope, catches in it the emitted radiations, and sees whether they have the predicted frequency. The precision with which these spectroscopic frequencies can be determined by the measurement of the position of a line in a spectrum is extraordinarily high, so that the tests can be made quite as sharply as can that of the time of an eclipse.

Mr. I. S. Bowen and myself, at the California Institute, have recently been going upon some expeditions of this sort, the results of which it is my main purpose here to describe.

The success that has attended these expeditions has been due to the development of what we have called high-potential, high-vacuum, hot-spark spectroscopy. With the aid of this technic we were first able in 1920 to push several octaves farther into the ultra-violet region of the spectrum than preceding investigators had gone. More recently we have developed an entirely new means of counting the precise number of electrons which have been knocked off from any particular radiating atom by these high-potential, high-vacuum sparks. For the sake of simplicity I shall at first confine attention to radiations emitted by one particular atom, namely the atom of boron, familiar to every household because of the abundant use of boracic acid in connection with the baby's bath.

The atom of boron is fifth in the order of increasing atomic weights, hydrogen being the lightest, helium the next, lithium the next, beryllium the next, and boron the next. This means that the nucleus of the boron atom contains five free positive electrons, and that five negative electrons are held outside the nucleus, the whole number being just enough to make the boron atom electrically neutral. Of these

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

five outer electrons, two have been proved heretofore, and have again been proved in the present work, to be close to the nucleus. The remaining three are seven or eight times more remote from the nucleus, and being in the outer shell of the atom are called its valence electrons. For the sake of later comparisons it is useful to recall that lithium possesses one of these valence electrons, beryllium two, boron three, carbon four, nitrogen five, oxygen six, and fluorine seven. When one more free positive electron is added to the nucleus, thus enabling the atom to hold ten negatives outside the nucleus, two in close-in orbits and eight in outer orbits, there results neon, an inert gas having no combining power at all, for eight electrons in an outer shell always constitute, we know not why, some sort of a closed system from which no valence forces emanate. Figure 5 is a hypothetical picture of the neon atom, with its two inmost electrons in very close-in orbits and its remaining eight electrons in outer orbits. Of these eight outer orbits, three alone would be possessed by the boron atom.

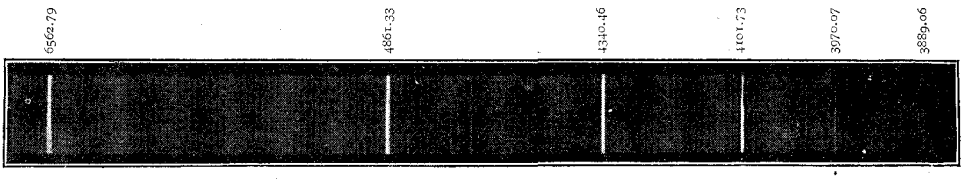


FIG. 2. The line spectrum of hydrogen. The line marked 6562.79 is at the red end of the spectrum, the line marked 3970.07 at the extreme violet end.

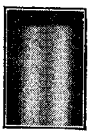


FIG. 3. The line marked 6562.79 when taken under high magnification and high resolution. It is seen to be a doublet.

Now, the interesting property of our hot sparks, which are very high potential discharges in the highest vacua between electrodes from a fraction of a millimetre up to one or two millimetres apart, is that such vacuum sparks possess an extraordinary power of shaking off electrons from atoms. We have recently very definitely proved that these vacuum sparks have the power of *stripping* a great many atoms completely of all their valence, or outer, electrons. These stripped atoms of lithium, beryllium, boron, carbon, nitrogen, and oxygen, for example, are then completely similar electronic structures in that they all consist simply of a nucleus with two electrons in close-in orbits, but they differ in that, in going from lithium up to oxygen, the nuclei possess 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 positive electrons. This means in view of the two negatives in close-in orbits that the net number of unit positive changes pulling a distant negative electron toward the centre would progress in the ratios 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 in going from lithium up to oxygen.

STRIPPING THE BORON ATOM

Applying these considerations to the stripped boron atom, when Mr. Bowen and the writer began to get evidence that our hot sparks were stripping some of the atoms of boron of all their valence electrons, we set to work to predict exactly what sort of frequencies (or wave-lengths) we might expect to be emitted by the stripped boron atoms as a single electron, in being drawn into this stripped atom, began to jump between the possible orbits that ought to exist about it. Thus, on the basis of our knowledge of the spectral lines emitted by hydrogen, we predicted at once that an electron in jumping from the fifth to the fourth of these possible orbits would produce a line of just nine times the frequency of the radiation produced when in the hydrogen atom an electron jumps from its fifth to its fourth orbit. We computed in this way that these stripped boron atoms ought to have a line of wave-length 4,500 angstroms; that is, a line in the blue region of the ordinary visible spectrum. No such line had ever been observed with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boron thus far, but no one had before worked with light of the sort given off by our hot sparks, and which one could expect would produce stripped boron atoms. So we made our exposures, developed the plate, and found the predicted line at exactly the wave-length 4499.0, or within one part in 5,000 of the predicted spot. In other words, *our predicted eclipse in the field of electronic orbits had occurred at exactly the right time.* This line is shown in Figure 6.

We then went on another eclipse expedition. With the aid of the atomic laws just presented, we computed what wave-length would be produced by a jump from the fourth to the third of the orbits of our stripped boron atom. This predicted line fell at 2077.4 angstroms. We took another photograph with our spectroscope set so as to catch this line on our plate if it existed. When we developed our plate we found a beautiful line without any others anywhere near it, a line which no man had ever seen before, at the wave-length 2077.79, *i. e., within four parts in 20,000 of the predicted spot.* This line is shown in Figure 7. Again our eclipse had come at precisely the right time.

We next computed the radiation that would be produced when the electron circling around the stripped boron atom fell from the third orbit to the second.

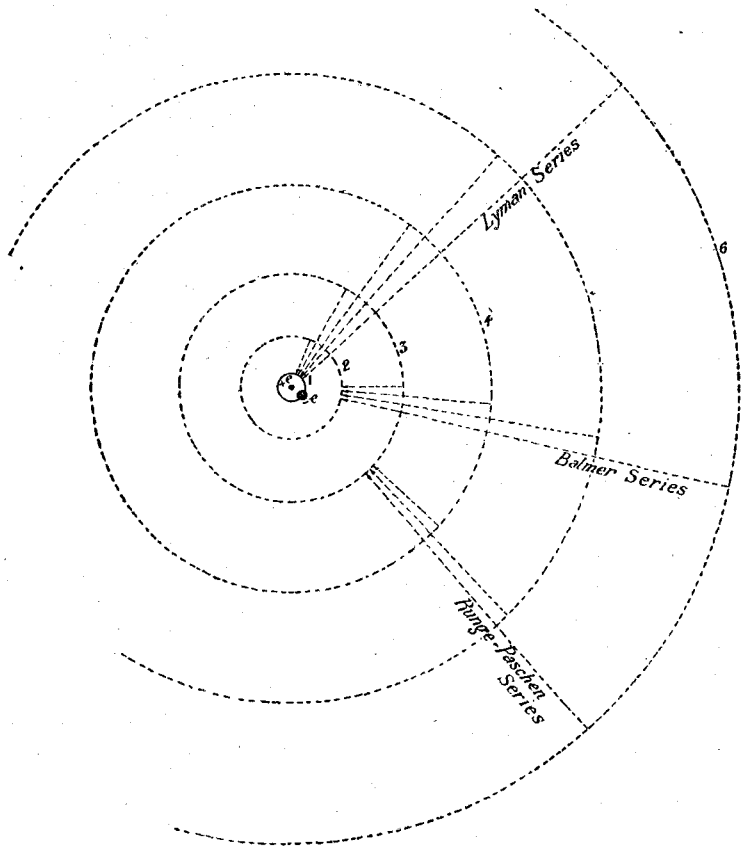


FIG. 4. Showing the series of electronic orbits 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., the radii of which bear the ratios 1, 4, 9, 16, etc., that are assumed, in the simple Bohr theory, to be possible for an electron rotating about a hydrogen nucleus. The series of spectral lines shown in Figure 2 (Balmer series) is supposed to be due to electron drops, or jumps, from orbits 3, 4, 5, etc., into orbit 2; the Lyman series (ultra-violet) to similar jumps into orbit 1; the Runge-Paschen series (ultra-red) to jumps into orbit 3.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We obtained 678 angstroms. We looked up our table of boron lines in the extreme ultra-violet which we had published in January, 1924, and found that we had already recorded a strong boron line at wave-length 677 angstroms, which was in this case as close as the certainty of our prediction. But if this were indeed due to the stripped boron atom, some elements in the theory of electronic orbits which I have not here considered required that this line be, like line 6562.79 of hydrogen (Figure 3), a doublet; that is, a pair of lines very close together. It had not appeared so on our old plate, but the spectrograph had not been one which could have separated this pair, even if it existed; so we built a new spectrograph of higher resolving power, and took another photograph of this line and found that it was indeed a doublet, just as our orbit theory demanded, the two components of which had wave-lengths 677.01 and 677.16. This doublet is shown in Figure 8.

We then made another prediction on the basis of our orbit theory, namely, that there had to be another doublet whose two components had the same frequency-separation as the components of the 677

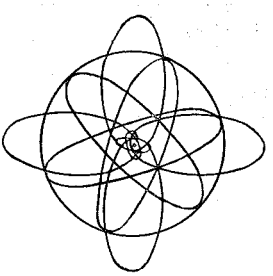


FIG. 5. The atom of neon, according to Bohr—a nucleus holding ten *free* positives, in some of the nuclei ten negatives binding twenty positives, in others twelve negatives binding twenty-two positives, thus leaving always ten *free* positives. Two of the orbits of the ten negative satellites are supposed to be close-in while the remaining eight are large outer orbits. Since neon is the first inert gas above helium, there appears to be room for but eight electrons in the outer shell of any light atom.

line; the wave-length of this new doublet being not accurately predictable, but about 750 angstroms. Our photograph at once brought it to light, too, and with precisely the predicted frequency-separation; the two new lines being found to have quite accurately the wave-lengths 758.47

FIG. 6. The blue boron line at wave-length 4499.0 due to the jumping of an electron from the fifth to the fourth circular orbit in stripped boron.

and 758.68. This doublet is also shown in Figure 8.

One further final prediction of the radiations which ought to be produced by the stripped boron atom. Our orbit theory showed that there should be, at about 2,000 angstroms, another doublet of the same separation as the last two, and this ought theoretically to be the strongest line emitted by the boron atom at all. We looked up the literature of spectra and found that another observer had already published a boron doublet at about this point, but its frequency-separation as he gave it had not agreed with our predicted value. We went on another eclipse expedition. We obtained at once this beautiful strong doublet shown in Figure 9, whose components had the wave-lengths 2066.48 and 2067.88, *and the frequency-difference between these two lines agreed precisely with the predicted value.*

We had now brought to light all of the lines which were to be expected from the stripped boron atom, and by checking all of these predictions by experiment we had proved with absolute certainty that in our hot sparks we were producing stripped atoms of boron.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

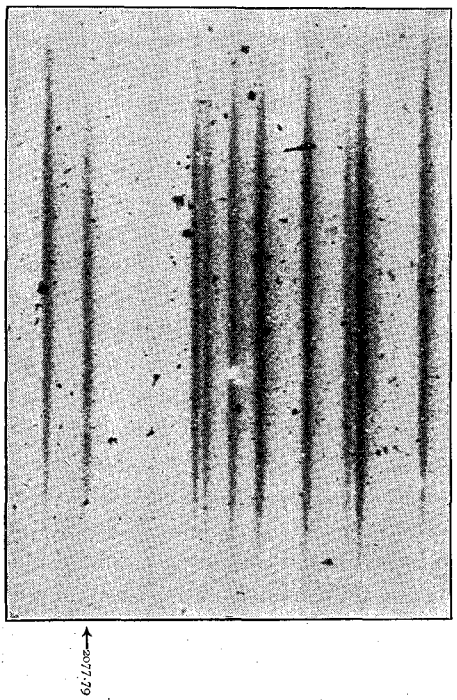


FIG. 7. The line of stripped boron due to the electronic jump from the fourth to the third circular orbit.

STRIPPED ATOMS OF A WHOLE SERIES OF ELEMENTS

By following a procedure altogether similar to the foregoing, we first predicted, and then found in the predicted spots, all of the important spectral lines due to stripped carbon; that is, carbon with its four outer electrons all removed. Then followed nitrogen, reduced to a nucleus and its two close-in electrons by the stripping of all the five external electrons from the outer shell. We got the lines corresponding to stripped oxygen only a couple of months ago, and thus definitely proved that we had stripped off every one of its six outer electrons. Fluorine has, thus far, resisted all our efforts to strip it of its seven outer electrons; and with neon, the inert gas next to fluorine, satisfied with its complete outer shell of eight, we have not yet attempted to work.

We have, however, turned our attention to the second row of atoms in the periodic table, namely, those which have two electrons in the inmost shell and eight electrons in a second shell, and then still farther out a valence or outer shell possessing one electron in sodium, two in magnesium, three in aluminum, four in silicon, five in phosphorus, six in sulphur, and seven in chlorine, after which comes argon—an element which has completed its third shell of eight and has thus become an inert gas like helium and neon, completely satisfied with itself and unwilling to combine with anything.

With the use of the foregoing newly developed laws of atomic mechanics *we have predicted the positions of all the important spectral lines due to all seven of these stripped atoms between neon and argon, and then in the spectra of our vacuum sparks have found all these lines in exactly the predicted positions.*

CHEMICAL PROPERTIES OF STRIPPED ATOMS

By thus stripping the outer coverings of electrons from an atom we put it in a

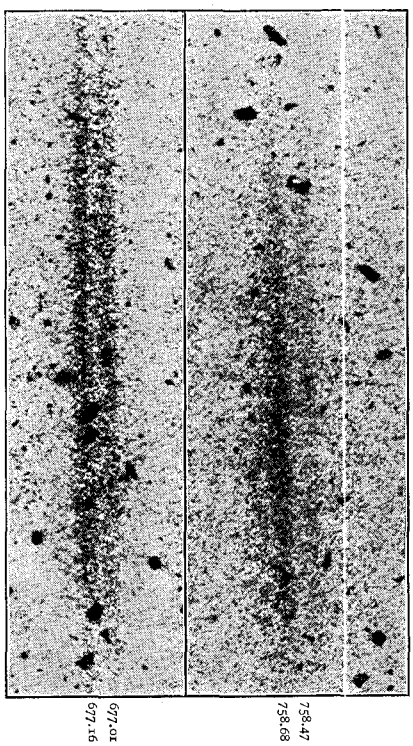


FIG. 8. Two extreme ultra-violet lines of stripped boron, both of which should be doublets of the same frequency-separation. These predictions are completely verified by these photographs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very active condition—the physicist calls it, quite appropriately, an *excited* state. In the endeavor to get itself again properly clothed it attempts to seize electrons wherever and whenever it comes near them, and with entire disregard of whether these electrons already belong to other atoms or not.

To take a particular case: when the atom of nitrogen is stripped the most inert and self-satisfied of all of the common atoms instantly becomes extraordinarily active. Having now five entirely unsatisfied valences, it seizes with great avidity upon the electrons belonging to the surrounding oxygen, and the two atoms unite in a contest for one and the same electron. Nor is the nitrogen content, since it now has not one but five unsatisfied valences, to start a contest with a single neighboring atom for the possession of a coveted electron. On the contrary, it grabs electrons from two or three or four neighboring atoms at once. In other words, a whole series of nitrogen compounds is formed, such as NO, NO_2, N_2O_3, N_2O_4, N_2O_5, etc.

Some of these compounds are unstable because, as fast as free or unattached electrons wander past, the contending oxygen and nitrogen atoms break away and run off, content with their newly found partners; that is, the unstable compounds decompose again into their original constituents. It is very easy to observe directly this decomposing process, for, when a little air is sucked out of a powerful arc into a closed bottle provided with a sensitive pressure-gauge, the gauge will show a continually changing pressure for some seconds or even minutes, thus showing that the number of molecules in the vessel is continually changing.

The fixation of nitrogen by the arc process, practised so extensively by Germany and Sweden during the Great War, is in essence, I think, nothing but the activation of nitrogen by this stripping or semi-stripping process, and the quick absorption of the nitrogen compounds in water, thus forming nitric acid.

But, whether or not these stripped atoms are going to be of much use in chemistry and other practical sciences, of this much we may be certain—that there

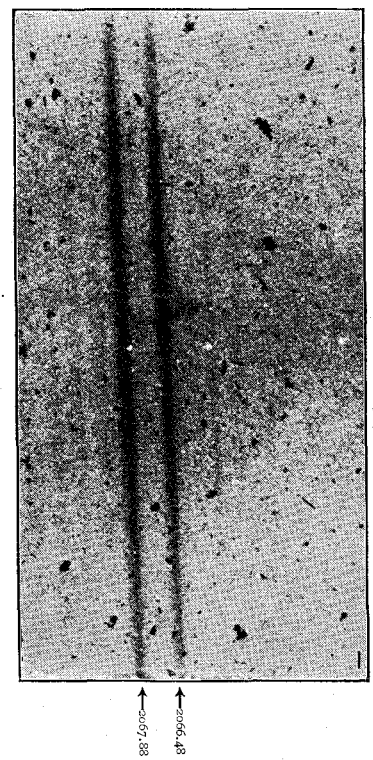
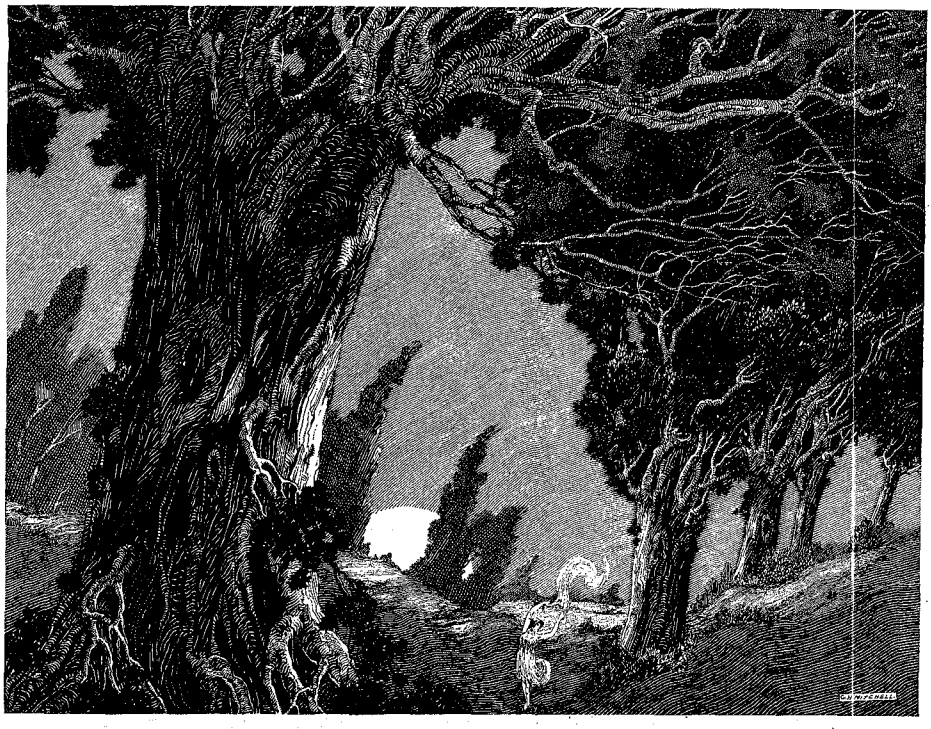


FIG. 9. The doublet that should be the most intense line of stripped boron. Its intensity and separation are found here precisely as predicted.

have been brought to light ways of going on eclipse expeditions in the study of the astronomy of the subatomic world, and that these new methods certainly reveal new possibilities for the reading of the conditions existing in the stars. Truly, we have entered upon a period of the alluring study of the astronomy of the atom, a period in which the spectroscope is the instrument with which the physicist is bringing to light wonders no less fascinating than those which the telescope has revealed in the study of the heavens.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From Italy: La Tramontana

BY DAVID CARTER

Decoration by George H. Mitchell

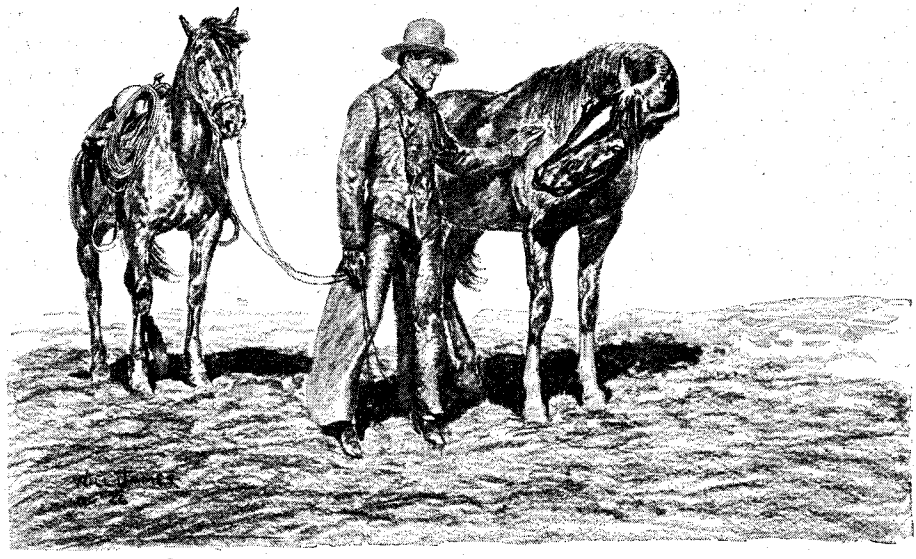
Now are the horns of the wind raised high for blowing,
Now march the maiden trees with lifted lyres;
Now dance the waves, torn violet tunics showing
White limbs no night of orgic vigil tires.

Now do the vine-strewn cliffs sway out the measure,
Move swiftly down dark circles to the sea,
And black birds beat aerial arcs for pleasure
Because the storm will sing. And presently,

The sky's cold eyes will flutter disapproval,
Faintly withdraw, afar off close their lids,
And I shall stand alone, by their removal
God's only watcher of the Nereids.

But, though this strange new nature rise and thunder,
My senses shall fly home, my heart shall seek
A tamer storm, a lesser cliff, where wonder
Blows, in soft hair, across my mouth and cheek.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Clint was about to get on his horse and ride away, but he stopped, and felt of Smoky's hide once more. —Page 490.

Smoky—A One-Man Horse

At Work

BY WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE fine, cool, and sunshiny days of fall was making a last stand, rains begin to come, and as time was a-crawling toward early winter, them rains got colder and then turned to a wet snow. Mud was where dust had been, the hard-twist throw ropes had turned stiff as steel cables, saddles and saddle blankets was wet, heavy, and cold, and the shivering ponies met the feel of them with a hump and a buck.

The cowboys, all a-packing long, yellow slickers, was beginning to tally up on how much wages would be due 'em, as the end of the fall round-up drawed near, and as they waded through slush and mud from the chuck wagon to the rope corral, not many was caring. Wet socks, damp beds, two hours of shivering on night guard, saddling ornery ponies in daytime and when a feller can't even get a footing, and then riding 'em a-wondering if them ponies will stand up as they beller and buck on the slick and muddy ground, all left a-hankering only for a warm dugout somewheres, where there's a stove, a chair to set on, and a few magazines to read as Mother Nature does her best to make the outside miserable.

The last of the beef herd had been turned over to another "wagon" of the Rocking-R and shipped and Jeff's (the cow foreman) main herd was from then on made up of cows with big weaner calves, and all stock that'd need feeding through the winter.

"A couple of weeks more now and we'll be seeing the gates of the home ranch," says Jeff one day, but it was a long three weeks before the stock was tended to and when the wagon was loaded for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

last time. The wet snow had got flaky and dry by then and six inches of it was covering the ground.

"Now hold on a minute, Smoky, and give a feller a chance, won't you?"

It was Clint a-talking, and trying to hold Smoky down till he got his foot in the stirrup. The cowboy, being all bundled up, couldn't handle himself as he'd like to, the little horse was cold, crusted snow had to be rubbed off his back before the saddle could be put on and he was aching to put his head down and go to bucking so he could warm up.

Clint was only half ways in the saddle when that pony lit into it, but the cowboy didn't mind that, his blood was also a long ways from the boiling point and any excuse to get circulating good was welcome.

Around and around him Smoky went and all in one spot, all the fancy twists of a bucking pony was gone over and the rider met him all the way, and as Clint rode and fanned and laughed, he'd get fast glimpses of other riders and other horses a-tearing up the white landscape and getting down to the earth underneath.

It was the last day of the round-up, all the work was done, the cook climbed on his seat, grabbed the lines the boys handed him, and letting out a war-whoop scared his already spooky team into a long lope towards the home ranch.

Eight long months had went by since Smoky was run in the corral at the horse camp. In that time he'd went from a green bronc, skipped over the first grade as a "circle horse" on to the "day herd" class and was fast getting up amongst the high eddicated cow horses. The reason for his fast learning that way was first due to the amount of brains he had, and afterwards the liking that'd got to grow in him for Clint, the cowboy who broke him.

There wasn't a rider on that range more fit to bring out qualities in such a horse as Smoky, and as had often been remarked, "Clint could take a raw bronc and in two months time make that pony spell cow." With that kind of a man to coach him, there was no limit as to how high the mouse colored horse would climb, and Clint all het up with his liking for the pony and wanting to make him the best cow horse of the country had quit breaking horses, and when riders came to claim all the ponies he'd started breaking to use for round-up work, Clint saddled up Smoky and joined to round-up wagon. . . . No other man was going to ride that horse.

That's how come Clint and Smoky worked the Rocking R range together that summer. Smoky had been one of the twelve horses that was in Clint's string and there wasn't a horse more favored than Smoky had been, for Clint was going to take his time with that horse, he was going to make him one in a million.

The sight of the big gates was a mighty fine one to all as the outfit clattered in, specially with the sky a-threatening the way it was, the old cow horses had their ears pointed towards the big pole corrals, they knowed what the sight of them meant at that time of the year and none tried to break away as the wrangler run 'em in. They was turned out in a big pasture that night and the next day a couple of riders came, bunched 'em up, and took 'em through another gate leading out of the ranch.

Clint had took it onto hisself to be one of them riders, he wanted to get another look at Smoky before letting him go to the winter range and find out for sure just what condition that range would be in. The outskirts of it was reached that noon and as Clint rode along back of the remuda he was more than satisfied to notice the tall feed that the six inches of snow couldn't hide, he noticed the breaks and the shelter they would give, then the thick growth of willows along the creek bottom which meant more shelter.

Clint stopped his horse and the two hundred ponies was left to scatter, his eyes run over the well-known backs for a last time, he wouldn't be seeing them again till spring round-up started and he watched 'em slowly graze away, many was in that bunch that he'd broke and named, and starting from the meanest fighting bronc of the rough string, and taking all the ponies on up to the best cow horse of the foreman's string there wasn't one that Clint didn't know and know mighty well as to tricks and good or bad points

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A big old sorrel with a kinked neck and by the name of Boar Hound caught his eye, and Clint remembered how that pony tried to commit suicide rather than be rode and how he'd now changed to wanting to commit murder instead and kill a few cowboys; then a smile spread over his face as he spotted a tall Roman nosed gruller who'd never made a jump till a rope got under his tail, and who'd took a sudden liking to bucking from then on and made hisself a reputation at that which scattered over four counties.

Every horse Clint looked at brought to memory some kind of a story, and there was a variety of expressions which changed with every horse that came under his eye. A big shaggy black looked his way and snorted, and with the sight of him Clint remembered how that horse had reached ahead one time and kicked to pieces a cowboy that'd been unsaddling him.

His expression was mighty solemn at the thought of that, but it didn't last long. Like a ray of sunshine, something shot out and scattered that dark cloud of memories from hell to breakfast, Smoky had showed himself from behind other horses and not over fifty feet from where Clint was setting on his horse.

The cowboy's face lit up with a smile at the sight of the pony, and getting down off his saddle he made tracks his way, but he didn't have to go all the way, for soon as Smoky spotted him he left Pecos, his running pardner, behind, and nickering came to meet Clint.

Feed was aplenty and the little pawing that had to be done to reach it was like so much exercise and only kept his blood in good circulating order.—Page 490.

"A feller would think to see you act that you're a sure enough sugar eater," Clint remarked as the little horse came up to him and stopped. He rubbed a hand on the pony's head and went on:

"Well, anyway, Smoky, I'm glad to see that you've got a mighty fine winter range to run on, with all the feed I see here and the shelter that's with it you hadn't ought to lose an ounce of fat." Clint felt for the pony's ribs and grinning resumed, "And if you ever get any fatter than you are now you'll be plum worthless."

Smoky followed Clint as he turned and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

went to where he'd left his horse. "I wonder," says that cowboy, "if you've got the hunch that you won't be seeing me no more till next spring? . . . that's a long time ain't it? But never mind, old horse, I'm the first cowboy you're going to see when spring does break up."

Clint was about to get on his horse and ride away, but he stopped, and felt of Smoky's hide once more.

"Well, so long, Smoky, take care of yourself and don't let anything drag you down."

Smoky watched him ride away and nickered once as the cowboy went over the point of a ridge and disappeared. He watched a long time even after that and till he was sure Clint was gone, and finally turning went to grazing back till he was by the side of Pecos again.

The winter came and hit the range with the average amount of snow, freeze-ups, and cold winds. The cayotes howled the hunger they felt, for there was no weak stock to speak of for them to feed off of, and outside of small varmints they could get once in a while, pickings was mighty poor. Horses and cattle was and stayed in fine shape and the stockman could hit his bed after the long day's ride knowing that he could go to sleep right off and not lay awake a-wondering what he could do to pull his stock through.

Smoky met all what the weather had to hand him, with a good layer of fat, a thick skin, and a long coat of hair. He lost a few ounces but he could of spared many pounds and felt as good, feed was aplenty and the little pawing that had to be done to reach it was like so much exercise and only kept his blood in good circulating order.

The winter months wore on, the ponies drifted from ridge to ridge, from shelter to shelter and nothing much came to disturb the quiet of the land, nothing much excepting when a big shaggy black tried to throw in with Pecos, the same black that'd kicked the cowboy over the Great Divide. But his interfering and butting in was welcome though in a way, Smoky and Pecos had so much good energy going to waste that they'd been just aching for some excuse to use some of it for some good.

It came about that the big black had took a liking to Pecos, and at the same time a dislike for Smoky. Pecos was neutral for a while and wondered what the black was up to when he tried to chase Smoky away from him. Smoky wouldn't chase worth a damn but he was getting skinned up considerable a-trying to hold his ground. Things went on that way for a day or so and every once in a while the black made a dive for Smoky like he was going to tear him to pieces, his intentions was good, but Smoky sure was no invalid, and when the snow settled again where he'd held his ground the little horse hadn't give away one inch.

But the black was twice as old as Smoky, more up to the game of fighting, and heavier by a hundred pounds. All that begin to tell on the mouse colored hide, and there might of come a time when Smoky would of had to hightail it, only, as the scraps was repeated off and on, Pecos begin to notice and realize that that black was taking too much territory, and he didn't like him nohow.

So, that's how come, that when the black put down his ears and made another grand tearing rush for Smoky that something struck him from the off side and upset him and his plans of attack all to hell, he found hisself jerked off his feet and rolled plum over the top of Smoky and he lit head first on the other side. When he picked himself up out of the snow his spirits was dampened some in wonder, and more so when he shook his head and was able to see and noticed that there was *two* mighty vicious looking ponies a-waiting for him to come again. He shook his head once more at that, and as Smoky and Pecos bowed their necks and came his way the black turned tail and started a looking for other company which would appreciate him more.

But wether it was orneriness or just plain thick headedness the black tried to butt in again the next day; maybe he just wasn't convinced, anyway, Pecos noticed him first and before the black could even get to Smoky. War was started right there, but Pecos was no match for the black and even though he wasn't for quitting, the worst of the battle was on his side. It was about when the crusted snow was flying the thickest that Smoky,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The black was jerked off his feet, rolled plum over, and he lit head first on the other side.—Page 490.

who'd been off a ways, noticed the commotion. He seen his pardner down on his knees and the black a-chewing away on him, and right about then the standing Smoky was transformed into a twelve-hundred-pound bombshell. The explosion came as he connected with the black and then black fur begin to fly and soar up above. . . . Somehow or other the black managed to gather enough of his scattered senses to know what had happened; them senses told him to act, and act quick, and he did. He tore himself away from the pressing, tearing mixture of flying hoofs and sharp teeth and split the breeze making far apart tracks to where horseflesh wasn't so thick.

The next day he was seen with Boar Hound, the kinked necked sorrel, the Roman-nosed gruller, and a few more ornery ponies of the "rough string." A company bunch more fitting to his kind.

The days was getting longer and warmer, the snow begin packing and melting some, and pretty soon bare patches of ground showed in plain sight. Smoky and Pecos' hides begin a-itching and the

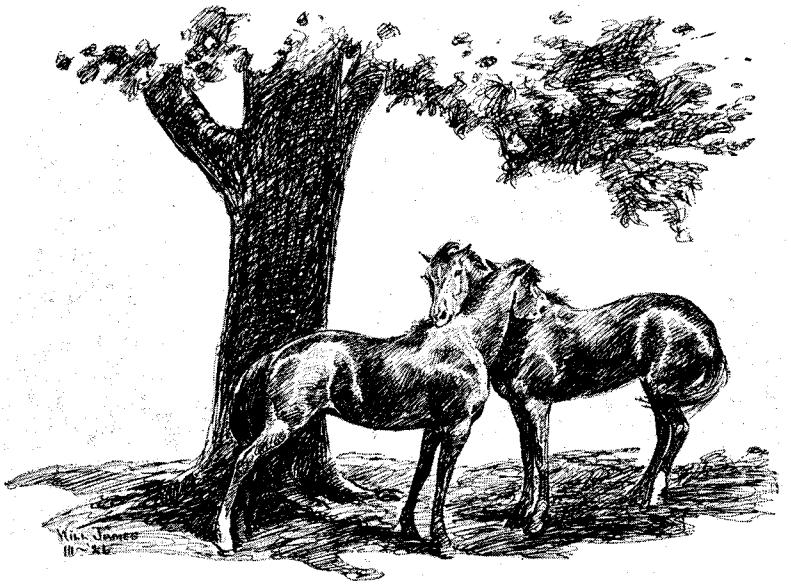
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two was often busy a-scratching one another and starting from the neck to the withers along the backbone to the rump. Big bunches of long winter hair begin a-slipping and falling to the ground as they scratched, and came a time when as they rolled, more of that hair was left till finally patches of short slick satin like hair begin to show.

Then green and tender grass begin to loom up and plentiful, and that finished the work of ridding the ponies' hides of all the long hair that was left, creeks was swelling from the waters of the fast melting snows, spring had come and the sunshine and warm winds that came with it was doing its work.

The round-up cook was once again scrubbing on the chuck box that was on the end of the long wagon, and the cowboys one by one begin a-drifting in from parts near and far anxious to be starting on the spring works again. Some came from the different cow camps of the Rocking R range, a few of the riders that'd been let go when work was done the fall before never showed up, but others rode in and after a few words with Jeff took the places of them that was missing.

Clint had wintered at one of the outfit's camps and drawed his wages regular, and when the range land begin to get bare of snow and the watching out for weak stock was no more necessary he put his bed on one horse, his saddle on another, and headed for the home ranch. He was one of the first riders to reach that place, and when the horse round-up started he was one of the first to have his horse saddled, topped off, and lined out to sashay in all of the ponies that could be found on the horse range.



Smoky and Pecos' hides begin a-itching and the two was often busy a-scratching one another.—Page 491.

Smoky had been feeding on the sunny side of a butte, and for no reason other than to be looking around he raised his head, only his ears and eyes showed as he looked over the top of that butte, but that was enough for him to see a rider coming his direction, and see him before that rider ever had a hunch any horses was around anywheres near.

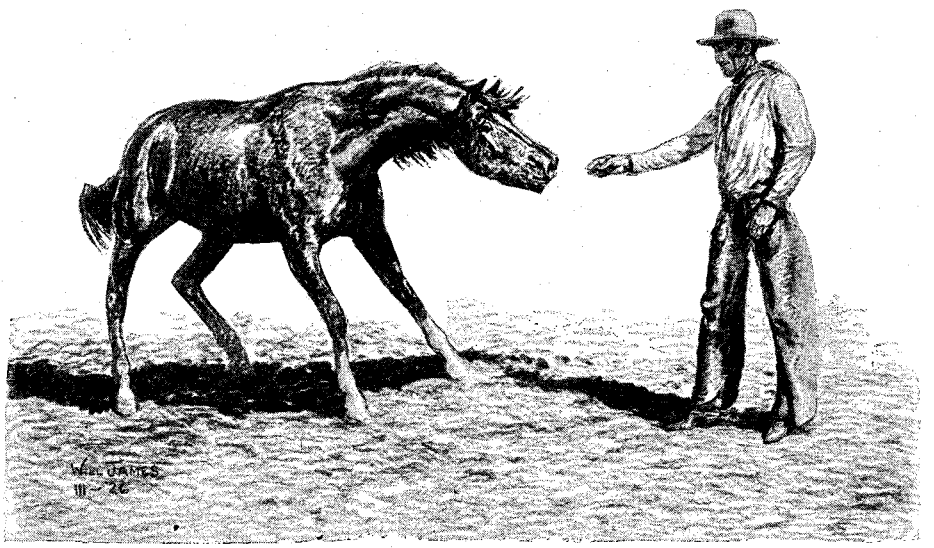
Smoky snorted and hightailed it down the side of the butte to where Pecos and a few other ponies had also been feeding, and the way he acted left no doubt in their minds but what they should be on the move, they all was at full speed the minute he landed amongst 'em, and when the rider topped the butte where they'd been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a few minutes before, they had the lead on him by near a mile.

But the ponies wasn't wanting to get away near as much as might of been thought, it was only that Smoky had got spooked up at the sudden sight of the rider, and him and all the others feeling good as they did wasn't needing much excuse. The cowboy fogged down on 'em and a little to one side so as to turn 'em, bill far as running was concerned, and when the long wings of the pole corrals at the home ranch was reached the rider was right on the ponies' tails and on the job to keep 'em going straight ahead into the corral, then the big gate closed in on 'em.

"Guess you don't know me no more," says Clint to Smoky as he stood afoot in the corral and watched the pony tear around, then to hisself:



Slow and easy Clint raised a hand and held it to within a few inches of his nose, Smoky stretched his neck, sniffed at it, and snorted.—Page 495.

they turned easy enough even though the rider was a long ways behind, and making a big circle that rider finally had 'em headed towards the big corrals of the home ranch.

A big grin spread over the cowboy's features as the sun shined on the slick back of the mouse colored horse at the lead of the bunch, and even though there was a half a mile between him and that horse, *that cowboy* knowed daggone well it was *him*, for the sun never reflected on no other horse's hide as well as it did on Smoky's, and besides, there was no mistaking the good feeling action of that pony's.

"Told you I'd be the first to see you when spring broke up," says the cowboy as he held his horse down to a lope.

The twenty-five mile run from the time Smoky had been spotted kinda filled the

"Maybe he don't know it's *me* that's watching him."

Clint was right, the long winter months of freedom without seeing one human had kind of let him get back to his natural wild instinct, and the first sight of Clint had been of just a human, and it'd spooked him up till he'd have to calm down some before it'd come to him just *who* that human was.

The cowboy spoke to him as Smoky, wild eyed, snorted and hunted for a hole, but Clint kept a-speaking, and as the pony tore around and heard the voice, something gradually came to him that seemed far away and near forgot. He stopped a couple of times to look at the cowboy, and each time his getting away was less rushing, till, as the voice kept a-being heard, things got clearer and clearer in that pony's brain.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Old Tom didn't even get well set that time, Smoky bowed his head and went out from under him leaving him come down on the other side.—Page 498.

Smoky had stopped once more, and neck bowed, ears straight ahead, and eyes a-sparkling, faced acrost the corral to where the cowboy, still and standing, was talking to him.

"Daggone your little hide," says Clint, "are we going to have to get acquainted all over again? . . . come on over here and let me run my hand over that knowledge bump of yours, and maybe I can get your think tank to functioning right again."

Smoky didn't come, but he held his ground and listened to the talk. Clint talked on and watched him till the horse lost some of his wild look and then slow and easy started walking his way. Something and away in the past seemed to hold Smoky as the cowboy slowly came nearer and nearer, his instinct was all for him a-leaving the spot he was holding but that something which stuck in his memory was the stronger and sort of kept him there.

Clint came on a few steps at a time, and then stopped, and talking the while, took his time till he was within a few feet of Smoky. A little flaw of any kind

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

right then in that human's actions could of spoilt things easy and sent the pony a-skeedaddling away from there in a hurry, but Clint knowed horses and specially Smoky too well to do anything of the kind. He knowed just what was going on between that pony's ears, and how to agree with all that mixed in there.

wards Smoky was following the grinning cowboy all around the corral.

The round-up wagons, all cleaned and loaded, was ready to pull out, the remuda was all accounted for and each string pointed out to each rider, and Jeff giving the whole outfit another look over

Many a cowboy had remarked it was worth the price of a good show to watch Smoky outdodge the critter. —Page 500.

Finally, Clint got to where by reaching out he could near of touched Smoky. Slow and easy the cowboy raised a hand and held it to within a foot of the pony's nose, Smoky looked at it and snorted, but pretty soon he stretched his neck and mighty careful took a sniff of the human paw, he snorted again and jerked his head away from it but it wasn't long when he took another sniff, then another and another, and each time the snort growed less to be heard, till at last, Smoky even allowed that paw to touch his nostrils, the fingers rubbed there easy for a spell and gradually went on a-rubbing along his nose along on up to between his eyes and pretty soon between his ears to that knowledge bump. Five minutes after-

waved a hand, the pilot reined his horse into a bucking start, all took up his lead and through the big gates of the home ranch, wagons, riders, remuda, and all lined out, the spring round-up had started.

Smoky broke the record for learning that year, and when the fall round-up was over and the saddle was pulled off him for the last time before being turned out on the winter range, there was two little white spots of white hair showed on each side of his withers and about the size of a dollar, saddle marks they was, and like medals for the good work he'd done. There was a knowing spark in his eyes for the critter too, for the little horse had got to savvy the cow near as well as the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old cow horses that'd been in the same remuda that year.

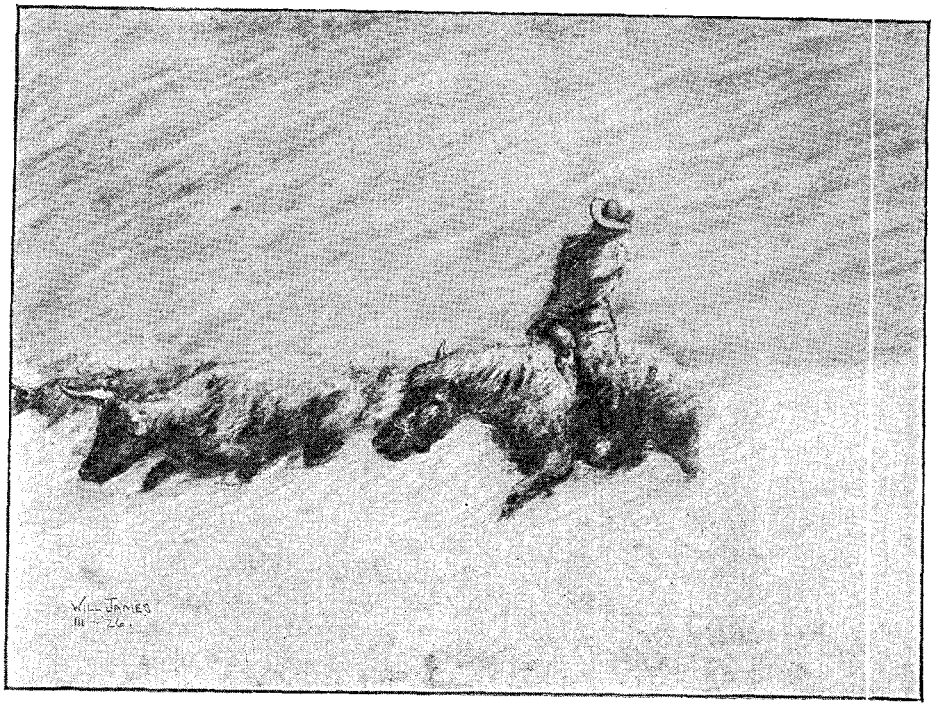
There was only one thing that could of been held against the good record of that pony, and that was his bucking, he just had to have his little buck out every morning, and sometimes he bucked harder than other times, that all depended on how cold the weather was, but Clint didn't seem to mind that at all, if anything he tried to perserve that bucking streak in the pony, and he was often heard to remark:

"A horse aint worth a damn unless that shows up some."

But Clint had other reasons for keeping the "buck" in Smoky's backbone. . . . Old Tom Jarvis, owner of the Rocking R, had joined the wagon for a few days that summer and wanted to see his cowboys work his cattle for a spell. Him being an old cowman and from away back before cattle wore short horns made all the working of a herd all the more interesting and to be criticised one way or the other. He was present steady on the cutting grounds, and so was Smoky one day.

Clint felt that the eyes of Old Tom was on Smoky the minute that cowboy rode him to the edge of the herd, and an uneasy feeling crawled up his backbone as he noticed that that Old Grizzly seemed to've lost his eyesight for anything else but his Smoky horse. Clint knowed Old Tom's failing for a good horse, and he'd heard of how many a time that same failing had come near putting the cowman in jail for appropriating some horse he couldn't buy, of course them times was past, but the failing was still in the old man's chest, and *Smoky belonged to him.*

The cowboy had started Smoky to cutting out, a work where all the good points of a cow horse have a chance to show up, and Smoky sure wasn't hiding any. Old Tom's eyes was near popping out of his head as he watched the mouse colored gelding work, and finally, as Clint noticed all the interest, he figgered it a good idea to get out of the herd and hide Smoky somewheres before the old cowman came to him and suggested swapping horses, the cowboy was afraid he'd already showed too much of that horse,



The next day Clint was busy bringing the weak stock closer to the ranch.—Page 502.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and as he come out of the herd he made a circle and took his stand away on the opposite side from where Old Tom was holding.

But Old Tom was owner of that outfit and he could be any place he wanted to on that range any time. A steer broke out, Old Tom took after him, circled him around the herd, and when he put him back in and brought his horse to a standstill, there was only a short distance between him and the horse he'd had his eye on.

Clint was scared and he cussed a little, he tried to keep Smoky down whenever a critter broke out that needed turning, and even tried to let a couple of 'em get away, but he couldn't do it without making it too plain to see, and besides, Smoky had ideas of his own about handling them critters.

The cowboy was worried all the rest of the day and lost some sleep that night a-wondering how he was going to dodge Old Tom, he knowed the old cowman would be around with some proposition to swap him out of Smoky and that was one of the last things the cowboy would do, there wasn't a horse in the outfit or anywheres else he'd trade Smoky for.

It's took for granted on any real cow outfit that whenever a horse is swapped or borrowed out of a cowboy's string and handed to somebody else, that that cowboy is requested to quit or be fired, in other words it's an insult that makes any real cowboy want to scrap and then ask for his wages.

Clint was a valuable man to the outfit, but with Old Tom, one cowboy more or less didn't matter, that is if that cowboy stood between him and a horse he wanted. He walked up to Clint the next day, and not hesitating any he says:

"I'm going to try that mouse colored horse you was riding yesterday" and thinking it'd please Clint to hear, he went on, "and if I like him I'll trade you my brown horse Chico for him, he's the best horse I got at the home ranch."

But all that only made Clint get red in the face, and fire showed in his eyes as he spoke.

"Hell, you can't ride Smoky."

"Why in hell can't I?" asks Old Tom also getting red in the face.

"Cause you can't," answers Clint, "why you couldn't even put a saddle on him."

Clint was for quitting the outfit right there and hit for some other country, but the thought of leaving Smoky behind kinda put him to figgering another way out, if he could get Old Tom sort of peeved and let him handle Smoky while he was feeling that way, most likely that pony would do the rest.

"I'll show you wether I can saddle that horse or not," says Old Tom frothing at the mouth, "why I've handled and rode broncs that you couldn't get in the same corral with, and before you even was born."

"Yep," says Clint grinning sarcastic, "that was too long ago, and you're too damned old now for that kind of a horse."

Old Tom glared at Clint for a second, and not finding no ready comeback done the next best thing and got busy. He went to his saddle, jerked his rope off it, and spitting fire, shook out a loop that could be heard a-whistling plum to the other side of the corral.

Smoky was surprised into a dozen catfits as that same wicked loop settled over his head and drawed tight and sudden around his neck, he bellered and bucked through the remuda a-dragging Old Tom with him. The old cowman made a motion and two grinning cowbovs went and helped him.

Clint stood on the outside and watched the performance, he rolled cigarette after cigarette and tore 'em up fast as they was made, not a one was lit. He seen Smoky brought to a choking standstill and that cowboy felt like committing murder as he noticed the fear in that pony's eyes as he faced the strangers, but there Clint noticed something else and which he gradually recognized as *fight*, there was more fight than fear, and at the sight of that the cowboy took hope.

"Since when does a cowboy get help to rope and saddle his horse?" he hollered as Old Tom was sizing up Smoky. "Pretty soon you'll be wanting one of us to top him off for you."

It worked just right, and Old Tom's answer was only a jerk on the rope that held Smoky. The old cowman knowed better than to handle a horse that way

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and as a rule was always easy with 'em, but he was mad, mad clear through and rather than shoot himself a cowboy he was taking it out on the horse.

And Smoky by that time was fast catching up with the spirit of all that went on, he was like a raw bronc that'd never seen a human or a saddle, and when he was finally brought up alongside the saddle, there was all about him to show he wasn't safe for anybody coming near. But Old Tom, even though it was a long time ago, had handled many mean horses, he knowed he was past handling 'em any more, but this time was different and he'd do his best to carry it through.

The two riders that'd been helping him was waved away, he'd show Clint and the rest of the young fellers that he could still do it. He then spread a loop and caught both of Smoky's threatening front feet. Smoky knowed better than to fight a rope and he stood still knowing he'd soon have another chance, rawhide hobbles was fastened on his front legs, a bridle put on his head, and then the saddle was reached for and put on his back and cinched to stay.

"Better say your prayers before you climb up," says Clint, still prodding Old Tom, at the same time hoping that he would stop before he went too far, but there was no stopping him, he pulled up his chap' belt, set his hat down tight, and still mad enough to bite a nail in two, loosened the hobbles, grabbed a short holt on the reins and climbed on.

Smoky looked back at the stranger that was a-setting on him, and soon as a touch of the rein on his neck told him that all was set, things started a-happening from there. He bowed his head, made two jumps, and was just getting started good when he felt the saddle was empty, he made a few more jumps just for good measure, and then stopped.

Clint was grinning from ear to ear as he walked up to Smoky and put his hand on his neck.

"Good work, old boy," he says, . . . and then turning to Old Tom, who was picking himself up, "want to try him again?"

"You bet your damn life I do," says that old cowboy.

"All right," answers Clint, getting peeved some more, "go ahead and break your fool neck, there's plenty of buffalo wallows around here we can bury you in."

Old Tom walked over and jerked the reins out of Clint's hands and started to get in the saddle again, but he didn't even get well in it that time, Smoky bowed his head and went out from under him leaving Old Tom come down on the other side.

It was as the old man was about to try Smoky once more when Jeff Nicks interfered and told his boss how he'd rather not have him try that horse any more.

"That horse bucks every time he's rode," says Jeff.

Old Tom knowed he'd come to the end of his string but that didn't ease his feelings any, and he was looking for some way of letting some of them feelings out before they choked him, when he spots Clint a-standing to one side and by Smoky.

"You're fired," he hollered, pointing a finger at him, "I'll get somebody to take the buck out of that horse, and the sooner you're off this range the better I'll like it."

Clint just grinned at Old Tom, which made him all the madder, and about then Jeff spoke.

"I'm doing the hiring and firing on this outfit, Tom, and as long as I'm working for you I'll keep on a-doing it."

Old Tom turned on him like a wild cat. "Fine," he hollered, "you can go too."

The old cowman had went as far as he could, and as he walked away to catch himself another saddle horse, he had a hunch that he'd also went further than he should, that hunch got stronger as he went on saddling, and as he gave the latigo a last yank, it all developed into plain common sense that he'd sure enough went too far.

But Old Tom wasn't for giving in, not right then anyway. He got on his horse and riding close enough so Jeff could hear, says:

"You and Clint can come to the ranch and I'll have your time ready for you," and then to another rider, "you handle the outfit till I send out another foreman."

A lot of orneriness was scattered to the winds as Old Tom covered the long fifty miles back to the ranch, and as he opened the big gate leading in, a brand new feel-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing had come over him, . . . he was for catching a fresh horse the next morning early and hightail it back to the wagon to sort of smooth things over best as he could.

He unsaddled and turned his horse loose, and was mighty surprised as he came up to the big ranch house to find both Jeff and Clint already there and waiting for him. Not a hint of the good resolutions he'd made showed as he walked up to 'em, and after some kind of a "howdy" Old Tom heard Jeff say:

"All the boys sent word in by me, that as long as you're making out my check you'd just as well make theirs out too. I'm sorry for that," went on Jeff, "and I tried to talk 'em out of it, but it's no use, they're all for quitting if I go."

The old cowman never said a word as he led Jeff and Clint in the big house, he walked to a big table in the centre of the living-room and there he turned on his two riders. A smile was on his face and he says:

"By God, Jeff, I'm glad to hear that," then Old Tom still pleasant, but serious, went on, "for no man does his best work unless he's doing it with somebody he likes and has confidence in, yes," he repeated, "I'm glad to hear that, but the question is now, you're fired and free to go ain't you?" he asks.

"Yes," says Jeff, "soon as I get paid off."

"Well, how's chances of hiring you over again? I can't afford to let a foreman like you go, Jeff."

Jeff seemed to figger a while and then looked at Clint, and Old Tom guessing what was on his foreman's mind, went on, "and of course, being that I have no say in the hiring and firing of your riders, Clint wasn't fired at all and he can keep on riding for you."

Finally hands was shook all around, and as Jeff and Clint started back for the wagon the next morning Old Tom was on hand to see 'em go.

"And don't worry about that daggone mouse colored horse of yours, Clint," he says as him and Jeff rode away, "I'll never want him:"

The riders reached the big gate leading out of the ranch, and there Jeff remarked as he got off his horse to open it:

"I guess Old Tom didn't have to say that he was sorry."

And Clint more than agreed.

The remuda was in the big corrals of the home ranch once more, and after a few "winter" horses was cut out, the rest was hazed towards the winter range, and let go. . . . Four long winter months went by, then one day the round-up cook begin to get busy cleaning the chuck box, meadow larks was a-tuning up on the high corral posts, and along with the bare patches of ground that could be seen, no better signs was needed that spring had come.

Clint was again the first to spot Smoky that spring and notice the amount of tallow that pony was packing, he was in fine shape for whatever work that'd be his to do that summer, and soon as him and the cowboy got through with their first "howdys" they both went to work like they never had before.

Smoky took up to where he'd left off the fall before and kept on accumulating science in ways of handling the critter till that critter would just roll up an eye at the sight of the mouse colored pony and never argue as to where he wanted to put 'er, she'd just go there.

Spring work went on, middle summer came, and some time after, the fall round-up was in full swing again. Thousands of cattle was handled, cut out, and culled. Big herds of fat steers was trailed into the shipping point and loaded in the cars, and when the weaning was done and the old stock was all brought in close to the cow camps, Jeff headed his wagon towards the home ranch once more. The work was over, the remuda was turned out and the riders that was kept on the pay-roll saddled their winter horses and scattered out for the outfit's different camps.

Winter came on and set in, then spring bloomed out green once again, and with it the cowboys spread out on the range once more. Season after season followed one another without a ruffle that way, the same territory was covered at the same time of the year, the wagon rolled in at the same grounds and the rope corral stretched at the same spot, old riders disappeared and new ones took their place, like with the ponies, the old cow horses

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was replaced by younger ones and the work went on, season after season, year after year, the same outfit rambled out of the home ranch and combed the range like as if no changes was taking place.

Jeff, the cow boss, the round-up cook, Clint, and a couple more riders was all that was left of the old hands as the wagon pulled out one spring, the others'd cravings for new countries and went and throwed their soogans on some other outfit's wagons.

Five years had went by since that day when Clint, riding Smoky, had joined the wagon, five summers was put in when every time Smoky was saddled and rode Clint was the cowboy that done it, not another hand had touched Smoky's hide in that time, excepting when Old Tom had *tried* to appropriate the horse for his own string, and since that day there hadn't been any excuse for Clint to worry about anybody taking Smoky away from him. There wasn't a cowboy in the outfit who didn't more than want the horse, and if Clint ever failed to show up when the spring works started there'd most likely been some argument as to who should get him, but he'd always been the first to ride in at the home ranch at them times and none had the chance to lay claim on the horse.

In them long summers, and as Smoky was rode off and on, the little horse had got to know Clint as well as that cowboy knowed hisself, he knowed just when Clint was a little under the weather and not feeling good, at them times he'd go kinda easy with his bucking as the cowboy topped him off. The feel of Clint's hand was plain reading to him and he could tell by a light touch of it wether it meant "go get 'er," "easy now," "good work," and so on. The tone of his voice was also mighty easy to understand, he could tell a lot of things by it, specially when he was being got after for doing something he shouldn't of done, his eyes was wide open at them times, his neck bowed, and he'd snort sorta low, but when Clint would tell him what a fine horse he was, Smoky was some different, he'd just take it all in the same as he would warm sunshine in a cold fall day, and near close his eyes for the peace he was feeling at the sound of the cowboy's voice.

The way Smoky could understand the man who rode him through and around the big herds had a lot to do in making him the cow horse he'd turned out to be, his strong liking for the rider had made him take interest and for learning all about whatever he was rode out to do. There'd come a time when Smoky knowed the second Clint had a critter spotted to be cut out, and the pony's instinct near told him which one it was, till nary a feel of the rein was needed and the dodging critter was stepped on and headed for the "cut."

The same with roping and where Smoky could do near everything but throw the rope that caught the critter. There he shined as he did anywhere else under the saddle, he'd keep one ear back, watch out, and follow the loop leave Clint's hand and sail out to settle around a steer's horns, and the slack was no more than pulled when that pony would turn and go the other way, he knowed how to "lay" the critter, and none of the big ones ever got up, not while Smoky was at the end of the rope.

Big herds of Mexico longhorned steers had been bought by the Rocking R and shipped up into that northern country, they got fat on that range and wilder than ever, and there's where Smoky showed he had something else besides the knowing how. Them longhorned critters are too fast for the average cow horse to catch up with in a short distance, but not with Smoky, he had the speed to go with what he knowed, and Clint would have time to whirl his rope only a few times when the little horse would climb up on the long legged steer and pack the cowboy to within roping distance.

Many a cowboy had remarked that it was worth the price of a good show to watch Smoky work, wether it was around, in or out of a herd, and many a rider had let a cow sneak past him just so he could see how neat that pony could outdodge a critter, and when after the last meal of the day and the cowboys stretched out to rest some, talk, or sing, none ever had any argument to put up and no betting was ever done against whatever Clint said Smoky could do or had done, they all knowed and admired the horse, and came a time as these cowboys came and went

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that Smoky begin to be talked about in the cow camps of other cow outfits. One whole Northern State got to hear of him, and one cowboy wasn't at all surprised when hitting south one fall and close to the Mexican border to hear another cowboy talk of "Smoky of the Rocking R."

The owner of a neighbor outfit sent word by one of his "reps" one day that he'd give a hundred dollars for that horse. Smoky had been broke only two years then. Old Tom laughed at the offer, and Clint got peeved. The next year that offer was raised by the same party to two hundred, and Old Tom laughed again but Clint didn't know whether to get mad or scared this time. Anyway things went on as usual for a couple of years more, and then a big outfit from acrost the State line sent in an offer of a cool four hundred dollars for the mouse colored cow horse.

Good saddle horses could be bought by the carload for fifty dollars a head about that time, but there never was no set price on a good cow horse, and as a rule that kind can't be bought unless an outfit is selling out. The biggest price that was ever heard offered in that country for any cow horse had never went over two hundred, and when rumors spread around that four hundred had been offered for Smoky many figgered that whoever offered it had a lot of money to spend, but them who figgered that way had never seen Smoky work.

Old Tom came up to Clint that fall after the wagon had pulled in and showed him the letter offering the four hundred. Clint had heard about the offer and he just stargazed at the letter not reading, instead he was doing some tall wondering at what Old Tom was going to do about it. He was still stargazing and sort of waiting for the blow to fall, when he felt the old cowman's hand on his shoulder, and then heard him say:

"Well Clint, I'll tell you," . . . then Old Tom waited a while, maybe just to sort of aggravate the cowboy, but finally he went on, "if my cattle was starving, and I needed the money to buy feed to pull 'em through with, I might *sacrifice* Smoky for four hundred, but as things are now there's no money can buy that horse."

The cowboy smiled, took a long breath, and grabbed the paw the old man was holding for him to shake.

"But I'm hoping," resumed Old Tom, "that some day soon you'll get to hankering to drift to some other country and quit this outfit so I can get Smoky for myself, I'd fired you long ago, only I'd have to fire Jeff too, and somehow I'd rather get along without the horse till one of you highbinders quits."

Clint had kept a-smiling all the while the old man was speaking, then he gave his hand another shake and walked away. He knowed Old Tom had said that last just to hear how his voice sounded.

As usual, Smoky was turned out on the range along with the remuda for that winter. Clint had helped haze 'em to the breaks as he'd always done, and noticed as he stopped and let the ponies graze and scatter that the feed was mighty short and scarcer than he'd ever seen it. The whole summer had been mighty dry and the range short on grass, but this little scope of country that was the saddle horse range had always been good, and the ponies had always wintered there better than if they'd been in a warm stable and fed grain.

Clint thought some of taking Smoky back with him and keeping him up for a winter horse, but then he'd have to turn him out when spring works came on, and the cowboy didn't want to think of going out on spring round-up without his "top horse."

"No," he decided, "I'm going to let you run out this winter, but I'll be out to see how you're making it and don't lose too much tallow. You're getting to be too valuable a horse to take any chances of losing," he says to him as he scratched him back of the ear . . . "but," he went on, "you're not half as valuable to the outfit as you are to me, old pony, even though Old Tom won't consider no price on you."

Clint was on his way back and had no more than got sight of the buildings of the ranch when Old White Winter hit him from behind and made him clap his gloved hands over his ears.

"By god," he whistled through his chattering teeth, "she's sure starting ferocious."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And she had . . . the first initiating blizzard of the season was more than just a snowstorm with a wind, it was a full grown blizzard drifting over the country, covering up the feed with packed snow, and freezing things up. It kept up for two days and nights, and as it cleared up, the thermometer went down. The next day Clint was busy bringing in the old stock closer to the ranch and where they could be watched, and as another blizzard hit the country again a few days later that cowboy was *kept* on the jump bringing under the sheds and next to the haystacks all the stock he'd hunted up.

Clint was in the saddle all day every day and sometimes away into the night. A month went by and in that time two feet of snow had accumulated on the range, more was threatening to come, and all the cowboys that was kept on the Rocking R pay-roll more than had their hands full. The ranch hands would roll up their eyes at every bunch of stock the riders brought in to be fed, for as they figgered they already had all they could handle, and if this kept up, Old Tom would have to hire more hay shovellers and buy more hay.

Clint had worried some about Smoky and figgered to hunt him up sometime, but as on account of the deep snow he couldn't get his horse out of a walk he never could make it, besides there was always a bunch of cattle somewheres on the way and amongst 'em there'd be a few that needed bringing in.

But with all them drawbacks, Clint finally reached Smoky's range late one day, the gray sky was getting darker and night was coming on as the cowboy topped a ridge and spotted a bunch of ponies, amongst the bunch was a long haired, shaggy looking, and lean mouse colored horse, and Clint could hardly believe his eyes or keep from choking as he rode closer and recognized his Smoky horse.

The cowboy was for catching the horse right there and bring him into the ranch, he wondered if Smoky could travel that far, but as the horse raised his head out of the hole in the snow where he'd been pawing for feed, and spotted the rider coming towards him, Clint was surprised to see so much strength and action. Smoky hadn't recognized the cowboy, and before he'd took a second look, he'd hightailed it from there in a hurry.

Clint watched him and smiled as he seen that the horse wasn't in near as bad a shape as he'd first thought.

"But I'm going to take you in just the same, you little son of a gun, for God knows what you'll be like in a few weeks from now if this weather keeps up."

He started on the trail Smoky and the other ponies had left, it was good and dark by then, but the trail in the deep snow was easy enough to follow. He wondered as he rode if he could get Smoky to stand long enough so as the horse would recognize him under all the disguise of his winter clothes, for at night specially he looked more like a bear than anything, then again, horses are spookier and harder to get near at that time, Clint had his doubts if he could catch him, and he figgered he'd most likely have to take the whole bunch along in order to get him to the ranch.

He was riding along on the trail and trying to get sight of the ponies, when to his left just a little ways and out of the snow came a faint beller, it sounded like a critter in trouble, and Clint stopped his horse, the beller came again, and he rode towards the sound. . . . All curled up, shivering, and near covered with snow, a little bitty calf was found . . . couldn't been over two days old, figgered the cowboy, and he wondered how the poor little cuss could still be alive.

"Where's your mammy, Johnny?" says Clint as he got off his horse and came near the calf.

But the words was no more out of his mouth when a dark shadow appeared and bellering tried to get to the cowboy with her horns before he could get on his horse. In making his getaway, Clint noticed tracks of more cattle, and following 'em a ways come acrost another cow and with another calf, only this second calf was older and more able to navigate.

"These two wall-eyed heifers must of been missed during last fall's round-up," Clint figgered, "and just as luck would have it they both have winter calves. . . . Well, Smoky," he says as he looked the direction the ponies had went, "I guess that leaves you out, *this time.*"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was near noon the next day when Clint showed up at the ranch packing a little calf on the front of his saddle. He found Jeff by the big sheds where the cattle was sheltered and fed, and told him:

"I had to leave this little feller's mammy out about ten miles, there's another cow and young calf with 'er, and maybe you better send a man out after 'em before this storm that's coming catches up with 'em. Me, I'm going to eat the whole hind leg off a beef and roll in between my soogans."

The storm Clint had spoke of came sure enough, and seemed like to want to clean the earth of all that drawed a breath, the snow piled up and up till, as the cowboy remarked, "the fence posts around the ranch are only sticking up about an inch, and soon won't be visible no more."

That storm would of meant the death of all the cattle that was on the range, and most of the horses too, but as the tail of it came, a high wind sprung up, the snow drifted and piled high in the coulees, and at the same time took the depth of it down considerable wherever that wind hit. When it all finally quit raging, there was many patches where the grass was buried only a few inches and them patches the wind had cleared was what saved the lives of the range stock that winter.

Clint had worried about Smoky as the stormy weather came on, he'd tried time and time again to get to him, but always some helpless critter made him branch off and finally turn back. "To-morrow," Clint kept a-saying, but the "Tomorrows" came and went and the cowboy always a-fretting hadn't got near Smoky's range.

The great liking Clint had for the mouse colored horse made him fret and worry more than was necessary, that liking made him imagine a lot that was nowheres near true, and many a time that cowboy rolled in his bunk, tired and wore out, and dreamed of seeing Smoky caught in a snow-bank, weak, starving, and wolves drawing near.

Smoky had sure enough lost considerable fat, and his strength was reduced some too, but he was nowheres weak, that is, not so weak that he couldn't get up easy once he layed down or be able to travel and rustle for his feed. The last big storm had took him down some more, but he was still able to plow through the snow-banks that'd gathered on the sides of the ridges and get on the other side where the feed was easier reached.

If it didn't snow too much more there was no danger for Smoky and the bunch he was with. Him and Pecos had got to know that range so well, they knowed where the best of shelter could be found when the winds was cold or the blizzard howled, and then again, they knowed of many ridges and where the snow was always the thinnest. They had a spot to fit in with or against whatever the weather had to hand out, and whether the next on the programme was to be sunshine or more snow they was still well able to enjoy or compete with either.

["Smoky—On Other Ranges" will appear in the June number.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Landlocked

BY STELLA BEEHLER RUDDOCK
Author of "Taggin' Ship"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

THEY were coaling ship. Two huge lighters, piled high with the glittering black mass, had been towed out the evening before and were moored on either side of the white cruiser. It was mid-afternoon now, and the men had been working since sunrise. One lighter was empty, the other more than half finished. The summer sun was scorching. The men, stripped to the waist, streaming perspiration and grimy with coal dust, had lost the early morning zest and were plodding along in dogged silence. Coal dust lay thick over everything—on the usually spotless decks, on the ports, on men's faces—and outlined their eyes like mascaro.

Lieutenant David Kent stood at the rail directing the men at work. A nice-looking youngster, you would say, in spite of the blue dungarees and the unflattering dust. Brown hair curled up close to his head by perspiration. Brown eyes alight with interest—a wide-awake, boyish face.

He was intent on the job below him. Some of the men were filling big canvas bags with coal, others were hoisting them on the deck; but the work was lagging.

"Poor devils," he thought, "I don't blame them this hot day; but we've got to get the coal on board."

Suddenly he ran down the gangway on to the lighter and grabbed up a shovel.

"Come on, boys!" he cried, starting to work. "Let's get this stuff on board before dark."

The effect was instantaneous. One of the men started singing a popular song. The ship's band awoke from its afternoon siesta and took up the tune. Soon the whole crew was singing and working away with a will.

The captain met the young lieutenant as he started toward his room. "Good work that, Kent," he said, "the way you pitched in and inspired those men. Keep it up."

David went to his room, whistling. He was hot and dirty and frightfully tired, but it took more than that to cloud his horizon.

He loved the navy, loved the nice shading of the mechanical and personal in the work on board ship; loved the camaraderie between the officers—and more than that, some restlessness in his blood, some inheritance of adventure and romance, was kept appeased. For although months and years went by with no break in the rather monotonous routine of one Atlantic port after another, still, there was always the possibility of foreign lands and action. Romance was ever before him.

There was a special reason for David's elation on that particular day. He had just received orders for Asiatic duty—his first foreign service, the duty he had been asking for ever since his graduation from the Naval Academy five years before.

There remained now the prospect of telling Lucille of his orders. She would demur, of course, at his urging such a hasty marriage, but he was sure he could win her over. There was no real reason for the long engagement that she seemed to feel was a necessity. They could have all that trip from New York to China as their honeymoon. Who could resist such plans!

David went down by train the next afternoon from the sweltering heat of New York to the McNairs' attractive Long Island home.

The adjective that would best describe Lucille McNair was "exquisite"—from the sudden glory of her tawny hair and the grace of her figure, to the minutest detail of dress and charm of manner. In all of her twenty-two years her first love had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been for orderliness and gracious surroundings. She was born to be the perfect hostess in the perfect home.

Sudden ideas, hasty trips were torture to her. And yet she had become engaged for a house. He listened to her plans and enthusiasms with sinking heart. Her father had bought a certain hill near his own estate and given it to Lucille. The view was particularly fine from that

Her arguments left him without a word.—Page 506.

to marry a young officer in the navy with no tremor of misgiving. Perhaps she did not recognize her own need for a certain setting. David was extremely attractive, and the very aspects of the service that were to cause her so much unhappiness were in part responsible for the glamour that surrounded him.

When David found Lucille that summer afternoon she was studying designs wooded slope, and, already in imagination, Lucille could see their home gracing its summit. To David's remark that most people in the navy found homes an encumbrance rather than a pleasure she retorted that they would not have to worry over the expense of having it stand idle and she would never be happy without a home of her very own.

All the while David's hand was in his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pocket nervously fingering the paper with his orders for foreign duty. He had not realized that he would have to break down real opposition to their going to China. His heart was so set on it, he had thought that after a little hesitation Lucille would be as eager as he. But even before he began to tell her, he had a sudden knowledge of failure.

In vain were all his flights in rhetoric about the charm of the Far East; in vain were his tenderest pleadings for the long honeymoon journey. Lucille sat with her hand clutching his written orders and her face the picture of despair.

"Oh, David," she said, "you never said anything about having to go away out there. It's too far. Isn't there some way you can get your orders changed?"

"Well," David admitted, reluctantly, "perhaps, with pull at the Navy Department. But I should hardly like to do that. Besides, dear, it won't seem far, we'll be together."

Lucille's eyes filled with tears. "I'm sorry, dearest, but I couldn't go. I'll wait for you and we'll be married when you come back."

"Three years!" David cried. "Lucille, you can't mean that. It's cruel, cruel, and for no real reason."

But Lucille had plenty of reasons. It was selfish of them to go so many thousands of miles away from her elderly parents, and the climate was terribly hard on women in China and the Philippines; besides, it was too dangerous. (1902 was not so long after the Boxer Rebellion for one who feared trouble.)

Her arguments left him without a word to say. And when she clung closely to him and whispered that she would shorten their engagement so they could be married in the early fall, if, only, he would have his orders changed, he promised that he would do his best—as his lips found hers.

Through influence with some of his friends and a little judicious pull from her father, his orders were rescinded. Lucille, true to her word, shortened their engagement and they were married in October. Romance, he felt, was here at last. China and dreams could wait.

They honeymooned in the White Mountains, the flaming autumn woods a background for mountain climbs, horseback rides, and love. It was not until they returned to New York that Lucille was initiated into navy ways. From the beginning she hated it. Its traditions and customs would not bend to her charm; she was expected to adapt herself to it. The unexpected irregular demands on David's time irritated her; she failed to see their necessity. And underneath it all was a latent jealousy of David's evident devotion to the life.

The ship was going to base at New York all that fall and early winter, but it seemed to Lucille too short a time to try housekeeping. So they lived at an hotel.

She had, however, one engrossing occupation. Their house on Long Island was nearing completion, and all her interests were centred there. She and David spent every week-end out at the McNairs' place so they could run over and inspect their home.

The actual day of moving was one that David long remembered. Lucille, radiantly self-assured, was everywhere; directing the arranging of the furniture, hanging pictures, admiring effects. Somehow it troubled him; she was taking it all so seriously for a place that would really be used so little. A sudden vision of their stereotyped hotel rooms rose before him. That was where they would live three-fourths of the time; but Lucille's heart would be here always.

"Lucille, dear," David suggested as he stopped to admire a beautiful tea-set of Sèvres china, "why don't you take this tea-set and some other things back to our rooms in New York? Other navy people do that way, and it makes the place a bit homelike."

Lucille came over to where David was standing and picked up one of the cups.

"They are lovely, aren't they? But, dearest, you've no idea how valuable they are. And besides, I couldn't have our beautiful things dragged all over the country. They would be broken and ruined. No, let's keep our things all together here, and this shall be our real home. See, this tea-set just needs to go on this teakwood stand, and the whole thing belongs right here by the corner of the fireplace. Things need their own particular setting, or they are lost."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Things need their own particular setting."—Page 506.

David looked at her bright head shining against the dull browns of polished wood, her hands lingering lovingly among the pieces of beautiful china. This was her setting, he felt. The thought came to him that she was more lost in their impersonal city rooms than any piece of china *possibly* could be. But he stifled the thought. After all, others had learned to adapt themselves to the life. Lucille could, if she would.

That was the crux of the whole affair—if she would. In the first few months of married life Lucille met many navy people, but she never grew to understand them or their attitude toward the life. They talked so much of home and would go to such pains to settle and make home-like some impossible little apartment, and then, at a moment's notice, they would pack up and be off to some other part of the world. At first, Lucille was sorry for each one who had to move, then she grew puzzled. Could it be that for all their talking they really did not mind moving on? Did they just complain out

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of force of habit? Lucille shrugged her shoulders and gave it up.

When David went on a cruise of four months to southern Cuba, Lucille had her first experience of being separated from him. It was mid-winter and too cold and lonely for her to stay out on Long Island. She visited her family in their city quarters. But it was hard for her to slip back into the old life, and there was nothing to keep her occupied. She felt restless—useless. In her loneliness and estrangement from her former friends she looked around for her navy acquaintances only to find that, with the sailing of the ships, they had vanished, silently and completely.

The spectre of their next separation shadowed their short months together. One day David's father-in-law asked David to come to see him in his downtown office. David liked Daniel McNair and admired his shrewd business ability. He went to see him, gladly, looking forward to an interesting talk; he came out troubled. McNair had offered him a position with the firm—a very flattering position. To David, it was only too palpably because he was his son-in-law. Finance, high finance, was far out of his line. He felt that he had neither the ability nor the desire for that kind of career.

He knew at once that Lucille was behind the plan. And, when he came home, the hardly veiled eagerness in his wife's eyes would have told him, if he had not guessed already.

After dinner that night he told her of her father's offer and his reasons for refusing. He begged her to give up the idea of his resigning and her dislike of the navy. Their two years' shore duty was imminent, and he felt sure that she would grow accustomed to the life during that time together.

David was lucky in his shore station—at least, he felt it would please Lucille.

Newport was familiar to her, and the torpedo station was ideal duty. Their quarters were large and comfortable, and the officers there at that time were very congenial.

Lucille soon found herself in her element. On David's insistence, she had many of their possessions moved from their Long Island home, and started enthusiastically arranging her new house and planning entertainments. To David, watching eagerly for signs of contentment with her surroundings, the whole affair seemed a miracle.

His good spirits were unquenchable. "By Jove," he often thought those days, "all Lucille needed was to take her time and get used to things in her own way. Soon she'll be the best little wife of them all."

The only blot to mar those two happy years was that their child was still-born. Lucille was very ill, too, and the doctor feared a long convalescence. But she proved of fighting stock and, though her loss and disappointment were great, in three months she had taken her usual place in the life of the station.

David thought her wonderful.

When he went to sea again, to please Lucille he asked for duty on the Atlantic coast. But when the plans were formed for the big white fleet's cruise around the world the ship David was on was one of those due to go.

David would not acknowledge even to himself the reason for the thrill and eagerness that stirred within him. His whole soul was wrapped up in the project. He had made arrangements for his wife to follow him from port to port. Her younger sister was to accompany her, and her eager planning for the trip covered any discrepancy of enthusiasm on Lucille's part.

One evening, about a month before the ships were to sail, David was sitting on the chaise-longue in their bedroom, poring over some circulars from steamship lines. Lucille was dressing, her mass of amber hair lay thick around her shoulders, a heavily embroidered black robe brought out her beauty vividly.

"David," Lucille said, suddenly, "I've something to tell you."

David looked up from his papers. Then, as his eye noted the picture before him, he reached up his arms and pulled her toward him.

"What is it, my little queen, my beauty? Come give me a kiss. Lord, when I think how few I'll have this next year—" He finished the sentence with his face in her hair.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But Lucille struggled away and stood before him.

"That's what I want to talk about, David. Listen, you can't go on this cruise.

He was on his feet now, pacing back and forth, his thoughts tumbling on top of one another. Everything he had wanted to do, every plan he had ever made, had

David sat on the couch, his head in his hands.—Page 510.

I can't follow you, and I know you won't want to go when I tell you the reason. We are going to have a baby this fall."

David sat as though stunned. This cruise that his heart was so set on, all the arrangements for Lucille and her sister, all his dreams—shattered. By the good Lord, he couldn't give it up. Lucille would have care and companionship at home. There was really nothing that he could do to help. Besides, he couldn't get his orders changed at that late date.

always been changed to suit Lucille. Then there rose before him the vision of Lucille's pain-drawn face and tragic eyes when he had told her that all her suffering had been for naught and their child was dead. And now he wanted to leave her to face maybe a repetition of that fearful event with himself half the world away. What a cad he was!

"There's mighty little time to get my orders changed," he told Lucille, finally. "But I'll do my best."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It seemed, however, that she had other plans. She had never given up the idea of getting him out of the navy. Her seeming acquiescence was really only biding her time. She couldn't understand David's evident love of all things naval. To her, the fact that her father had money enough to help them in business and influence enough to help David resign, seemed to solve all their problems.

For an hour or more they talked. Lucille's specious arguments, her well-planned unexpected attack took David off his feet.

He held out for a while. He grew angry and raved back and forth. But, somehow, her attacks on the service, the years of constant belittling all that he had held most interesting, had tarnished its once bright surface. There seemed no answer to her contention that, if he really loved her, he would not want to stay in the navy, with its frequent separations and broken home life. Finally, Lucille threw herself on the bed in a passion of weeping. David sat on the couch, his head in his hands, stupidly gazing at the now meaningless steamship prospectus.

The room had suddenly grown dark. Up through the open windows came the sounds of city life waking for the night. A cool breeze stirred the curtains—now just opaque squares of lesser dark. The white bed, though, gleamed in the shadows and the faint sound of sobs washed up with the rhythm of waves, and lay accusingly at David's feet.

Suddenly he knew that he was beaten. Quickly he walked across the room and, bending over Lucille's sobbing form, he gathered her awkwardly in his arms.

He tendered his resignation from the navy the next day.

When this country finally succumbed to the inevitable and declared war on Germany, David Kent was forty-seven years old.

He and Lucille were living in Rochester, N. Y. He had refused to go into his father-in-law's office; but it was mainly Lucille's money that had tided them over the first hard years. Even now, though he held a well paid, responsible position with an optical concern, it was Lucille's inheritance from Daniel McNair's estate that brought the luxuries.

David seemed happy or at least—content. He was proud of his young son, his work was interesting, and he loved his wife. Perhaps an old shipmate of his would have noticed the lack of sparkle in his eyes—that light of eager questing that at times had been wont to light up his whole face. But, then, he never saw any of his old shipmates.

Lucille was fond of remarking to her friends that it was strange how he had dropped all contact with the navy. She had urged him time and again, when the ships were in New York, to run down and look up some of his friends. He always pleaded that he would rather go somewhere with her, or play off the match in golf, or his work kept him. To hear him talk, she would say, you would think he was the one who had wanted to leave the service.

And her friends would agree that it was strange, and agree that she had been right in urging him to resign. See what they had now compared to that unnatural life.

But when war came David could no longer ignore his connection with the navy. Within two months he had been called for active duty and sent to Norfolk.

The impossible housing conditions in the seaport towns kept Lucille and the boy in Rochester. Thus David found himself once more in a bachelors' mess, but not at sea.

It was all strangely different. The war had every one keyed up to fever pitch. His old friends were scattered. He saw scarcely any one whom he knew. It seemed to David that it wasn't simply ten years since he had resigned but a lifetime. Those were his first reactions.

Gradually, however, the old habit of mind, the thrill of the work, and all the war-time activities began their magnetism. The war was the thing. Work was the thing. It seemed as though some healing hand had been laid on David's festering, long-concealed disappointment with life, and he was still.

He never looked ahead—few did during those frantic months. He wrote Lucille long letters full of his work, and Lucille, rushed with bandage-making and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I've been far enough."—Page 512.

war engagements, saw nothing ominous in his enthusiasms.

Then all of a sudden it was over. David awoke the morning after the armistice with the old flat feeling upon him again. That morning it was the Rochester David who went to work.

It was months before he was discharged, but the charm was gone. He had a dream that haunted him: he was on the train going home, but, instead of the natural eagerness of home-coming, there was a great dread of approaching disaster that hung over him; he knew he would find Lucille and his boy dead. He would awake in the night drenched in cold sweat, and the feeling of fright would last far into the day. In vain did he try to reason with himself that in her letters Lucille seemed perfectly well. In due course the dream would come again and he would suffer just as keenly.

The doctor examined him and said he had worked too hard during the last two years, and that he would help him get his discharge as soon as possible.

"No use for a soft old man, eh, medico?" David had said and—laughed.

Two months later he had wired Lucille that he was starting for home. He boarded the Norfolk to Baltimore boat on the first leg of his journey. He put his bags in his stateroom and went on deck. All night, as the ship forged ahead through the calm black waters with her load of sleeping travellers, David stood by the rail and fought his fight.

He was nearing the half-century mark. The doctor had murmured something of over-strained heart and worn-out nerves. Youth had evidently passed somewhere back there in Rochester between his home and his office. Or stop! Maybe it had been lost that night so long

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ago when Lucille's sobs had done their work.

Adventure! Romance! *Dreams!* Where were they? At the thought of picking up the old threads again his soul sickened. He and Lucille might travel, yes, but in the minds of the Lucilles of this world, travelling from one fashionable hotel to another was not the adventuring of David's dream——

There's fascination in the steady throb of a ship's engine, magic in the smell of the sea.

In the early morning the sleepy-eyed passengers were disgorged in a desultory trickle into the waiting city. David waved off a half-hearted taxi-driver with an impatient hand and started walking down the broad river-front street. He was walking with eager determination, his hat pulled forward over shining eyes, a suspicion of jauntiness in his step.

He had not gone far, however, before he began to slow down and a perplexed frown gathered between his eyes.

Romance beckons all along the docks at Light Street.

Southampton, Cherbourg? War-ridden Europe—not that. Havana, Port-au-Prince, Cristobal, Rio de Janeiro? Revolution, soldier of fortune—too old for that. San Francisco, Hawaii, Yokohama, Shanghai? Ancient lands, the lure of them. Long days at sea again! David drew in his breath, sharply.

A steamer was lying at the dock. David's ear caught the sound of stevedores starting to work. It was like fate that a ship was sailing that very day. He started forward down the long, covered dock, in his eagerness almost running. Then he stopped abruptly.

He was running away! He was about to do a cowardly, despicable thing! Could all the sights and all the adventuring blot out the memory of such a deed?

Lucille's lack of understanding and her selfishness could never be an excuse for his breach of faith. Better the chimera of dreams unfulfilled than the bright glare of an unforgettable act.

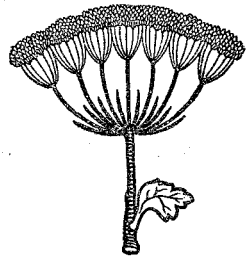
Slowly, like one in a dream, he picked up his suit-case, and, turning his back on the long line of beckoning signs, he started up-town toward the station.

In the smoking-car he met Charles Van Lorn, a neighbor of his, who was going home after a year's Y. M. C. A. work overseas.

"Say, old man," he exclaimed, wringing David's hand, his face wreathed in smiles, "won't it be great to be home again! No more strange places, no more strange meals! Back in the same old place, same old crowd! Going away, I always say, is all right for those who like it; but getting back home is best of all."

"But, after all," he added after a moment's thought, "you haven't been so very far away."

David smiled. He had been on a far journey, indeed. Not one that he could make into polite table talk, nor with which he could while away the tedious hours in a smoking-car. But he knew that he had had his great adventure. Out of his free will and opportunity he had chosen, and he was content. David turned to Charles Van Lorn— "I've been far enough," was all that he said.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Small-Town Gastronomy

BY WILL ROSE

Author of "The Small-Town Banker Puts on Knickers" and "The Small-Town Newspaper Divorces Its Party"

DECORATIONS BY MARGARET FREEMAN

MY pastor came into our country-newspaper office a few days ago and laid a brief list of names on my desk. My name was at the top.

"You are chairman of the programme for the open-air prayer-meeting on Blystone Field," he said. "The three Protestant churches of the town are winding up their union meetings of the summer with this affair. We will have a short service and then you should have something of an entertaining nature."

"And after that comes what?" I asked.

"The eats!" he shouted, in smiling confirmation of my suspicion.

On the following Wednesday evening three huge bonfires, made from the weather-worn shingles which Trume Hanson had removed from the roof of his Old American House, belched their smoke and glare into a cold, starlit sky. Hymns, a short prayer giving thanks for our town's tolerance, the recital of the Twenty-third Psalm, the wide semicircle of earnest and interested faces, the pioneer religion of the out-of-doors—I tell you it was all good for the spiritual growth of a man. It should have been enough. But then came the challenge of the material. "The eats!" A handful might have chosen to march with Jesus on a frosty night. But an army came out to sing for hot dogs.

Take a look at the size of the crowd, best conveyed to you by the statistics of the "eats" committee. I asked one of our fine women for them the following day. "Seven hundred sandwiches," she said. "We ordered five hundred doughnuts from the bakery, and they always give an over-count. There was none left." Consider also that the hour of this meal was not later than eight-thirty, following the customary full suppers or dinners after the stores close at six o'clock. Surely, we small-town folks are a gastronomic people.

All of our organizations must eat or they die. What shall I call this disease? Civic malnutrition? Those who feel responsible for our Bible classes, our Chamber of Commerce, our Izaak Walton League, our Fishermen's Association, our Dancing-Club, our many social organizations—all of them provide the well-loaded table. The horrifying part of it is that all of us belong to all of the organizations and must do all of this eating.

I know of only one organization in our town that does not use bait. It is a genuine literary society composed entirely of women. And possibly they are dieting. They are very handsome women. But even in this field there is another literary society which serves "perfectly wonderful collations," according to our society reporter. This society meets every week, whereas the starving students of literature, formerly mentioned, can make the grade only twice per month.

One year, shortly after my arrival here, we reorganized the Chamber of Commerce, going out after one hundred and fifty members, and raising the membership fee all the way from two to five dollars. Things went well while we were still intoxicated with our ideals. I had volunteered to act as secretary for one year without pay—it was a case of two hundred dollars per year under constant criticism *vs.* psychic income with freedom—but I soon ran up against a hopeless situation. About that time I began to notice how every other organization secured results through the community stomach, and I got wisdom in spite of my age. We rented a large ground-floor room on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

main street from a hotel-keeper who was not using it, raided the lunch-rooms, and set up a barrel of cider. A meeting, with an imported speaker from some near-by city, and a lunch, was held nearly every week during the late fall and winter. In other years when the Chamber of Commerce had secured a million-dollar concrete road from the State without the expenditure of a single red cent of local funds, or the location and construction of a three-hundred-thousand-dollar milk factory, citizens had been unable to find any commendable feature in our commercial work. Men had joined the chamber for many reasons, but not because they wanted to or seemed to approve of the work being done. How, I wondered, would we fare in securing members for this next year?

The day of the annual meeting arrived. That afternoon I circulated around town and asked seventeen new men to give me their applications for membership. To my surprise, they did so gladly, and further authorized me to write their applications in my own language. You may be sure that I did. For every one of the seventeen I prepared a typewritten application, which included a few kind words for the chamber. I had so arranged the programme that evening that every man who took part seemed to do so spontaneously. Finally, the chairman of the membership committee was instructed to read every one of the applications, word for word. He was not done with a half-dozen of them before the crowd was getting the impression that everybody at last approved of the Chamber of Commerce, and that at least a hundred new men were pleading for admission. Truthfully, when the chairman had finished reading the applications, a dozen men, including one old grouch who had always damned the chamber from end to end, were on their feet asking to have their names added to the new list.

To prove my case more conclusively, I regret to say that the chamber dropped the eating programme and within a year the membership did not equal a corporal's guard.

In small towns those who do not eat will not work. We should know that, but we find ourselves overlooking it in important plans. Ours is a combination re-

sort and farming town, located near the centre of the triangle formed by Cleveland, Buffalo, and Pittsburgh. It is the most accessible vacation country for the masses of population in these cities. Some of us recently conceived the idea of raising a substantial advertising fund by popular subscription to advertise our resort in this ready-made market. A dinner was given to a dozen of the more hardy and heady ones. Then the more timid were invited to a second dinner. Everybody was invited to a third dinner. Our plan went over with a bang. Donations were divided into twenty-four monthly payments. Then I began to plead for more dinners, for obvious reasons, I think. The committee did not agree with me. Eighteen months have passed, each month bringing more and more personal collection matters to the desk of the glorified and non-paid executive secretary. And I am the glorified and non-paid secretary, as Gilbert and Sullivan have said. Now, our people are pretty honest and they live up to their signatures more than generally, but I will be agreeably surprised if we complete our collections with a shrinkage of not more than twenty per cent. Had we invested ten per cent in small-town gastronomy I am positive that we would have collected every dollar. Meanwhile, an excellent start toward a permanent policy of promotion will have been entirely dissipated for want of a little food.

Stomach customs in small towns are very interesting. I have noticed that at the social evenings of the Kitchen Bible Class—do you catch the name?—mixtures of hot dogs, buns, dill pickles, sweet-potato salad, limburger cheese, cider, coffee, pumpkin pie, and ice-cream make up a gastronomic conglomeration taken

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

without a wince or a wrinkled brow of inquiry. We have three doctors, but two others have already retired.

But he is mistaken who thinks that anything goes, as I learned greatly to my consternation and humiliation shortly after coming here. Perhaps I appeared as a sane young man, though bright. Anyway, the class took an awful chance and named me to arrange for a social evening. The younger men of the church and the grown boys had not been coming out to these excellent affairs, and I sincerely wanted to intrigue them. Remembering the magnetism and solace of Lady Nicotine from my university days, and taking another cue from a very successful Dutch Arms Club, so-called, in a former city of my habitation, I changed the banquet procedure somewhat, adding a degree of gastronomic temperance, I think, but it seems that I also made a grave error in small-town customs. Instead of arranging a dry and jointless programme of hastily prepared talks by the justice of the peace and other acknowledged moralists, reminiscences and stories were scheduled. Moreover, a large table, filled with good things to eat, was set right out in the middle of the room when proceedings started. And on this table were cigarettes and cigars in pretty jars, and ash-trays. Most of the men, I knew, were smokers, and I presumed that each of them would grab a light and get chummy. But, as I remember, a young and reckless lawyer and myself were the only chaps with nerve and nerves during that entire evening. Everybody was interested in the many stories, and indulged in many laughs, and the affair had novelty if nothing else. But I have never been invited to take charge of a similar affair, although I have now tried to live a model life for nine long years, especially on Sundays and when actually sheltered by the church building.

In passing, I wish to assign to Sinclair Lewis and his heirs forever one or two actual small-town customs for such use as he or they deem fitting to increase reputation and book sales.

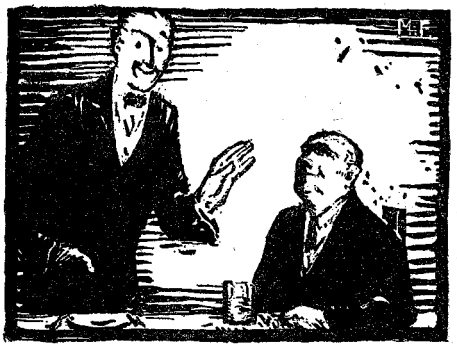
In one small town, not my own, of course, I attended a home card-party one evening, at the close of which luncheon was served at the small tables. Some of the excellent menu was intended to be eaten with the fingers. The cake was especially delicious and its stickiness stuck. A finger-bowl was in order, surely, and the hostess was not entirely ill-advised. She did it on a wholesale scale. One of the pretty young helpers appeared with one genuine finger-bowl nearly filled with water. This was carried in one hand, and a hand-towel was clasped affectionately in the other. Each guest, to the number of about twenty-four, was invited by gesture to dip his fingers into the bowl, the same bowl, and to dry on the towel, the same towel. I have seen this rite repeated in numerous homes. It is a queer custom worthy of note without comment.

In another small town, again not my own, of course, I have been asked in homes, and also at church suppers, to retain my one fork so that I would have it handy for the pie. This custom also seems to be well established. It has been done to me in homes where I know there are plenty of forks. The only reason for it, so far as I can fathom, is to reduce the amount of dish-washing. However, who should worry about a little gravy flavor in his pie! Gravy is good, so is pie; therefore the two together should be twice good.

For ages we have been taught that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. The church seems to have discovered a similar truth in the anatomy of women. Our church has a women's missionary society, which meets every Friday afternoon. Once every month a committee from the society prepares a supper. You are still permitted to partake of this supper, which generally consists of a roast with gravy, mashed potatoes, vegetables, buttered rolls, sauce, jelly, pickles, pie, and coffee, for twenty-five cents. Recently, however, the announcement was made

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the committee would not refuse thirty-five cents if the diner thought he was getting his money's worth. I note that only a handful of loyal workers have any interest in missions more than once a month. The amount of money raised



must be rather indefinite. My wife works on one of these committees, and looks forward to the turn of her committee with about as much glee as she might anticipate a hard cold or a major operation. She returns home from the missionary supper a complete wreck.

The oncoming generation may turn thumbs down on this sort of church work, I fear. A member ot a committee last summer sent her younger sister, home on vacation from a school where she is an all-around champion athlete, as her substitute. Along toward the close of things, she wearily surveyed the receipts, amounting to six dollars and fifteen cents, and unburdened herself in no uncertain tone.

"Well, if this isn't the damnedest way to work for the Lord," she protested. And when a friend reproved her, she asked: "Don't you think the Lord has any sense of humor?"

"The Lord may have," replied her home-town friend, "but I am afraid the chairman of the committee hasn't. I think she overheard you."

Nevertheless, I have heard similar sentiments from other girls. It looks bad for missions if this is the only way to promote them. Frankly, my sympathies are with the swearing virgins.

The height of festivity in the small town seems to be associated with the odor of stewed chicken. In other years, I have been told, thousands of American homes in many localities purchased salt mackerel by the barrel. Or, tenderloin, pork steak, and sausage were greatly favored in the hog-killing season, to be followed by months of hickory-smoked ham and bacon. But to-day it is chicken and biscuits, drowned in gravy. So much is this so that in our country-newspaper office we keep a chicken menu standing in type all of the time. Considering the number of family reunions, golden weddings, grange suppers, home receptions, and country banquets for numerous societies in the course of a year, this standing type saves countless hours of work for our machine girls. Pork and beef and lamb, you see, bring too much money in the market to be used for home diet. Fresh and salt fish is out of sight. Game, including rabbits, is restricted by law in this modern world, even on the owner's premises.

Meanwhile, we hear very little of clambakes. I remember only one in the last several years, and that was arranged by the Shrine for its own members. The old-fashioned donation supper also seems to be passing; the country church pays its minister in money, or it does without. Union Sunday-school picnics, county-wide, are history.

But the barbecue is taking the country by storm. Some of these consist merely of roast-beef sandwiches, which are distributed free after being carried to the lot, while others reach huge proportions. We had several in our district this year which were attended by five to ten thousand. The whole ox is roasted out-of-doors, and everything is "just as advertised," including street dancing in the evening on the new concrete roads running through the respective towns.

You will regret to learn that new-fangled cereals for the country breakfast, new diet lists for dinner and supper, machine foods of every kind and description, have killed off many of the wonderful dishes of your childhood. Buckwheat cakes, made from a batter which is started in the fall and kept going until woollen underwear comes off in the spring, are found only in the oldest homes. That delicious dressing for such cakes, made by warming headcheese with a bit of vinegar in a spider, is only a memory. Link sausage to-day is made mostly of beef, and you must travel many miles to secure the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

genuine article, which is made of pork but does not fry down to worms in the skillet. And where are those citron preserves, those green-tomato pickles, those scalloped potatoes and oysters, those cinnamon rolls, that home-made bread, that plum pudding, that home-smoked beef, that home-made and boiled ice-cream? All gone or nearly so. Mother's hand is now too old. Young wives do not recognize a pancake griddle in the home any quicker than they do a cuspidor. They eat with their husbands, not after them. Science is too rampant. Machinery has done its damnedest!

I miss the indigestion of my childhood. I say so frankly. In my present state of intelligence, I cannot allow my children to have the delicacies of my ignorant years, but my life is my own, and I would take a sly chance again if I could get within reach of them.

A few weeks ago, when several of us were camping back in the woods, I tried to track the old palate-teasers to their lair. In the crossroads store, where we secured our provisions, a hand-written card announced a lawn social at a rural church five miles distant. I reached camp almost out of breath and told the boys. Fixing up as best we could, we tramped those five long miles under a big red harvest moon, and were finally seated in anticipation of the one rare hour of our later lives. But it was not to be. They fixed the sandwiches out of a glass jar of bedevilled ham; they gave us pickles from Pittsburgh; the bread came from Cleveland; the ice-cream was "heathized"; and when the cake was passed I knew that the consolidation of American baking-plants had been completed.

Our locality has its highest of high priests, and I presume other towns have a like individual. This high priest of the table, a title and recognition won and held through long years of ringing the bell in culinary art, is always the same man. In our town he is a furniture-dealer, and never does a tap of work in the kitchen of his own home. But his belt is large, his face rotund. Into his roasts and his dishes he mixes many full measures of his own good nature and hearty appetite. At dancing-parties he alone can make the coffee exactly right. You squeal with delight when you taste his roasted ham. His rabbit comes out of the oven like baked pheasant. He stuffs his browned chickens with oysters.

The gastronomy of the small town! Indeed, is there any other classification of place on this old globe which has any such thing? Perhaps you think of New York, Paris, London. But these places have only elaborate menus. In the American small town I have seen three couples sit down to a three-course dinner, the main item of which was a ten-pound standing roast of prime Western beef. The wives ate like sparrows. The husbands passed their plates four times. But the hostess saved her platter and, odd as it may seem, considered herself the recipient of the highest compliment within reach of the country woman.

Last night I attended the annual banquet of the Venango River Fishermen's Association to collect the annual dues. To-night I go to an intercity Rotary dinner to pep up attendance at meetings. To-morrow evening we shall have a game supper at the church to increase the membership of the men's Bible class. The next date brings the complimentary dinner to our promotion-campaign subscribers to swing a dozen delinquents into line. My calendar then calls me to a chamber of commerce smoker and lunch so that a crowd may be on hand as a compliment to a Pittsburgh orator on civic matters. And so it goes.

It takes a strong stomach to keep a small town on the map.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Silver Spoon

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Author of "The White Monkey," etc.

X

PHOTOGRAPHY

SUMMONED to the annual Christmas covert-shooting at Lippinghall, Michael found there two practical politicians and one member of the Government.

In the mullion-windowed smoking-room where men retired, and women, too, sometimes, into chairs old, soft, leathery, the ball of talk was lightly tossed, and naught so devastating as Foggartism mentioned. But in odd minutes and half-hours Michael gained insight into political realities and respect for practical politicians. Even on this holiday they sat up late, got up early, wrote letters, examined petitions, dipped into Blue Books. They were robust, ate heartily, took their liquor like men, never seemed fatigued. They shaved clean, looked healthy, and shot badly with enjoyment. The member of the Government played golf instead, and Fleur went round with him. Michael learned the lesson: Have so much on your mind that you have practically nothing in it; no time to pet your schemes, fancies, feelings. Carry on, and be careful that you don't know to what end.

As for Foggartism, they didn't—*à la Evening Sun*—pooh-pooh it; they merely asked, as Michael had often asked himself: "Yes, but how are you going to work it? Your scheme might be very good if it didn't hit people's pockets. Any addition to the price of living is out of the question—the country's taxed up to the hilt. Your Foggartism's going to need money in every direction. You may swear till you're blue in the face that ten or twenty years hence it'll bring fivefold return, nobody will listen. You may say: 'Without it we're all going to the devil.' But we're accustomed to that—some people think we're there already, and they resent its being said. Others, especially manufacturers, believe what they want to. They can't bear any one who cries 'stinking fish,' whatever his object. Talk about reviving trade, and offer less taxation, or offer more wages and talk of a capital levy, and according to Party, we shall believe you've done the trick—until we find you haven't. But you're talking less trade and more taxation in the present with a view to a better future. Great Scott! In politics you can shuffle the cards, but you mustn't add or subtract. People only react to immediate benefit or, as in the war, to imminent danger."

In short they were intelligent and completely fatalistic.

After these quiet talks Michael understood much better than before the profession of politics. He was greatly attracted by the member of the Government. His personality was modest, his manner pleasant, he had Departmental ideas, and was doing his best with his own job according to those ideas; if he had others he kept them to himself. He seemed to admire Fleur, and he listened better than the other two. He said, too, some things they hadn't. "Of course, what we're able to do may be found so inadequate that there'll be a great journalistic outcry, and under cover of it we may bring in some sweeping measures that people will swallow before they know what they're in for."

"The Press," said Michael; "I don't see them helping."

"Well! It's the only voice there is. If you could get real hold of the vociferous papers you might even put your Foggartism over. What you're really up against is the slow town growth of the last hundred and fifty years, an engrained state of mind which can only see England in

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "The Silver Spoon" will be found on page 5 of the advertising section.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terms of industrialism and the carrying trade. And in the town-mind, of course, hope springs eternal. They don't like calamity talk. Some genuinely think we can go on indefinitely on the old lines, and get more and more prosperous into the bargain. Personally, I don't. It's possible that much of what old Foggart advocates may be adopted bit by bit—even child emigration—from sheer practical necessity; but it won't be called Foggartism. Inventor's luck! *He'll* get no credit for being the first to see it. And," added the Minister gloomily, "by the time it's adopted it'll probably be too late."

Receiving the same day a request for an interview from a Press syndicate whose representative would come down to suit his convenience, Michael made the appointment and prepared an elaborate exposition of his faith. The representative, however, turned out to be a camera, and a photograph entitled "The Member for Mid-Bucks expounding Foggartism to our Representative" became the only record of it. The camera was active. It took a family group in front of the porch: "Right to Left, Mr. Michael Mont, M.P., Lady Mont, Mrs. Michael Mont, Sir Lawrence Mont, Bt." It took Fleur: "Mrs. Michael Mont, with Kit and Dandie." It took the Jacobian wing. It took the Minister, with his pipe, "enjoying a Christmas rest." It took a corner of the walled garden: "In the grounds." It then had lunch. After lunch it took the whole house party: "At Sir Lawrence Mont's, Lippinghall Manor, Bucks"; with the Minister on Lady Mont's right and the Minister's wife on Sir Lawrence's left. This photograph would have turned out better if the Dandie, inadvertently left out, had not made a sudden onslaught on the camera's legs. It took a photograph of Fleur alone: "Mrs. Michael Mont—a charming young Society hostess." It understood that Michael was making an interesting practical experiment—could it take Foggartism in action? Michael grinned and said: "Yes, if it would take a walk, too."

They departed for the coppice. The colony was in its normal state: Boddick, with two of the contractor's men cheering him on, was working at the construction of the incubator-house; Swain, smoking a cigarette, was reading *The Daily Mail;* Bergfeld was sitting with his head in his hands, and Mrs. Bergfeld was washing up.

The camera took three photographs. Michael, who had noted that Bergfeld had begun shaking, suggested to the camera that it would miss its train. It at once took a final photograph of Michael in front of the hut, two cups of tea at the Manor, and its departure.

As Michael was going up-stairs that night the butler came to him.

"The man Boddick's in the pantry, Mr. Michael; I'm afraid something's happened, sir."

"Oh!" said Michael blankly.

Where Michael had spent many happy hours, when he was young, was Boddick, his pale face running with sweat, and his dark eyes very alive.

"The German's gone, sir?"

"Gone?"

"Hanged hisself. The woman's in an awful state. I cut him down and sent Swain to the village."

"Good God! Hanged! But why?"

"He's been very funny these last three days, and that camera upset him properly. Will you come, sir?"

They set out with a lantern, Boddick telling his tale.

"As soon as ever you was gone this afternoon he started to shake and carry on about having been made game of. I told 'im not to be a fool, and went out to get on with it. But when I came in to tea he was still shaking and talkin' about his honor and his savin's. Swain had got fed up and was jeerin' at him, and Mrs. Bergfeld was as white as a ghost in the corner. I told Swain to shut his head; and Fritz simmered down after a bit, and sat humped up as he does for hours together. Mrs. Bergfeld got our tea. I had some chores to finish, so I went out after. When I come in at seven they was at it again hammer and tongs, and Mrs. Bergfeld cryin' fit to bust her heart. 'Can't you see,' I said, 'how you're upsettin' your wife?' 'Henry Boddick,' he said, 'I've nothing against *you,* you've always been decent to me. But this Swain,' he said, ''is name is Swine!' And he took up the bread-knife. I got it away from him, and spoke to him calm. 'Ah!' he said; 'but *you've* no pride.' Swain was lookin' at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him with that sort o' droop in his mouth he's got. 'Pride,' he says, 'you silly blighter, what call 'ave *you* to 'ave any pride?' Well, I see that while we was there he wasn't goin' to get any better, so I took Swain off for a glass at the pub. When we came back at ten o'clock Swain went straight to bed, and I went into the mess-room, where I found his wife alone. 'Has he gone to bed?' I said. 'No,' she said, 'he's gone out to cool his head. Oh, Henry Boddick,' she said, 'I don't know what to do with him!' We sat there a bit, she tellin' me about 'im brooding, and all that—nice woman she is, too—till suddenly she said: 'Henry Boddick,' she said, 'I'm frightened. Why don't he come?' We went out to look for him, and where d'you think he was, sir? You know that big tree we're just goin' to have down? There's a ladder against it, and the guidin' rope all fixed. He'd climbed up that ladder in the moonlight, put the rope round his neck and jumped off; and there he was, six feet from the ground, dead as a duck. I roused up Swain and we got him in, and—well, we 'ad a proper time! Poor woman, I'm sorry for her, sir, though really I think it's just as well he's gone—he couldn't get upsides with it anyhow. That camera-chap would have given something for a shot at what we saw there in the moonlight."

'Foggartism in action!' thought Michael bitterly. 'So endeth the First Lesson!'

The hut looked lonely in the threading moonlight and the bitter wind. Inside Mrs. Bergfeld was kneeling beside the body placed on the deal table, with a handkerchief over its face. Michael put a hand on her shoulder. She gave him a wild look, bowed her head again, and her lips began moving. 'Prayer!' thought Michael. 'Catholic—of course!' He took Boddick aside. "Don't let her see Swain. I'll talk to him."

When the police and the doctor came in he buttonholed the hairdresser, whose shadowy face looked ghastly in the moonlight. He seemed much upset.

"You'd better come down to the house for the night, Swain."

"All right, sir. I never meant to hurt the poor beggar. But he did carry on so, and I've got my own trouble. I couldn't stand 'im monopolizin' misfortune the way he does. When the inquest's over I'm off. If I can't get some sun soon I'll be as dead as 'im."

Michael was relieved. Boddick would be left alone.

When at last he got back to the house with Swain, Fleur was asleep. He did not wake her to tell her the news, but lay a long time trying to get warm, and thinking of that great obstacle to all salvation—the human element. And, mingled with his visions of the woman beside that still, cold body, were longings for the warmth of the young body close to him.

The photographs were providential. For three days no paper could be taken up which did not contain some allusion, illustrated, to "The Tragedy on a Buckinghamshire Estate"; "German actor hangs himself"; "The Drama at Lippinghall"; "Tragic end of an experiment"; "Right to Left: Mr. Michael Mont, Member for Mid-Bucks; Bergfeld, the German actor who hanged himself; Mrs. Bergfeld."

The *Evening Sun* wrote more in sorrow than in anger:

"The suicide of a German actor on Sir Lawrence Mont's estate at Lippinghall has in it a touch of the grotesquely moral. The unfortunate man seems to have been one of three 'out-of-works' selected by the young Member for Mid-Bucks, recently conspicuous for his speech on 'Foggartism,' for a practical experiment in that peculiar movement. Why he should have chosen a German to assist the English people to return to the land is not perhaps very clear; but, largely speaking, the incident illustrates the utter unsuitability of all amateur attempts to solve this problem, and the futility of pretending to deal with the unemployment crisis while we still tolerate among us numbers of aliens who take the bread out of the mouths of our own people."

The same issue contained a short leader entitled: "The Alien in our Midst." The inquest was well attended. It was common knowledge that three men and one woman lived in the hut, and sensational developments were expected. A good deal of disappointment was felt that the evidence disclosed nothing at all of a sexual character.

Fleur, with the eleventh baronet, re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turned to town after it was over. Michael remained for the funeral, in a Catholic cemetery some miles away. He walked with Henry Boddick behind Mrs. Bergfeld. A little sleet was drifting out of a sky the color of the gravestones, and against that whitish sky the yew-trees looked very stark. He had ordered a big wreath laid on the grave, and when he saw it thus offered up, he thought: 'First human beings, then rams, now flowers! Progress!'

Having arranged that Norah Curfew should take Mrs. Bergfeld as cook in Bethnal Green, he drove her up to London in the Manor car. During that long drive he experienced again feelings that he had not had since the war. Human hearts dressed up to the nines in circumstances, interests, manners, accents, race, and class, when stripped by grief, by love, by hate, by laughter were one and the same heart. But how seldom were they stripped! Life was a clothed affair! A good thing too, perhaps—the strain of nakedness was too considerable! He was, in fact, infinitely relieved to see the face of Norah Curfew, and hear her cheerful words to Mrs. Bergfeld.

"Come in, my dear, and have some tea!" She was the sort who stripped to the heart without strain or shame.

Fleur was in the drawing-room when he got home, furred up to her cheeks, which were bright as if she had just come in from the cold.

"Been out, my child?"

"Yes. I—" She stopped, looked at him rather queerly, and said: "Well, have you finished with that business?"

"Yes, thank God. I've dropped the poor creature on Norah Curfew."

Fleur smiled. "Ah! Yes, Norah Curfew! *She* lives for everybody but herself, doesn't she?"

"She does," said Michael rather sharply.

"The new woman. One's getting clean out of fashion."

Michael took her cheeks between his hands.

"What's the matter, Fleur?"

"Nothing."

"There is."

"Well, one gets a bit fed up with being left out, as if one were fit for nothing but Kit, and looking appetizing."

Michael dropped his hands, hurt and puzzled. Certainly he had not consulted her about his "down and outs"; had felt sure it would only bore or make her laugh. No future in it. And had there been?

"Any time you like to go shares in any mortal thing, Fleur, you've only to say so."

"Oh, I don't want to poke into your affairs! I've got my own. Have you had tea?"

"Do tell me what's the matter?"

"My dear boy, you've already asked me that, and I've already told you—nothing."

"Won't you kiss me?"

"Of course. And there's Kit's bath—would you like to go up?"

Each short stab went in a little farther. This was a spiritual crisis, and he did not know in the least how to handle it. Didn't she want him to admire her, to desire her? What did she want? Recognition that she was as interested as he in—in the state of the Country? Of course! Only—was she?

"Well," she said, "*I* want tea, anyway. Is the new woman dramatic?"

Jealousy? The notion was absurd. He said quietly:

"I don't quite follow you."

Fleur looked up at him with very clear eyes.

"Good God!" said Michael, and left the room.

He went up-stairs and sat down before "The White Monkey." In that strategic position he better perceived the core of his domestic moment. Fleur had to be first—had to take precedence. No object in her collection must live a life of its own! He was appalled by the bitterness of that thought. No, no! It was only that she had a complex—a silver spoon, and it had become natural in her mouth. She resented his having interests in which she was not first; or, rather, perhaps, resented the fact that they were not her interests too. And that was to her credit when you came to think of it. She was vexed with herself for being egocentric. Poor child! 'I've got to mind my eye,' thought Michael, 'or I shall make some modern-novel mess of this in three parts.' And his mind strayed naturally to the science of dishing up symptoms as if they were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

roots—ha! He remembered his nursery governess locking him in; he had dreaded being penned up ever since. The psycho-analysts would say that was due to the action of his governess. It wasn't—many small boys wouldn't have cared a hang; it was due to a nature that existed before that action. He took up the photograph of Fleur that stood on his desk. He loved the face, he would always love it. If she had limitations—well! So had he—lots! This was comedy, one mustn't make it into tragedy! Surely she had a sense of humor, too! Had she? Had she not? And Michael searched the face he held in his hands. . . .

But, as is usual with husbands, he had diagnosed without knowledge of all the facts.

Fleur had been bored at Lippinghall, even collection of the Minister had tried her. She had concealed her boredom from Michael. But self-sacrifice takes its revenge. She reached home in a mood of definite antagonism to public affairs. Hoping to feel better if she bought a hat or two, she set out for Bond Street. At the corner of Burlington Street, a young man bared his head.

"Fleur!"

Wilfrid Desert! Very lean and very brown!

"You!"

"Yes. I'm just back. How's Michael?"

"Very well. Only he's in Parliament."

"Great Scott! And how are you?"

"As you see. Did you have a good time?"

"Yes. I'm only perching. The East has got me!"

"Are you coming to see us?"

"I think not. The burnt child, you know."

"Yes; you *are* brown!"

"Well, good-by, Fleur! You look just the same, only more so. I'll see Michael somewhere."

"Good-by!" She walked on without looking back, and then regretted not having found out whether Wilfrid had done the same.

She had given Wilfrid up for—well, for Michael, who—who had forgotten it! Really she was too self-sacrificing!

At three o'clock a note was brought her:

"By hand, ma'am; answer waiting."

She opened an envelope, stamped "Cosmopolis Hotel."

"MADAM,

"We apologize for troubling you, but are in some perplexity. Mr. Francis Wilmot, a young American gentleman, who has been staying in this hotel since early October, has, we are sorry to say, contracted pneumonia. The doctor reports unfavorably on his condition. In these circumstances we thought it right to examine his effects, in order that we might communicate with his friends; but the only indication we can find is a card of yours. I venture to ask if you can help us in the matter.

"Believe me to be, madam,

Your faithful servant,

(for the management)."

Fleur stared at an illegible signature, and her thoughts were bitter. Jon had dumped Francis on her as a herald of his happiness; her enemy had lifted him. Well, then, why didn't that Cat look after him herself? Oh, well, poor boy! Ill in a great hotel—without a soul!

"Call me a taxi, Coaker."

On her way to the hotel she felt slight excitement of the "ministering angel" order.

Giving her name at the bureau, she was taken up to Room 209. A chambermaid was there. The doctor, she said, had ordered a nurse, who had not yet come.

Francis Wilmot, very flushed, was lying back, propped up; his eyes were closed.

"How long has he been ill like this?"

"I've noticed him looking queer, ma'am; but we didn't know how bad he was until to-day. I think he's just neglected it. The doctor says he's got to be packed. Poor gentleman, it's very sad. You see, he's hardly there!"

Francis Wilmot's lips were moving; he was evidently on the verge of delirium.

"Go and make some lemon tea in a jug as weak and hot as you can; quick!"

When the maid had gone, she went up and put her cool hand to his forehead.

"It's all right, Francis. Much pain?"

Francis Wilmot's lips ceased to move; he looked up at her and his eyes seemed to burn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If you cure me," he said, "I'll hate you. I just want to get out, quick!"

She changed her hand on his forehead, whose heat seemed to scorch the skin of her palm. His lips resumed their almost soundless movement. The meaningless, meaningful whispering frightened her, but she stood her ground, constantly changing her hand, till the maid came back with the tea.

"The nurse has come, miss; she'll be up in a minute."

"Pour out the tea. Now, Francis, drink!"

His lips sucked, chattered, sucked. Fleur handed back the cup and stood away. His eyes had closed again.

"Oh, ma'am!" whispered the maid, "he *is* bad! Such a nice young gentleman, too."

"What was his temperature; do you know?"

"I did hear the doctor say nearly 105. Here is the nurse, ma'am."

Fleur went to her in the doorway.

"It's not just ordinary, nurse—he *wants* to go. I think a love affair's gone wrong. Shall I stop and help you pack him?"

When the pneumonia jacket had been put on, she lingered, looking down at him. His eyelashes lay close and dark against his cheeks, long and innocent, like a little boy's.

Outside the door, the maid touched her arm.

"I found this letter, ma'am; ought I to show it to the doctor?"

Fleur read:

"My poor dear Boy,

"We were crazy yesterday. It isn't any good, you know. Well, I haven't got a breakable heart; nor have you really, though you may think so when you get this. Just go back to your sunshine and your darkies, and put me out of your thoughts. I couldn't stay the course. I couldn't possibly stand being poor. I must just go through it with my 'Congressman,' and travel the appointed road. What is the good of thinking we can play at children in the wood, when one of them is

Your miserable (at the moment)
Marjorie."

"I mean this—I mean it. Don't come and see me any more and make it worse for yourself. M."

"Exactly!" said Fleur: "I've told the nurse. Keep it, and give it him back if he gets well. If he doesn't, burn it. I shall come to-morrow." And, looking at the maid with a faint smile, she added: "*I* am not that lady!"

"Oh, no, ma'am—miss—no, I'm sure! Poor young gentleman! Isn't there nothing to be done?"

"I don't know, I should think not. . . ."

She had kept all these facts from Michael with a sudden retaliatory feeling. He couldn't have private—or was it public life—all to himself!

After he had gone out with his "Good God!" she went to the window. Queer to have seen Wilfrid again! Her heart had not fluttered, but it tantalized her not to know whether she could attract him back. Out in the square it was as dark as when last she had seen him before he fled to the East—a face pressed to this window that she was touching with her fingers. "The burnt child!" No! She didn't want to reduce him to that state again; to copy Marjorie Ferrar, who had copied her. If, instead of going East, Wilfrid had chosen to have pneumonia like poor Francis! What would she have done? Let him die for want of her? And what ought she to do about Francis, having seen that letter? Tell Michael? No, he thought her frivolous and irresponsible. Well! She would show him! And that sister—who had married Jon? Ought she to be cabled to? But this would have a rapid crisis, the nurse had said, and to get over from America in time would be impossible! Fleur went back to the fire. What kind of girl was this wife of Jon's? Another in the new fashion—like Norah Curfew; or just one of those Americans out for her own way and the best of everything? But they would have the new fashion in America, too—even though it didn't come from Paris. Anne Forsyte! —Fleur gave a little shiver in front of the hot fire.

She went up-stairs, took off her hat, and scrutinized her image. Her face was colored and rounded; her eyes were clear, her brow unlined, her hair rather

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flattened. She fluffed it out and went across into the nursery.

The eleventh baronet, asleep, was living his private life with a very determined expression on his face; at the foot of his cot lay the Dandie, with his chin pressed to the floor, and at the table the nurse was sewing. In front of her lay an illustrated paper with the photograph inscribed: "Mrs. Michael Mont, with Kit and Dandie."

"What do you think of it, nurse?"

"I think it's horrible, ma'am; it makes Kit look as if he hadn't any sense—giving him a stare like that!"

Fleur took up the paper, her quick eyes had seen that it concealed another. There on the table was a second effigy of herself: "Mrs. Michael Mont, the pretty young London hostess, who, rumor says, will shortly be defendant in a Society lawsuit." And, above, yet another effigy inscribed: "Miss Marjorie Ferrar, the brilliant granddaughter of the Marquis of Shropshire, whose engagement to Sir Alexander MacGown, M. P., is announced."

Fleur dropped paper back on paper.

XI

SHADOWS

THE dinner, which Marjorie Ferrar had so suddenly recollected, was MacGown's, and when she reached the appointed restaurant he was waiting in the hall.

"Where are the others, Alec?"

"There are no others," said MacGown.

Marjorie Ferrar reined back. "I can't dine with you alone in a place like this!"

"I had the Ppynrryns, but they fell through."

"Then I shall go to my club."

"For God's sake, no, Marjorie. We'll have a private room. Go and wait in there while I arrange it."

With a shrug she passed into a little "lounge." A young woman, whose face seemed familiar, idled in, looked at her, and idled out again, the ormolu clock ticked, the walls of striped pale gray stared blankly in the brilliant light, and Marjorie Ferrar stared blankly back—she was still seeing Francis Wilmot's ecstatic face.

"Now!" said MacGown. "Up those stairs, and third on the right. I'll follow in a minute."

She had acted in a play, she had passed an emotional hour, and she was hungry. At least she could dine before making the necessary scene. And while she drank the best champagne MacGown could buy, she talked and watched the burning eyes of her adorer. That red-brown visage, square, stiff-haired head, and powerful frame—what a contrast to the pale, slim face and form of Francis! This was a man, and when he liked, agreeable. With him she would have everything she wanted, except—what Francis could give her. And it was one or the other—not both, as she had thought it might be. She had once crossed the "striding edge" on Helvellyn, with a precipice on one side and a precipice on the other, and herself, doubting down which to fall, in the middle. She hadn't fallen, and—she supposed—she wouldn't now! One didn't, if one kept one's head!

Coffee was brought, and she sat smoking on the sofa. Her knowledge of private rooms taught her that she was now as alone with her betrothed as money could make them. How would he behave?

He threw his cigar away, and sat down by her side. This was the moment to rise and tell him that he was no longer her betrothed. His arm went round her, his lips sought her face. "Mind my dress; it's the only decent one I've got."

And, suddenly, not because she heard a noise, but because her senses were not absorbed like his, she perceived a figure in the open doorway. A woman's voice said: "Oh! I beg your pardon; I thought —" Gone!

Marjorie Ferrar started up.

"Did you see that young woman?"

"Yes. Damn her!"

"She's shadowing me."

"What?"

"I don't know her, and yet I know her perfectly. She had a good look at me down-stairs, when I was waiting."

MacGown dashed to the door and flung it open. Nobody was there. He shut it, and came back.

"By heaven! Those people, I'll—Well, that ends it! Marjorie, I shall send our engagement to the papers tomorrow."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marjorie Ferrar, leaning her elbows on the mantelpiece, stared at her own face in the glass above it. "Not a moral about her!" What did it matter? If only she could decide to marry Francis out of hand, slide away from them all—debts, lawyers, Alec! And then the "You be damned" spirit in her blood revolted. The impudence of it! Shadowing her! No. She was not going to leave Miss Fleur triumphant—the little snob, and that old party with the chin!

MacGown raised her hand to his lips, and, somehow, the caress touched her.

"Oh! well," she said, "I suppose you'd better."

"Thank heaven!"

"Do you really think that to get me is a cause for gratitude?"

"I would go through fire to get you."

"And after? Well, as we're public property, let's go down and dance."

For an hour she danced. She would not let him take her home, and in her cab she cried. She wrote to Francis when she got in. She went out again to post it. The bitter stars, the bitter wind, the bitter night! At the little slurred thump of her letter dropping, she laughed. To have played at children! It was too funny! So that was done with! 'On with the dance!'

Extraordinary, the effect of a little paragraph in the papers! Credit, like new-struck oil, spurted sky-high. Her post contained, not bills for dresses, but solicitations to feed, frizz, fur, flower, feather, furbelow, and photograph her. London offered itself. To escape that cynical avalanche she borrowed a hundred pounds and flew to Paris. There, every night, she went to the theatre. She had her hair done in a new style, she ordered dresses, ate at places known to the few—living up to Michael's nickname for her, and her heart was heavy.

She returned after a week, and burnt the avalanche—fortunately all letters of congratulation contained the phrase "of course, you won't think of answering this." She didn't. The weather was mild; she rode in the Row; she prepared to hunt. On the eve of departure she received an anonymous communication.

"Francis Wilmot is very ill with pneumonia at the Cosmopolis. He is not expected to live."

Her heart flurried round within her breast and flumped, her knees felt weak, her hand holding the note shook, only her head stayed steady. The handwriting was "that little snob's." Had Francis caused that message to be sent? Was it his appeal? Poor boy! And must she go and see him if he were going to die? She so hated death. Did this mean that it was up to her to save him? What did it mean? But indecision was not her strong point. In ten minutes she was in a cab, in twenty at the hotel. Handing in her card, she said:

"You have a Mr. Wilmot here—a relative of mine. I've just heard of his serious illness. Can I go up and see the nurse?"

The management looked at the card, inquisitively at her face, touched a bell, and said:

"Certainly, madam. Here, you—take this lady up to Room—er—209."

Led by what poor Francis called a "bell-boy" into the lift, she walked behind his buttons along a pale gray river of corridor carpet, between pale gray walls, past cream-colored after cream-colored door in the bright electric light with her head a little down.

The "bell-boy" knocked, ruthless, on a door.

It was opened, and in the lobby of the suite stood Fleur.

XII

DEEPENING

However untypical, according to Soames, Francis Wilmot seemed to have the national passion for short cuts.

In two days from Fleur's first visit he had reached the crisis, hurrying toward it like a man to his bride. Yet the human will is so limited, compared with the instinct to live, that he failed to die. Fleur, summoned by telephone, went home cheered by the doctor's words: "He'll do now if we can coax a little strength into him." That, however, was the trouble. For three afternoons she watched his exhausted indifference seeming to increase. And she was haunted by cruel anxiety. On the fourth day she had been sitting for more than an hour when his eyes opened.

"Yes, Francis?"

"I'm going to quit all right, after all."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Don't talk like that—it's not American. Of course you're not going to quit."

He smiled and shut his eyes. She made up her mind then.

Next day he was about the same, more dead than alive. But her mind was at rest; her messenger had brought back word that Miss Ferrar would be in at four o'clock. She would have had the note by now, but would she come? How little one knew of other people, even when they were enemies!

He was drowsing, white and strengthless, when she heard the bell-boy's knock. Passing into the lobby she closed the door softly behind her, and opened the outer door. So she *had* come!

If this meeting of two declared enemies had in it something dramatic, neither perceived it at the moment. It was just intensely unpleasant to them both. They stood for a moment looking at each other's chins. Then Fleur said:

"He's extremely weak. Will you sit down while I tell him you're here?"

Having seen her settled where Francis Wilmot put his clothes out to be valeted in days when he had worn them, Fleur passed back into the bedroom, and again closed the door.

"Francis," she said, "some one is waiting to see you."

Francis Wilmot did not stir, but his eyes opened and cleared strangely. To Fleur they seemed suddenly the eyes she had known, as if all these days they had been "out," and some one had again put a match to them.

"You understand what I mean?"

The words came clear and feeble: "Yes; but if I wasn't good enough for her before, I surely am not now. Tell her I'm through with that fool business."

A lump rose in Fleur's throat.

"Thank her for coming!" said Francis Wilmot, and closed his eyes again.

Fleur went back into the lobby. Marjorie Ferrar was standing against the wall with an unlighted cigarette between her lips.

"He thanks you for coming; but he doesn't want to see you. I'm sorry I brought you down."

Marjorie Ferrar took out the cigarette. Fleur could see her lips quivering. "Will he get well?"

"I don't know. I think so—now. He says he's 'through with that fool business.'"

Marjorie Ferrar's lips tightened. She opened the outer door, turned suddenly, and said:

"Will you make it up?"

"No," said Fleur.

There was a moment of complete stillness; then Marjorie Ferrar gave a little laugh and slipped out.

Fleur went back. He was asleep. Next day he was stronger. Three days later Fleur ceased her visits; he was on the road to recover. She had become conscious, moreover, that she had a little lamb which wherever Mary went was sure to go. She was being shadowed! How amusing! And what a bore that she couldn't tell Michael, because she had not yet begun to tell him anything again.

On the day that she ceased her visits he came in while she was dressing for dinner with "a weekly" in his hand.

"Listen to this," he said:

"'When to God's fondouk the donkeys are taken—
Donkeys of Africa, Sicily, Spain—
Then if by hazard the Deity waken,
He shall not easily slumber again.

Where in the sweet of God's straw they have laid them,
Broken and dead of their burdens and sores,
He, for a change, shall remember He made them—
One of the best of His numerous chores—

Order from some one a sigh of repentance—
Donkeys of Araby, Syria, Greece—
Over the fondouk distemper the sentence:
"For God's own forsaken—the stable of Peace."'

"Who's that by?"

"It sounds like Wilfrid."

"It is by Wilfrid," said Michael, and did not look at her. "I met him at the Hotch-Potch."

"And how is he?"

"Very fit."

"Have you asked him here?"

"No. He's going East again soon."

Was he fishing? Did he know that she had seen him? And she said:

"I'm going down to father's, Michael. He's written twice."

Michael put her hand to his lips.

"All right, darling."

Fleur reddened; her strangled confidences seemed knotted in her throat.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She went next day with Kit and Dandie. The "little lamb" would hardly follow to "The Shelter."

Annette had gone with her mother to Cannes for a month, and Soames was alone with the English winter. He was paying little attention to it, for the "case" was in the list, and might be reached in a few weeks' time. Deprived of French influence, he was again wavering toward compromise. The announcement of Marjorie Ferrar's engagement to MacGown had materially changed the complexion of affairs. In the eyes of a British jury the character of a fast young lady, and the character of the same young lady publicly engaged to a Member of Parliament, with wealth and a handle to his name, would not be at all the same thing. They were now virtually dealing with Lady MacGown; and nothing, Soames knew, was so fierce as a man about to be married. To libel his betrothed was like approaching a mad dog.

He looked very grave when Fleur told him of her "little lamb." It was precisely the retaliation he had feared; nor could he tell her that he had "told her so," because he hadn't. He had certainly urged her to come down to him, but delicacy had forbidden him to give her the reason. So far as he could tell through catechism, there had been nothing "suspect" in her movements since Lippinghall, except those visits to the Cosmopolis Hotel. But they were bad enough. Who was going to believe that she went to this sick young man out of pure kindness? Such a motive was not current in a court of law. He was staggered when she told him that Michael didn't know of them. Why not?

"I didn't feel like telling him."

"Feel? Don't you see what a position you've put yourself in? Here you are, running to a young man's bedside without your husband's knowledge."

"Yes, darling; but he was terribly ill."

"I dare say," said Soames; "so are lots of people."

"Besides, he was over head and ears in love with *her*."

"D'you think he's going to admit that, even if we could call him?"

Fleur was silent, thinking of Francis Wilmot's face.

"Oh! I don't know," she said at last. "How horrid it all is!"

"Of course it's horrid," said Soames. "Have you had a quarrel with Michael?"

"No, not a quarrel. Only, he doesn't tell *me* things."

"What things?"

"How should I know, dear?"

Soames grunted. "Would he have minded your going?"

"Of course not. He'd have minded if I hadn't. He likes that boy."

"Well, then," said Soames, "either you or he, or both, will have to tell a lie, and say that he did know. I shall go up and talk to him. Thank goodness we can prove the illness. If I catch anybody coming down here after you——!"

He went up the following afternoon. Parliament being in recess, he sought the Hotch-Potch Club. He did not like a place always connected in his mind with his dead cousin, that fellow young Jolyon, and said to Michael at once: "Can we go somewhere else?"

"Yes, sir; where would you like?"

"To your place, if you can put me up for the night. I want to have a talk with you."

Michael looked at him askance.

"Now," said Soames after dinner, "what's this about Fleur—she says you don't tell her things?"

Michael gazed into his glass of port.

"Well, sir," he said, slowly, "I'd be only too glad to, of course, but I don't think they really interest her. She doesn't feel that public things matter."

"Public! I meant private."

"There aren't any private things. D'you mean that she thinks there are?"

Soames dropped his scrutiny.

"I don't know—she said 'things.'"

"Well, you can put that out of your head, and hers."

"M'm! Anyway, the result's been that she's been visiting that young American with pneumonia at the Cosmopolis Hotel without letting you know. It's a mercy she hasn't picked it up."

"Francis Wilmot?"

"Yes. He's out of the wood now. That's not the point. She's been shadowed."

"Good God!" said Michael.

"Exactly! This is what comes of not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talking to your wife. Wives are funny—they don't like it."

Michael grinned.

"Put yourself in my place, sir. It's my profession now, to fuss about the state of the Country, and all that, and you know how it is—one gets keen. But to Fleur, it's all a stunt. I quite understand that; but, you see, the keener I get the more I'm afraid of boring her, and the less I feel I can talk to her about it. In a sort of way she's jealous."

Soames rubbed his chin. The state of the Country was a curious sort of corespondent. He himself was often worried by the state of the Country, but as a source of division between husband and wife it seemed to him cold-blooded; he had known other sources in his time!

"Well, you mustn't let it go on," he said. "It's trivial."

Michael got up.

"Trivial! Well, sir, I don't know, but it seems to me very much the sort of thing that happened when the war came. Men had to leave their wives then."

"Wives put up with that," said Soames; "the country was in danger."

"Isn't it in danger now?"

With his inveterate distrust of words it seemed to Soames almost indecent for a young man to talk like that. Michael was a politician, of course; but politicians were there to keep the country quiet, not to go raising scares and talking through their hats.

"When you've lived a little longer," he said, "you'll know that there's always some thing to fuss about if you like to fuss. There's nothing in it really, the pound's going up. Besides, it doesn't matter what you tell Fleur, so long as you tell her something."

"She's intelligent, sir," said Michael.

Soames was taken aback. He could not deny the fact, and answered:

"Well, national affairs are too remote; you can't expect a woman to be interested in them."

"Quite a lot of women are."

"Bluestockings."

"No, sir; they nearly all wear 'nude.'"

"H'm! Those! As to interest in national affairs—put a tax on stockings and see what happens!"

Michael grinned.

"I'll suggest it, sir."

"If you expect," said Soames, "that people—women or not—are going to put themselves out of the way for any scheme like this—this Foggartism of yours, you'll be very much disappointed."

"So everybody tells me. It's just because I don't like cold water at home as well as abroad that I've given up worrying Fleur."

"Well, if you take my advice, you'll take up something practical—the state of the traffic, or penny postage. Drop pessimism, people who talk at large like that never get trusted in this country. In any case you'll have to say you knew about her visits to that young man."

"Certainly, sir, wife and husband are one. But you don't really mean to let them make a circus of it in court?"

Soames was silent. He did not *mean* them to; but what if they did?

"I can't tell," he said at last. "The fellow's a Scotchman. What did you go hitting him on the nose for?"

"He gave me a thick ear first. I know it was an excellent opportunity for turning the other cheek, but I didn't think of it in time."

"You must have called him something."

"Only a dirty dog. As you know, he suggested a low motive for my speech."

Soames stared. In his opinion this young man was taking himself much too seriously.

"Your speech! You've got to get it out of your mind," he said, "that anything you can say or do will make any difference."

"Then what's the good of my being in Parliament?"

"Well, you're in the same boat with everybody else. The country's like a tree: you can keep it in order, but you can't go taking it up by the roots to look at them."

Michael looked at him, impressed.

"In public matters," said Soames, "the thing is to keep a level head, and do no more than you're obliged."

"And what's to govern one's view of necessity?"

"Common sense. One can't have everything."

And, rising, he began scrutinizing the Goya.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Are you going to buy another Goya, sir?"

"No; if I buy any more pictures I shall go back to the English School."

"Patriotism?"

Soames gave him a sharp look.

"There's no patriotism," he said, "in fussing. And another thing you've got to remember is that foreigners like to hear that we've got troubles. It doesn't do to discuss our affairs out loud."

Michael took these sayings to bed with him. He remembered, when he came out of the war, thinking: 'If there's another war nothing will induce me to go.' But now, if one were to come, he knew he *would* be going again. So "Old Forsyte" thought he was just "fussing"! Was he? Was Foggartism a phlizz? Ought he to come to heel, and take up the state of the traffic? Was everything unreal? Surely not his love for Fleur? Anyway, he felt hungry for her lying there. And Wilfrid back, too! To risk his happiness with her for the sake of—what? *Punch* had taken a snap at him this week, grinning and groping at a surrounding fog. Old England, like old Forsyte, had no use for theories. Self-conscious national efforts were just pomposity. Pompous! He? The thought was terribly disturbing. He got out of bed and went to the window. Foggy! In fog all were shadows; and he the merest shadow of them all, an unpractical politician, taking things to heart! One! Two! Big Ben! How many hearts had he turned to water! How many dreams spoiled with his measured resonance! Line up with the top-dressers, and leave the Country to suck its silver spoon!

(To be continued.)

The Understudy

BY LEIGH MORTON

Author of "Mrs. Denton Gets Off"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT E. JOHNSON

"WHY all this fuss about women?" Virginia Starr was wont to say, when she reached years of expression, "*they* can take care of themselves."

It was her theory—a life-long theory, so it seemed to her—that only men and animals needed to be cared for. It may have been instinct, and again it may have been developed by her own particular circumstances. At all events, having only a scandal for a mother, she had, from earliest childhood, taken care of her father, and the horses and dogs and livestock that went with him. He was a dear—Jack Starr was; to Virginia at times an old dear, at times a dear boy—but from whichever angle she viewed him he looked the same—simply in need of her. The animals needed her, too, and she cherished them as humans.

Women were things apart—not human at all, in that they stirred in her no cherishing impulses. Virginia got on with her sex perfectly; she loved many of her friends, but not with the love that ran like warm red blood, tenderly, pityingly, surging through her heart. Not with the love that she felt for Jack when he scolded her, or kissed her good-night, absently, without looking up from his book, or when she watched him battling with a vicious horse. Nor with the love that clutched at her for the dogs when they gave her their adoring, selfless dog-smile, or when they dug up her flower-beds.

Virginia should have married young and had a family of boys; but she didn't; she stayed with her father. There were those who thought Jack Starr selfish about her; many women who felt that he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should have married again, himself, and thus have discovered that the disillusioned past could bury its dead. But there were others who knew that Jack Starr wasn't holding on to Virginia, or cramping her life, or anything. Virginia was doing exactly what she wanted to do. She had grown up normally with school and friends, and a range of freedom on a farm where fine stock was bred. Jack Starr had piles of money, as the saying goes. His daughter had, in due time, come out, seen the world, and returned to him and the animals of her own volition.

Now, in her twenty-fifth year, she was still dancing at one ball or another; running up to town in winter, or speeding the five miles to the Hunt Club in summer. She was still, when she couldn't possibly stave them off, repulsing eligible offers, because she didn't love enough and was afraid of herself. No man had yet appealed to her in any definite particular. She knew that she could hold the rough faces of the dogs against her cheek and get much the same reaction that she got from the wistful, pleading kiss of a man. In each instance, she sorrowed, and longed, with a kind of ache, to protect. Well—that wasn't enough to marry on—was it?

She had a perfect horror of failing as her mother had failed.

After her first proposal she had done something that took real courage. Jack Starr had never talked of his wife; in all Virginia's growing up, he had never referred to her for the sake of an example of any sort. Her leaving him had been a devastation, and then so much time had intervened before Virginia was old enough to understand, that the habit of silence had become too well formed to be broken. When Virginia, at the age of six, had excavated the whole story with two or three extraordinarily aimed blows, he had felt as if he had undergone a major operation without anæsthetic.

"Father, why haven't *I* a mother?" she had asked, on her return from a children's party, one night.

Jack had been some time in answering her. He rose and stood before the fire, his hands in his pockets. Virginia, in a white dress with a pink sash, sat on a cricket looking up at him.

"Jinny, you *have* a mother," Jack said, finally, with his teeth set on his pipe-stem, "but she doesn't live with us."

"Who does she live with?"

"Another man."

"Why?"

"She liked him better than she did me."

"And so she went away?"

"Yes—she just went right away."

He hadn't looked at her until now. Virginia's upward gaze met his eyes, and she rose at once. Her arms went around his middle and she laid her head against him.

"Perhaps he was lonely," she said, "You've got *me*, father."

Jack's hand pressed her close, but he otherwise never stirred.

"He had everything—a wife and kids—he just left *them*, too, and went away with your mother."

"Why?" Virginia wriggled her head from under his hand, and looked far up to his face.

His eyes stared out beyond her, through the window and into the winter dusk.

"They said—for love." His voice sounded very cold and yet—hurt.

Virginia shivered. But she didn't let go of him. She clung to him. For days she did everything she could think of for him.

And that was that—all of it. Whatever else she discovered about her mother, had never been from Jack. Various relatives had now and then enlightened her, as she grew older. Jack's memories were undeniably his own, for his married life had hardly exceeded two years. Virginia was just a year old when her beautiful, lawless mother—but twenty-one herself—had left, without a backward glance, and had trusted to her chivalrous husband's divorcing her, even as her lover had trusted to the pride of his wife. The open wound of Jack Starr's disillusionment and pain was healed over before his daughter had reached the age of a confidante, but the scar never faded.

Virginia was eighteen when she received her first proposal. She had played at love with the freedom of her period and set, and had enjoyed it. To face it seriously, however, made it look to her, of a sudden, out of perspective. She and her father had shared all troublous times until now, but it was a long, desperate week before she could bring herself to force this upon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him. In the end she would have wished to approach it lightly. She had taken him for a hard ride, knowing that they were both more completely at ease on a horse than anywhere else in the world, and yet she found, when the moment came, that she couldn't just fling off: "How the deuce do you know when—" It was with white cheeks and trembling lips that she finally faltered:

"Father—I'm too miserable to live—I don't know whether I'm in love or not—oh, *do* you mind my asking? How *can* one tell?"

"Good lord, Jinny!" said Jack, startled, "good lord—*already?*"

"Father, why haven't *I* a mother?"—Page 530.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He turned in his saddle and looked at her, aghast.

"I don't know, father—I mean—well, that's just what I *do* mean. I don't know——"

Their horses walked with muffled, thudding steps in the soft wood road. Branches of red and gold maple leaves hung low, to be grasped and thrust aside for passing—the sun sifted through, sliding down the west.

"Better not marry him if you can possibly live without him, Jinny," her father said at last. "Mistakes—well, a mistake of that kind——"

"Yes," acquiesced Virginia.

"You know you're playing with lives—human lives—when you play that game," Jack said. "*I* call the stakes high—some don't—but——"

She reached her hand toward him and he took it hard.

"Think you see, dear?" he asked, with a troubled smile. "Be sure you feel pretty *special*——"

"Yes," she nodded, "that's it—pretty special—I'll go by that."

It sounded indefinite, but there formed instantly for Virginia one of those weird, inward, definite pictures—indescribable, but fixed. In a flash she knew just exactly the standard of special.

Five or six years passed and she had attained it for no man.

Then one June she left home to visit a sporting community on Long Island, where, within two days of her arrival, she stepped into the trap laid for her by a most ironic Fate. It was obviously *her* Fate, for the bait was ingeniously contrived by one who knew her—an appeal to the vulnerable spot in her nature.

As an easy lure for the victim, a game of polo at the club had been chosen. Virginia and her hostess decided to take it in, quite as if they were free agents. Presently they stood on the broad piazza overlooking the field, and while they discussed the best probable viewpoint, Fate sent Virginia a glimpse of the bait.

He was a tall, slim man, with dark hair, and a smile about his lips that seemed to go no farther. In company with others, he walked toward her, and the forced, set quality of his smile arrested her attention. Even when he added to it, as he bowed to Mrs. Hendricks, he looked no more mirthful than before, though one could see, as it were, that his intentions were good.

"Poor little David Lane!" said Marion Hendricks, drawing two chairs together. "Why don't we sit right here, Jinny?"

Virginia regarded her with a little laugh.

"You never have two consecutive thoughts, do you, dear?" she said. "Who's poor little David Lane? The man with the sad smile?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hendricks, settling herself and inattentive. "It's so pathetic! The girl he was going to marry died."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Virginia, softly. "When?"

"Last month. They would have been married next week."

"He's playing to-day?"

"Oh, yes. He goes hard into everything. No one can misunderstand."

"I should think not," Virginia mused, slowly. "He's trying to distract himself, of course."

David Lane played brilliant polo that afternoon. He was in the thickest of offense and defense entirely recklessly. Virginia's heart stood still more than once as she watched his riding, for it seemed to her terribly apparent that he didn't care in the least what happened to him.

His pony slipped, finally, on a violent turn and came down with a crash. How he escaped the crowding, galloping hoofs everywhere upon him was a miracle. But he was on his feet almost at once, though evidently dazed. The grandstand had had a thrill of horror, and wild conjecture sprang to its lips. David Lane was half-supported from the field, a substitute went in, and the game continued. Then the initiated gave him nothing worse than a wrenched shoulder or collar-bone, and the latter supposition was presently confirmed.

Virginia drew a long, harrowed breath; her heart beat unevenly throughout the afternoon. Again and again she bit her lip and cringed as the picture of his spill returned to her mind.

Marion Hendricks, on the other hand, appeared to follow the game quite unmoved by the near-tragedy, and it was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only as they climbed into the motor that she exclaimed, with dismay and irritation:

"Oh, good heavens, now we're one man short for dinner!"

"David Lane?— Was he coming?"

"Yes— What a bore!"

"Can't he still come?—only a collar-bone," suggested Virginia with the casual cold-bloodedness of the hunting country.

"I'll call him up the minute we get home, and see," Marion responded.

A slow drizzle was falling now; the clouds hung low and ominous and the June air turned suddenly autumnal as twilight descended with autumnal rapidity.

Mrs. Hendricks chattered as she drove the car hurriedly, but Virginia barely listened. It had shocked her—the sight of that man, so careless of destruction. But she didn't refer to it. She knew that she had a faculty for conjuring dramatic situations. It was an irresistible luxury of the imagination that she had indulged in always. The dreary wetness of the coming night and the comfort of the speeding motor fitted her mood, and she rather gave herself up to wondering about the girl who had died and sympathy for the man who mourned her. Her question, as they turned into the drive, came quite irrelevantly to Marion Hendricks:

"Does David Lane live down here?"

"No, he's staying at the club just for the polo. His family live in Honolulu, and he's in business in New York."

"Oh!" said the girl, pityingly. "He *is* alone, isn't he?—Marion," she went on, as they entered the house, "make him come to dinner to-night—I hate to have him left at the club."

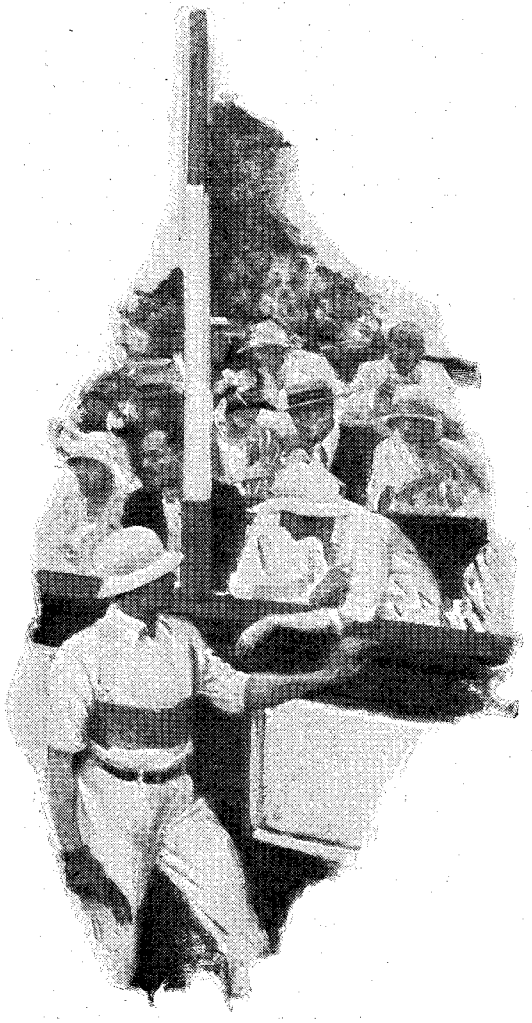
She laughed a little at herself, and Marion laughed as she went to the telephone.

Virginia stood and listened.

Yes—he was coming, if they didn't mind cutting up his food!—Oh, he was quite all right——

"David's a game one!" Marion cried, as she rang off.

The rain came on in a heavy, sullen downpour. Virginia was aware of it depressing her spirit as she dressed for dinner, and, before leaving her room, she turned out the lights, and stood by the dark window, listening to it and to the rustle of the trees as they shook it off. There was something gentle and sad in the atmosphere that made her ache with a restless, intangible desire.



He did not look mirthful even when he bowed to Mrs. Hendricks.—Page 532.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What's the matter?—What is it I want?" she asked, and answered herself a moment later. "It's that man—and his brave attempt at a smile—I want to help him—I want awfully—to help him——"

The bait had done its tempting work; she had walked straight into the trap.

It was a wrench to leave the dark window and descend in the bright light to the great bright room below. She watched the door covertly until the tall figure of David Lane appeared, his arm in a black sling across his white shirt front. She noted that a pallor beneath his tan gave to his face a strange grayness, and that his eyes were dull. But she had no chance to speak her sympathy, for, after presenting him, her host, Jeff Hendricks, instantly monopolized him.

"So you're all smashed up, Dave. How much went?"

Lane laughed and pointed to his neck.

"And cut your head, too."

"Yes—a little—nothing much."

"Jove, I'm sorry! What did you come for, old man? Marion didn't mean to drag you here."

"That's all right—I wanted to come." He smiled his forced smile. "It was lucky Jumbo wasn't hurt, wasn't it? I'm going to let Jim ride him Saturday. He's one pony shy."

Virginia turned away and joined another group.

"Poor little David Lane," she was thinking whimsically, and then of why that phrase suited him so well when he was six feet tall and all of twenty-eight years of sophisticated manhood.

Across the dinner table she watched him from time to time. The girls on either side of him, amid much laughter, vied with one another in the preparation of his food, making bitter comment upon his lack of appetite. He maintained that he was feasting on their wit and drinking the laughter from their lips.

"It won't do you half as much good as this," one of them provoked him, holding up a golden glass of champagne.

"Won't it?" said Lane.

He eyed the glass a moment and reached slowly toward it. Then slowly he drained it to the last drop. The girl at his side laughed again, rather uncertainly. As he looked up, Virginia, watching, met his eyes. They were lifeless and sinister in the second before they focussed upon hers. And then a dull red crept into his face and he turned and plunged into gay banalities. Virginia shivered, unexpectedly.

"'Aye,'" she quoted to herself, "'but the wine is mouldy.'"

Musicians were already tuning up as the party returned to the big rooms. Fox-trotting was inevitably to hold genial sway. Virginia was quickly surrounded and suffered herself to dance violently for half an hour. Always her eyes kept watch of the tall man who stood about, with his arm in a sling, looking on. At first she feared he would leave since he was out of the fun on account of his injury, but, as time passed and he seemed content to remain, she gave herself up to playing the game, until she deemed it diplomatic to make the move she was living for.

When the time came, she freed herself on some trivial pretext and happened to run across David Lane. He was standing alone, looking tired to death.

"You're not dancing, of course, are you, Mr. Lane?" she said. "Why don't we go and sit out somewhere? I've had enough of it, myself."

He roused himself and smiled down at her.

"Really? Are you sure?" he asked, politely. "It's awfully good of you. Where shall we go?"

"Let's try the library," she answered, and led the way to a room that seemed remote and was pleasantly gathered into one circle of light from a tall lamp and the fire.

"This is the best room in the house, day or night," Virginia said, over her shoulder. She wandered to the fire and then turned back to him. "I'm going to sit down and have a peaceful smoke. Is there any place where you can be comfortable with your broken bones?"

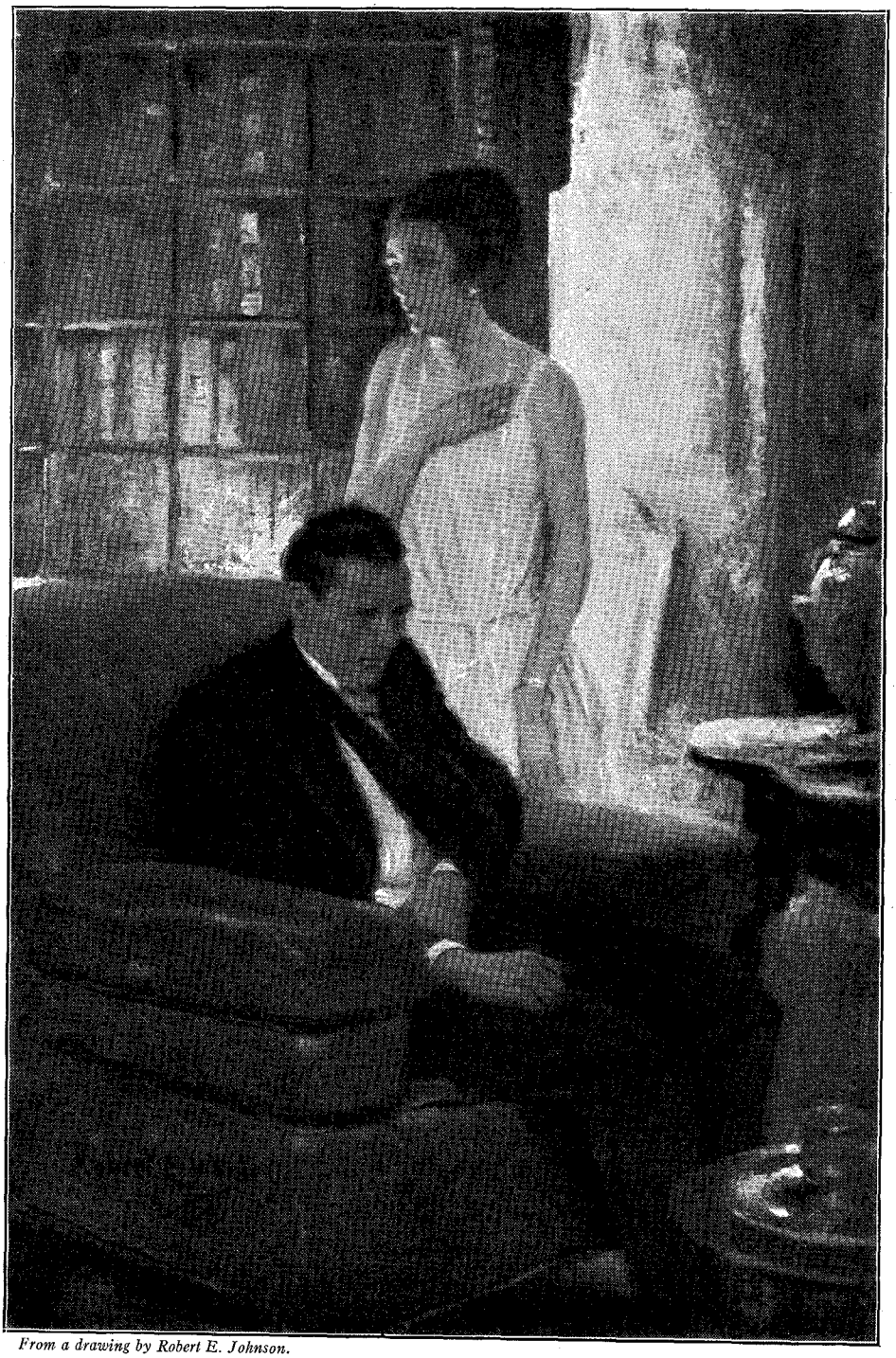
He laughed a little.

"Any place that's soft would be good enough for me to-night. I wish I were in a hay-loft!"

She laughed appreciatively.

"Don't mind me the least bit. I don't care what you do. Cuddle up somewhere,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a drawing by Robert E. Johnson.

"Oh, why did you come?" she cried, with tender exasperation. "You ought to be in bed!"—Page 536.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Lane, and I'll be good company and not say a word."

"That listens great!" Lane said. "But I don't expect ever to lie down again. I expect to have to sit up for the rest of my life. Did you ever have a polo-field hit you in the neck, Miss Starr? Then you know how I feel!"

His spirit appealed to her.

"You *are* a game one!" she nodded, smiling. "Marion told me you were."

"I'm not," he retorted, with a sudden change of tone.

He turned, abruptly, to a big leather chair and sank into it. But in that moment he had regained his flippancy.

"Solid comfort!" he said, grimacing his dissatisfaction to the girl, who apparently watched him with only sympathetic amusement. "If you weren't here, I'd think I was in hell taking my punishment!" He closed his eyes and lines of pain were on his forehead. "Don't any one jostle me," he added, with a kind of dying humor, "or I shall begin to cry!"

Virginia rose swiftly and stood over him, her hands clenched nervously.

"Oh, why did you come?" she cried, with tender exasperation. "You ought to be in bed! Why did you come?"

David Lane opened his eyes, and stared up at her. The whole expression of him went rigid.

"That," he said, "I shan't tell you."

Their eyes clung together. Virginia looked down into depths.

"You don't need to—tell me," she said, and moved away to the fire.

She felt him close behind her and waited, consciously, to gauge the tone of his voice. It reached her so hoarse as to be without quality.

"What do you mean? What do you know?"

She turned and he was there before her. She lifted one hand to his well shoulder and, as if in sudden weakness, bent her head against her upstretched arm.

"I saw the game this afternoon—and I've been thinking about you ever since, David Lane," she said, and for a few seconds they stood in stillness.

Virginia, swept with compassion for him, thought nothing of herself. Nor was Lane thinking of her. The hand on his shoulder, the slight weight she leaned upon him, meant nothing. He removed her gently but quite mechanically, and he stepped back to the chair he had left and sat down on the edge of it.

"Don't judge me," he said, numbly. "I never *have* been a quitter—but now—I don't know *what* I am."

"*I* know," Virginia told him, from where she stood. "You've been under a long strain—and you've been too much alone."

The words appeared to reach his brain slowly. His eyes returned to hers with a vague look of defense.

"I could bear it better that way at first," he said, and repeated. "But *now*—it's got to me—I have to keep among people—acting, all the time."

"Yes," said the girl, "because——"

He watched her come toward him, and then he felt her arm slip round his shoulders. From above him he heard her finish the sentence she had begun.

"Because—*now*—you're *afraid* to be alone."

She held him lightly against her, as simply as if it were her right. She went on speaking as naturally as if she had known him always.

"You mustn't mind my knowing, David," she said.

He sat stiffly within the circle of her arm. Her heart stabbed her suddenly with consciousness of his attitude and of what she had done. But as she moved to withdraw, he caught at her hand and held it there. Presently she spoke again.

"I think—it seems, as if there always should be one person to whom we might take our sorrows—we naturally don't take them to the crowd, because we're sports—but being a sport lays the way open to a horrible loneliness, sometimes. A crowd can be the loneliest place in the world. And yet—one so seldom finds the individual."

Neither was aware of the pause that followed. Virginia just stood and waited. Finally:

"I guess you're right," he assented, "I haven't had any one—any of my own people, here. There hasn't been any individual—" A tenseness gathered in his voice. "It *has* been horrible—I'm sick with it. It's become so horrible that—" He rose suddenly and faced her, and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hand he had never released, he gripped tighter. "You're right about *that*, too—I *am* afraid—afraid as hell, that sometime—left alone—my nerve will go back on me—Thank God, you've come, Virginia Starr."

She closed her other hand on his.

"Don't go back to the club to-night. Stay here. They can surely put you up," she said, earnestly.

He stared at her blankly for a second, and then his face relaxed.

"What would you think of me—if I stayed?" he said, oddly; and then on rather a grim note, "no—I'll take the dare."

He saw Virginia's eyes and parted lips ineffably tender and understanding. With a little jerk he withdrew his hand and started away from her, only to stop again and speak without looking back.

"I'm more afraid to *stay*, now, than to go— You know—a light—where there's been no light—sympathy like this——"

"You'll get used to it, David," her voice came to him, softly.

She didn't move; she waited; but he left her.

She found that, all things considered, she was pretty well unnerved herself. There was no sleep upon her pillow that night. Watching the clouds break and the dawn grow fresh and fair, she felt a strange nearness and communion with that other girl who had loved David Lane.

"You don't misunderstand, do you?" she seemed to be urging. "I'm only trying to help, and in no way to take your place. There *is* no place in his heart for any one but you. You've seen him; you know; he is in sad need of help."

The first rays of the sun shot forth at that, crowning a new day. The glory of it thrilled the girl fantastically.

"You *do* want me to help, don't you! Perhaps you even chose, yourself, that I should be the one to help. I love your trust. I shall do my uttermost."

And then a brisk northwest wind came, adding to the inspiration of the day and of the mood. After bath and breakfast Virginia forgot that she had only slept an hour or two. She greeted Marion Hendrick's suggestion of golf with enthusiasm, though upon arriving at the club, a lazier form of diversion seemed suddenly to appeal.

"I'd rather drive about in the little car, really," she said ingenuously. "Perhaps I can find Mr. Lane, and make him go with me."

And since there were plenty of golfers in sight, Marion agreed carelessly.

So Virginia escaped and ran round the corner of the piazza by the smoking-room, where, from a window, she was confronted by David Lane, himself, gazing idly forth, with a cigarette in his hand. He smiled a surprised welcome and met her at the door.

"Well!" she exclaimed, from the threshold. "Good morning, and how are you?"

"Oh, I'm—" he began bravely, and then honestly, though with his die-hard humor, "I'm feeling very far from fit."

She laughed as she looked him over.

"If I were to paint your attractive smile to-day," she said, "I should paint it a pale pea-green."

"You've a fine eye for color," he applauded. "Come in."

"No, come out," she cried, "I've got the car, and Marion's playing golf."

David gave her a wan glance.

"Don't you like it pretty well here, by the fire?" he ventured. "And the chairs are—fairly soft—and you don't have to bother to blow your horn or anything."

He never failed to amuse her.

"But I can't stay in here," she protested. "Come back to the Hendricks', where we won't be disturbed."

"No," he countered, with whimsical resignation. "Fate hasn't prescribed for me a rest-cure. I'm to go jouncing over all the roughest roads on Long Island. Come along—the writing's on the wall!"

Virginia turned reluctant, but he had his way, and they drove off rather silently into the gorgeous weather. Watching him and noting the same lifelessness that had marked his expression in the early part of the previous evening, Virginia felt a troubled inadequacy. Naturally enough he hadn't told her that, after the unforeseen solace of her sympathy, he had returned to his lonely quarters and in reaction had known the deepest depression of all, nor that the knowledge that she would be there in the morning had seemed to him to be all that kept him fighting through the night.

He *was* game, for all he denied it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was a gameness that hurt in his characteristic streak of humor. As they drove on, he taunted Virginia.

"You're cheating," he said. "You're picking the good roads—very slyly, of course, but I'm on to you!"

But when they stopped the car in a sylvan dell, sheltered from the wind, and with a southern exposure, he admitted that she had planned well. Then, abruptly, he slipped down in his seat, took off his hat, and, as if he had reached the limit of his strength, collapsed with his head on her shoulder. In fact, his actual words were:

"Believe me, Virginia, I wouldn't do this if I could help it, but I can't!"

"That's all right, David," she returned, smiling, "I owe it to you."

"No," he said haltingly. "What I mean is—is life to be nothing but one ghastly reminiscence after another?—You see—I've never spoken of this—I'm feeling my way—I don't know how much one's meant to endure—nor how much one *can* endure—and I haven't wanted to ask— Perhaps I can talk it out to you—because I don't know you."

"Tell me everything or nothing," Virginia said. "Perhaps just to know there's some one you *can* tell will be enough."

"No—I want you to hear it." His voice sounded curiously drained of emotion. "It all happened out there—in Honolulu, last summer—I had just three months—just three months of life worth living. She came into my life and taught me love and what life might be—lifted me up to where I looked down on humanity and pitied it— Showed me the perfect peace and glory of having found the *one*—the *one*, other— I lost myself—in—her—greatness—," said David Lane, slowly and with many pauses.

Virginia listened with a growing confusion. She wanted to blink her mind's eye and clear its vision to see the picture that had been there for a day. For this was no lovely girl on the threshold of life, that he was painting.

"Was she—your age, David?" she asked impulsively, and was thankful that the question sounded decently tactful.

"Oh, no—she was—older—ever so much older—I don't know—it didn't matter— What are ten years or fifteen—when you think alike, and everything you learn just adds to the number of ideas that—meet—and you know that the two of you are—perfect harmony."

"Yes, dear," Virginia murmured, almost apologetically.

"She stooped so far to me—and I needed her so—she would have *made* something of me, Virginia— But—but she said I'd given her back *her* life and joy— I—I did that much for her——"

He paused, leaving the girl's imagination again hanging in the air. So she'd already lived a life—this woman——?

"You mean—what, David?"

"Oh—yes— She was a widow, you see— He'd only been dead a year or so, but she had been awfully unhappy with him. They'd lived in southern California always, and she came to Honolulu afterward—alone—to get quite away, you see— Strange—I loved her first when she thought she was done with men forever— But—I loved her so much——"

To break another pause, Virginia said: "It was like a beautiful, healing—balm or something."

That line didn't come out quite as well as the first one, but she said it gently, for his sake. She didn't like this woman he raved about, somehow! Instinctively she was—repelled—rather——

"Tell me what she looked like, David?"

"She looked like a Spanish woman—with eyes that were a dark gray-blue—She loved to dress in black and she carried big, gay fans. Oh, she looked like—*herself*, Virginia. She was complete—no blurred lines—but always more to be known—more to be desired——"

"David, what a picture! You've done her wonderfully." Virginia forced her praise to cover still further doubts. "But she wasn't foreign, was she? Where did she get this—exotic—personality? And what was her name?"

"She wasn't exotic—she was just unique; with the finest, clearest American mind in the world. Her name was Mary Lathrop before her marriage. To me, her name was Mary Hollingsworth."

It was all to the credit of Virginia's healthy nerves that their leap was internal. For the rest of her life she wondered, as event succeeded event, what would have happened to her future, if

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

instead, a start and a cry had betrayed her at mention of that name—Mary Hollingsworth—her renegade mother, who had spoiled the life of Jack Starr by deserting him; spoiled the life—undoubtedly since she was unhappy—of Richard Hollingsworth, by living with him, and was now spoiling the life of young David Lane by—as Virginia scornfully put it—dying on him!

After a space of blank shock, her first definite reaction had been a sickening sense of revolt, and that had been followed by a surge of pity, a savage protecting impulse, for the man, that was primitive and utterly characteristic.

"Oh, she's made a fool of you, David," cried her heart. "She can't have been what you thought her. Why, to prove it—she never told you of father and her scandalous divorce! Oh, David, she wasn't good— Her life was just one long, selfish havoc!"

How she managed to sustain their tête-à-tête morning was never clear in her memory. She seemed to be clutching her mind, to hold it steady, with actual physical hands. But when it was over she knew that she had aroused in him no suspicions and that the crisis was passed.

In the blackness of another sleepless night Virginia's charming fantasy mocked at her. Angrily and contemptuously she now denied all possibility of having been in communion with the spirit of the dead. Her ironic Fate it was who had chosen that she should once more be the understudy of Mary Hollingsworth, but much time elapsed before even *her* sane mind could admit it with the grace of humor.

To-night she prayed to God alone that it be given to her to make good her mother's final wantonness.

With something like a poison, Mary Hollingsworth had infected the lives of the men whom she had victimized. Jack Starr had never again been himself; David Lane, too, appeared bewitched. Virginia set her whole will against the spell in his sick mind. She made him her mission; she worked with no thought of reward.

Perhaps the most satirical feature of the treatment was that it brought him for long periods under the roof of Jack Starr. But Virginia had told her father only that there had been a tragedy, and the unconfidential friendship that developed between the two men never once endangered the secret of their unsuspected bond.

Two years of unremitting care brought David Lane back to normal, and he realized devoutly to whom it was due. Under an October sky, and the maples that drooped heavy golden branches, he told Virginia, as they walked their horses, that he was well again, and that he loved her.

"It isn't the love you deserve, dear," he said. "It's been through the war, you know—but it's all yours—it couldn't be any one else's— And at least, dearest, I can take care of you, always."

Virginia laughed with a little catch of emotion.

"Oh, women don't need to be taken care of, David," she said. "You do the loving and *I'll* do the care-taking—which amounts to the same thing," she ended obscurely.

To Jack Starr she said, that night:

"Father, I feel pretty special for David Lane."

And Jack, with his hands on her shoulders, answered:

"He's got the very best, Jinny, my girl— I hope he knows he was playing in the devil's own luck when he lost that other woman—whoever she was."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coddling Criminals

BY CHARLES C. NOTT, JR.
Judge of the Court of General Sessions, New York City; Author of "The Juror's Part in Crime"

A CRIME is not necessarily a sin, nor is a sin necessarily a crime—none of the seven deadly sins denounced by the church are crimes. The law, therefore, is not an institution calling upon the sinner to repent, for it has no concern with sin, as such, but only with crime. A crime is an act which is adjudged by lawful authority to be so deleterious to the public good as to require it not only to be prohibited but to require the punishment of those who disobey the prohibition, to the end that, an example having been made, the prohibition will be obeyed. It follows that when the law fixes varying punishments for various crimes, it does not look to see whether the one crime is more sinful than the other, but only endeavors to determine which involves the greater danger to the public good. Thus I have tried cases of petit larceny when the act was more sinful and showed greater moral depravity upon the defendant's part than was evinced on the part of the defendant in many a homicide case. But as the law is not concerned with sin, it does not say that a greater sinner shall be more severely punished for petit larceny than a lesser sinner for murder; but, on the contrary, says that as the unlawful taking of human life involves more danger to the public safety than petit larceny, so the murderer shall be more severely punished than the petty thief, irrespective of the amount of sin involved in their respective acts.

In considering the matter of the punishment of crime and the treatment of the convict, this underlying distinction must be kept in mind if the punishment of crime is to be worked out along lines to make it effective to accomplish its intended end. During the last fifteen or twenty years, in the State of New York, at least, a large, influential, well-meaning, and extremely vociferous body of people and organizations have been doing all in their power to ignore and to compel the authorities to ignore the fundamental difference between reformation of the sinner and punishment as a deterrent to crime. Of course, the result has been, on the one hand, to diminish the force and effect of punishment as a deterrent to crime; while, on the other, the increase in the amount of reformation effected over that obtained by the old system has been negligible. The so-called "coddling" system in the New York State prisons has had at least a twelve-year swing, and if its reformatory effects amounted to anything substantial, the proportion of second offenders serving now would be substantially less than it was fifteen years ago. But it is nothing of the sort—it has, so far as I have been able to ascertain, substantially increased. In 1915, the year after Thomas Mott Osborne became Warden of Sing Sing Prison, the proportion of inmates previously convicted of felony imprisoned in State's prisons was thirty-nine per cent; in the year 1924 it was forty-four per cent—both according to the official report of the Superintendent of State's Prisons for those respective years.

The reasons for both of these results are not far to seek. Taking the second one first, a prison is and necessarily must be a most unfavorable place to effect a reformation of the individual. Reformation is a work requiring individual effort of a high order of spiritual quality upon the individual sought to be reformed; it requires a favorable environment and associations, and long-continued watchfulness and care. None of these conditions is or can be found in a prison. I am extremely sceptical of the possibility of the spiritual reformation of a body of men en masse, but the inmates of a State's prison are a body—a large body of men—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and individual work upon them can, from the nature of the case, be but short-lived and haphazard. Each convict is continuously surrounded by other convicts, so the environment is neither uplifting nor stimulating to reformation—and those people who think that the furnishing of baseball games, movies, theatrical shows, banquets, and flowers is in itself reformation of sin or effects reformation of sin, are quite capable of thinking that it would effect the reformation of indigestion.

But still more unfortunate is the effect upon the efficacy of punishment as a deterrent which has been produced by treating it as an attempt solely to rehabilitate the individual. While certain flagrant abuses have been remedied in the administration of our New York State prisons, yet many who have had a clear idea of the function of the criminal law had prophesied years ago that carrying the softening of prison discipline to foolish lengths not only would accomplish little in the way of reformation, but would end in increasing crime—and their prophecies have been and are being fulfilled. When young first offenders, before me for sentence, plead to be sent to Sing Sing and not to the Elmira Reformatory, as happens almost weekly, I know that they are not seeking reformation there, but rather a "soft snap" in comparison with the military discipline of the reformatory.

In a recent number of the prison magazine printed at Sing Sing, I observed that during the baseball season just ended the local nine had played over one hundred games with outside visiting nines, viewed by the prison inmates from a concrete grand stand; that during the theatrical season there had been a theatrical performance nearly every Friday evening by various companies, many presenting the best shows running in New York, to see which the unconvicted citizen has to pay five or six dollars a seat; and the movies while away the tedium of almost all of the other nights of the week. The hours of work are much shorter than those of the ordinary working man; and until very recently, if the fastidious palate of any prisoner were offended by the prison fare, he was allowed, if possessed of the price, to buy special food for himself and have it specially cooked and privately served. In the prison at Great Meadow the inmates go forth at a gentlemanly hour in the morning (compared with the ordinary farm-hand) to labor unguarded on the farm until an hour not too late unduly to fatigue them, when they return each to a large and commodious cell with a shower in it, where they refresh themselves for the evening meal and the evening entertainment. A few have strolled off and never returned, but the management should not feel mortified over its failure to please—there are always, everywhere, some hypercritical individuals who are never satisfied.

In addition to all this, the terms of imprisonment are enormously and unreasonably cut down by "commutation for good conduct" and by "compensation for efficient and willing service," and, in addition, by paroles from the Parole Board, which, as in the recent notorious Brindell case, may be granted to prisoners whose conduct has been notoriously bad. When the Indeterminate Sentence Law was enacted, its framers probably had in mind the picture of an ideal body of men sitting in careful examination of each case coming before it and endeavoring to determine from the prisoner's record while in custody, and from the nature of his crime and the presence or absence of mitigating or aggravating circumstances, whether he should be discharged on the expiration of the minimum of his sentence, or kept for the maximum, or at just what intermediate point he should be liberated. So much superior to the judgment of the trial judge was the knowledge and insight of this ideal body to be, that the judge was not allowed to fix the minimum of the sentence at more than one-half of the possible maximum in order to make sure that the board should have plenty of elbow-room in which to work out its patient and astute conclusions. As not infrequently happens, however, the practical working out of this law differs slightly from the picture in the mind of its framers. What has happened is that, the prisons being overcrowded, every prisoner has been liberated almost as a matter of course on his minimum, without regard to the nature or gravity of the offense committed, and as the sentencing judge has been forbidden to make the minimum more than half of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what he might have imposed, the practical effect has been to cut in half the sentence of any first offender, no matter how heinous the offense. In addition, time for "compensation for efficient and willing service" is now deducted from the *minimum* of the sentence. The "flat sentence" of a second offender is cut down by both "commutation" and "compensation."

All of the foregoing is only a brief and partial indication of the many ways in which it has been sought during the last twenty years to soften the quality and lessen the quantity of prison discipline, until now a discharged convict knows that if he should subsequently be sentenced, he will retire from the world for a sufficient season to enable him to get the alcohol and venereal disease out of his system, will work minimum hours, get a maximum of recreation and entertainment, and may, if his soul rises above the frivolities of prison life, also acquire an education or learn a trade.

A good concrete example of this attempt to exalt the welfare of the individual convict and to destroy the force of punishment as a deterrent is found in the recently proposed legislation to grant wages to prisoners, payable to their families. Such a law would undoubtedly be a great benefit to the unfortunate families involved in the calamity of a conviction—and would incidentally relieve the sentencing judge of much worry and nervous strain. But the legislature might as well make the following proclamation:

Whereas, Citizens of this State who have formerly contemplated the commission of murder, robbery, burglary, and divers other crimes, have been disturbed in their minds by the possibility that such action on their part might involve their families in financial difficulties, and have even in some instances been prevented from the commission of such crimes by such possibility; and,

Whereas, The Legislature of this State, being desirous of remedying a condition causing such unnatural anxiety, has determined to relieve it; it is now proclaimed that no one contemplating the commission of a crime shall hereafter burden his mind with fears for the welfare of his family nor allow such fears to prevent him from concentrating his mind upon the crime contemplated; and to this end, it is now enacted that the families of all so-called victims of crime shall be taxed to support the families of those who have victimized them, during the period of the withdrawal of the latter's usual means of support.

No one now believes that prisoners should be treated with cruelty or brutality, nor that they should be kept in unsanitary surroundings which might undermine their health—such as the notorious old cell block at Sing Sing. But if the State confines its prisoners in sanitary prisons, segregates the first offenders from the "second-timers," affords opportunity for education and self-improvement, teaches a useful trade and helps discharged convicts to obtain employment, it has discharged its duties to them, and not only is under no obligation to make their term of imprisonment easy and agreeable, but should carefully refrain from doing so, substituting a strict and firm discipline for the recreational methods now in vogue. Obtaining work for convicts upon discharge is one of the most beneficent means of promoting their welfare and preventing a relapse into crime, and if the time, labor, and money expended by the sentimentalists had been concentrated upon that effort, they might have accomplished good instead of harm.

The English administration of the criminal law before conviction is frequently contrasted favorably with our own, and we might well consider if their system of administering their prisons without cruelty but with an unvarying and inexorable discipline, starting out with a short period of solitary confinement, is not the common-sense method of making crime unpopular.

One of the most frequent phrases of attack upon the idea of punishment as a deterrent is the dogmatic statement that it is a failure as a deterrent because it does not deter, and this statement is usually bolstered up by that other one to the effect that in the eighteenth century there were forty hanging offenses, and yet crime was more prevalent then than now. In reply to this it may be freely conceded that a law that is not enforced and pun-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ishment that is not imposed is never a deterrent—any more than vaccination is a deterrent to smallpox if it is not administered. To test whether or not punishment is a deterrent, one must find out how it would work if it were *certain* to be inflicted if a given crime were committed.

The readers of this article need indulge in no far-away or fanciful speculations as to how the minds of criminals would react if they *knew* in advance that punishment would follow a contemplated crime. Undoubtedly a large proportion of such readers are themselves criminals and liable to many years in some Federal penitentiary if punished for their every violation of the Volstead Act. But the enforcement of the Volstead Act is a farce. Let each such reader, therefore, ask himself whether he would break that law tomorrow if he positively and certainly *knew* that he would spend a year in the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary if he broke it. Whatever answer the reader makes to this question will be the same answer that the burglar, the robber, the forger, or the thief would make to the analogous question put to him. As to the saying anent punishment in the eighteenth century, it is a perfect example of the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* argument and consequently entirely illogical, but is a standby of a certain class of mind and has accomplished much harm. In the eighteenth century there was no police force as we know the word now—only "the watch" that circulated slowly and with great publicity through certain city streets at night, and the sheriffs and their men to serve warrants; there was absolutely no detective force, no finger-prints, Bertillon measurements or rogues' galleries; no telegraphs, telephones, or any means of communication between places rapid enough to head off a criminal—in short, if the criminal made his "getaway" from the scene of the crime, he was safe. Under those circumstances the law made the consequences so appalling in case the criminal *were* caught that only the boldest would have dared commit crime if arrest had been even probable. One has only to read Defoe's "Chronicle of Moll Flanders" to realize the terror with which even the boldest spirits went forth with their lives in their hands to commit crime in that age. The real question is, "Would there have been more crime or less crime *in that age* if the penalty had been less severe?"—not whether there was more crime then than now—and no student of those times can be in doubt as to the answer.

Crime is not less in the twentieth than in the eighteenth century because punishment has been diminished; but punishment has been diminished because crime is less. No one is in favor of making punishment more severe than is necessary to accomplish its end. As, therefore, the human race has gradually emerged from the virtual barbarism of those old days, its progress and the progress of civilization have resulted in a lessening of crime —and naturally punishment also has been relaxed. But when it is so relaxed as to become no punishment at all and is so frequently escaped as to warrant the assumption it will be escaped altogether, then there can be no wonder that it fails to act as a deterrent. Such is the condition existing in the United States to-day, and such it is certain to continue until the day arrives when punishment is restored to its true function as a deterrent, and is made reasonably certain in its infliction.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

IF I had a billion dollars, I should found an American college in Athens. I do not mean a university, or an institution for special research. I mean an undergraduate liberal college, with a four years course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. I would make the study of Greek and Latin compulsory for all four years, and have other courses, English, Science, History, Political Economy, etc., elective. The term would last from October to June. A special ship would bring the students from America to the Piraeus in September, and those who wished to spend the summer in the United States could return on her in June.

This college would have certain peculiar advantages. Greek and Latin, which are the best foundation for culture and for any active career to-day, would be studied in the best possible environment; no man would receive a B.A. who could not read Greek and Latin at sight and with ease; thus for the rest of his life every alumnus would have at command Greek drama, philosophy, poetry, and history.

Mr. E. Nelson Fell, who was educated at Eton and received a sound training in the classics, maintains that in his long experience as the manager of a large business enterprise in Russia (see his charming book, "Russian and Nomad") nothing in his youth helped him so much as Greek and Latin and the general discipline and traditions of Eton. He points out that Greek and Latin literature forms a complete and closed subject and thus makes a true foundation for modern life and culture. Science is shifting, history depends largely on the bias of the men who write it, etc., but the story of Greek and Roman political, social, and artistic life is complete and permanent, which no new discoveries can hurt or change.

Another advantage of the Athenian college would be the elimination of the infinite number of extra-curriculum activities which vitiate the intellectual climate of the institutions of learning in the United States. There would be no Big Three or Conference or Coast Championships; many other extra-curriculum affairs, eagerly engaged in by students naturally ambitious for social rather than intellectual distinction, would be absent.

On the other hand, in a country where the Olympic games first flourished, there would be every opportunity for athletic sports on land and water: golf, tennis, baseball, football, rowing, sailing, swimming, and every form of track athletics.

There would, I think, be no difficulty about securing a high-grade faculty; some of the professors would be permanent, and as for the others, there are any number of leading professors in America who would be glad to spend one year teaching American students in Athens.

I am not opposed to intercollegiate athletics in America, for the same reason that I am not opposed to the New England winter climate; and much good comes out of both. But I think there is room for one American college (not vocational, professional, or graduate school) where the major interest of the majority of students would be the acquisition of sound culture, in an environment peculiarly favorable.

It would seem that there could hardly be anything that promised more tranquillity and less eccentricity than a journey from New Haven to Philadelphia. Yet on the day of the February blizzard, when I took the Colonial Express at New Haven, I enjoyed several unusual experiences. First of all, my travelling-bag unaccountably missed the train, so, like a runaway bride, I had nothing except the clothes I sat in. The train was nearly three hours late in reaching Philadelphia; accoutred as I was, I leaped into a taxi and urged the driver to make the extreme legal margin of speed. On a dark and narrow side street, the car broke down

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while I was still a mile from my destination. I dismounted and, like Apollyon, straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, so that the next car would either have to stop or be the cause of my death. It stopped with protests of brake and voice. I explained my predicament and said that I must reach the Metropolitan Opera House in five minutes, where I was to deliver a lecture. I was requested to get in, and I think in that last mad mile we hit the ground only twice, but we drew up before the doors of the temple of art, and within the specified time. I hesitated whether or not to offer this Good Samaritan an honorarium, but I did, and it seemed acceptable. Then he asked me to wait an instant, while he could write for me his telephone number. "Is it possible that he is an owner or driver of public vehicles?" thought I, but on receiving the mystic symbol, he said reverently: "Any time you want any real good liquor, call me up."

I marched upon the stage, clad in the grey habiliments of daylight, looking as if the hounds of Spring were on Winter's traces. I informed the audience that my evening clothes were in the New Haven railway station, and I also informed them of my perilous journey, and of the stranger who took me in, and of his professional occupation. At the end of the lecture, as is our custom in Philadelphia, ushers distributed cards through the audience, on which those who were so disposed might ask questions about books, which I in turn answered from the platform. Seven of them asked, "*What was that telephone number?*" Now, whatever faults that lecture may have had, it was certainly not dry.

The next day (Friday) was a busy day for me, and yet filled with harmony. In the morning I settled the coal strike. At least, when I came down to breakfast in the Bellevue-Stratford it was not settled, and before lunch it was. I leave that fact to speak for itself. In the afternoon I heard a glorious concert by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Beethoven's Emperor Concerto, Leonora Overture No. 3 (the trumpet solo always reminding me of the Hamburg-American Line), and two pieces by Bach. I reached New York in time to hear "Lohengrin" in the evening. Exactly forty years ago I heard in the same New York Opera House "Lohengrin" for the first time. I was then accompanied by my friend Frank W. Hubbard, who later became in one and the same year my brother-in-law and a Presidential elector, probably the youngest Presidential elector in history. "Lohengrin" is my favorite opera, and I have only one fault to find with its construction: Why, in the second act, is the King so inefficient? Why does he allow the bridal procession to be so rudely interrupted? If he were a King who knew his job, he would simply summon his guards, point to Ortrud and Telramund, and say: "Take these swine out and have them killed."

I am the perfect Wagnerite, and this season I am enjoying the Wagner cycle at the Metropolitan more than at any time since the retirement of the De Reszkés. I do not believe there is to-day available a better cast anywhere than appeared in "Die Walküre," for Herr Laubenthal is the best of the tenors, Herr Bohnen and Herr Schorr are satisfactory as bass and baritone, and Larsen-Todsen, Easton, and Branzell are admirable singers. In fact, I do not think I have ever heard the thankless rôle of Fricka sung so magnificently as Madame Branzell sang it.

But I wish at the Metropolitan that Wagner's explicit directions might be followed. Fricka should drive her team; Fafner should kill Fasolt on the stage; the scenery should *move* in the first act of "Parsifal"; Lohengrin should really appear in the distance and gradually draw nearer. Years ago every one of these things took place on this same stage.

Here is a historical fact illustrating the depreciation of the dollar. In the spring of 1887, when I was a senior at Yale, my classmate (now Judge) John Henry Kirkham, of New Britain, and I financed an expedition to New York. We left New Haven at midnight on the boat; we had a good breakfast in New York for thirty-five cents; a good dinner for forty cents. In the afternoon we went to the Metropolitan Opera House, and got seats in the gallery for fifty cents, hearing Goldmark's opera "Merlin" sung by Lilli Lehmann, Max Alvary, and others. We obtained a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good supper for thirty cents, and in the evening got seats for fifty cents at the Casino, where we heard a performance of that delectable "Erminie" with Francis Wilson, God bless him! Then we took the midnight boat back to New Haven. Today there are no boats, no seats for fifty cents, and no good meals for thirty. The entire expedition, transportation both ways, three meals, grand opera and operetta, and incidental expenses, cost us in round numbers about $2.61 apiece. I ought to add that Kirkham was an editor of *The Yale Daily News*, so we dead-headed the steamboat.

At last—at last, I have heard Strauss's glorious tone-poem, "Tod und Verklärung," played by the New York Symphony Orchestra in Brooklyn, and conducted by Otto Klemperer, who measures eight feet from tip to tip. This time also they changed the programme at the last moment; but they substituted Strauss's masterpiece for something else. *O Richard, O mon roi, l'univers t'abandonne, mais moi, jamais!*

In addition to other good plays I have mentioned, let no one miss seeing "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" and "The Wisdom Tooth." The first is a sparkling comedy by Lonsdale, recommended to me by the editor of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. The acting of Ina Claire and Roland Young is impeccably artistic, as fine as the stone tracery around the tomb of Edward II in Gloucester Cathedral.

Marc Connolly has written a magnificent play—"The Wisdom Tooth." In contrast to the imbecility and garbage, which are the chief ingredients of many theatrical offerings in the big town, this drama is a combination of true realism and soaring idealism. Imagine a countrified grandfather and grandmother appearing on the New York stage and, instead of being coarsely burlesqued, here represented as in many cases they really are—the salt of the earth. They stand out, the incarnation of nobility, wisdom, and common sense—what a contrast to our sophisticated and impotent lizards! As Turgenev said of Bazarov's mother, "Such women are not common nowadays. God knows whether we ought to rejoice!" But they are more common than some imagine them to be—some whose entire knowledge of life is confined to a small part of a small and citified island.

Many a man has been saved from sin or folly or both by remembering at a critical moment his dead parents; but in "The Wisdom Tooth" the white-collared clerk is saved by remembering his dead boyhood. The play advances with a light yet sure step along the narrow isthmus that divides the marsh of sentimentality from the mire of melodrama. We are on the verge of both but we never fall in. There is only one other playwright who might have written "The Wisdom Tooth"—his name is J. M. Barrie.

Before seeing this play, I recommend you to read Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" and Basil King's novel, "The High Forfeit."

"The Wisdom Tooth" is a far better play than "The Dybbuk"—more original, more profound, more interesting. I am quite aware that "The Dybbuk" was written by a Russian and "The Wisdom Tooth" by a mere American.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" has come back to town, "tasting of . . . Provençal song and sunburnt mirth." How men will look three hundred years from now I do not know; but they will go to the theatre and they will see "Cyrano."

No matter how many old plays appear in modern dress, I suppose the opera must forever belong to costume drama. Imagine Wotan in Norfolk jacket and knickers!

Percy F. Bicknell, of Malden, Mass., writes on good English:

> The worldwide vogue of your department makes it an effective medium for starting, if not carrying through, many needed reforms; and as you are a teacher of English perhaps this department of yours can most appropriately and intelligently occupy itself with the correction of abuses in the speaking and writing of that language—a worthy undertaking already entered upon by you.
>
> Why not protest against the increasing misuse of *consistently* in the sense of *constantly, always, invariably?* It needs no argument to prove that such indiscriminate substitutions tend to weaken and impoverish a language. Some of our older writers, who in their earlier works were impeccable,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have of late allowed not a few of these objectionable neologisms to invade their pages. Evil communications corrupt good manners, in literature as in conduct.

Another unpleasing modernism is the use of the present indicative in such a sentence as "You look as if you are glad of it." Twenty years ago, or perhaps even ten years ago, would not the customary form have been "You look as if you were glad of it"? A somewhat similar illogical usage, but much older and long since sanctioned by the best writers, is the employment of *as though* in the sense of *as if*. For example: "It is now balmy April, but he shivers as though it were chill November."

Finally (for the present at least), it may be a waste of space and of printer's ink to try to resuscitate the moribund *shall* and *should*, but reiterated outcry will perhaps retard somewhat their final extinction. To one graduated from a New England college about forty years ago and on bowing terms with good writers of a still earlier period it is passing strange that so many otherwise intelligent persons can see no difference between the unscrupulously determined "I will be elected" and the confidently expectant "I shall be elected."

An excellent thing to remember is this—the expression "I would like" is always wrong. Say, "I should like" every time, and there is one error you will avoid.

By the way, I am not a teacher of English, but a teacher of English literature.

Frank W. Clancy, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, nominates for the Ignoble Prize "intrigued" and "intriguing." I agree with him. Miss Beatrice Ash, of Havana, Cuba, nominates persons who sprinkle their conversations with French. But unfortunately there are times when one is almost forced to borrow, *n'est-ce pas?* Reverend Allen Jacobs, rector of St. John's Church, Logan, Utah, writes:

Your page is the only place in America's magazines where stored-up mental powder may explode without injury and at the same time the cause of good English be strengthened. "Cinema" and "Cinematograph"—the English people offend in this more than we. But where on earth did that soft "c" get its justification?—I mean any kind of a "c"; because, as you know, the Greek origin is "kinema." And what a clumsy word it is, with its compounds.

"Recalcitrant"—Do five persons out of ten know it when they see it? I have had to look it up more than once. And our newspaper men are guilty—those whose training is said to include above all the saving of space. Why not "refractory," "obstinate," or even "stubborn"?

Speaking of newspaper terms, why is a "physician" always "summoned"? Give him the title of "physician" if better than the popular one of "doctor"; but why not save a little space and add a little variety by using the good old word "call"?

Included among phrases in general use, I have always thought of "behind" as preferable to "back of"; and I have never been friendly to "this much" and "that much." Many good writers and speakers use "as though" instead of "as if"; yet the latter is much simpler, and I think better.

There is a point in our pronunciation which I have never yet seen explained, and which may have an interesting history connected with it. That is, in relation to the emphasized "r" or, as it has been termed, the inverted "r." It seems to flourish especially in the Middle West; possibly everywhere west of Albany—or shall we say Buffalo? As a native New Englander, and therefore perhaps imbued with the sound of the smooth or disappearing "r" where it ends a word or precedes a consonant—I have never yet become accustomed, at least never yet reconciled, to the bur-r-r sound. Is there some connection here historically with Scotch and German settlers in the Western States? I have heard high-school and college young people in the West pronounce words such as "form" and "corn" in such a way that to my ears the effect was exactly that of "forum" and "koran"! . . .

The chief value of the word "recalcitrant" is to determine whether or not a man is drunk. If he can frame to pronounce it right, he is still sober.

As for the disagreeable dog-letter, Mr. Jacobs's comment gives me an excuse for a poem I wrote on Booth Tarkington's play, and which I contributed to "The Conning Tower," where I had the pleasure of seeing it hoisted to the top of the column:

Tark! Tark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And country cousins rise:
The Middle West girls can roll their R's,
And the Eastern girls their I's.

Speaking of F. P. A., he has just published a volume called "F. P. A.'s Conning Tower Verse," being selections from the verse contributed by outsiders to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Evening Mail, *The Tribune*, and *The World*. The book gains in value by containing nothing of mine, and loses by having nothing of his; but it is a book well worth buying. I particularly enjoyed the poem by my friend the Reverend John Holmes.

When the Easterner laughs at the Westerner for saying Carrds and Dinnerr, let him repent when he himself says "I had no idear of it."

Contributions to the earth-shaking question of the cow's ears come from Miss Grace Swan, of Myers Falls, Wash., who says: "It would be unreasonable to suppose that a cow's ears would be placed where they would be pinched every time she used her horns. Nature is accused of many mistakes, but I never heard of such a bawly one as this would be."

G. W. Gardiner, of New York, also gives a scientific reason for the location of the ears:

Logic is all I have to go upon in deciding whether a cow wears her horns before or behind her ears, observation having failed me.

In the great system of evolution it is quite possible that the first cows were unadorned with horns, although they probably had ears. Thus the first horns were, like as not, soft and useless little things, and could easily have been worn behind the ears or in them.

But with horn development, and the use of the head as a battering ram, it is conceivable that horns quickly came into their own, and the more soft and tender ears moved back until they took up a safe and permanent position back of and slightly below the horns. I believe you will find them there to-day.

How wonderful is logic!

J. C. Meem, of Brooklyn, N. Y., contributes the following:

Will you not kindly explain to your Albany editor, Bachelor of Cowology, that it is not a Mooley but a Muley cow that has no horns? The name is derived from the resemblance of a hornless cow's ears to those of a mule, and not to the soft-voiced Moo with which she laments the loss of her horns; or, in other words, it is not the cow's moosic that gives the name but her ear for music.

It is interesting to observe that Vermont is the only State in the Union where the population of cows exceeds the population of human beings, just as Florida is the only State where there are more automobiles than persons.

James Melvin Lee, director of the department of journalism, New York University, furnishes me with two good newspaper headlines to add to those I printed in the March SCRIBNER'S. One was over a story about a workman who had been buried in a cave-in:

TON OF SOIL FALLS ON SON OF TOIL

The other describes a man by the name of Ivory who was on trial in an English court; the evidence told against him and the headline in the newspaper was:

IVORY'S HOPES SINK

Mrs. Frederic R. Kellogg, of Morristown, N. J., read the "Faerie Queene" at the age of seventeen, when she was a freshman at Bryn Mawr. She wishes to know if any female of my acquaintance has ever finished Carlyle's "French Revolution," or Boswell's "Life of Johnson." In reply to this solemn inquiry I have not heard of many females finishing either one of these two books, though I have heard of a good many who have been finished by them. Charles Hopkins Clark, the editor of the Hartford *Courant*, recently wrote in *The North American Review* an article on Samuel Johnson that will make the idolaters of Ursa Major furiously to think, as the French do not say.

Miss Lillian Partos, of New York City, also comes into the Faerie Queene Club. In fact, she takes two chairs because, although only in the sixteenth year of her age, she has read the poem twice.

Mrs. Addison E. Herrick, of Bethel, Me., read the "Faerie Queene" through at the age of sixteen. She has often wondered why she did it, but now knows that her unconscious self then foresaw the Faerie Queene Club.

Miss Margaret Belle Merrill, director of the Co-operative Bureau for Women Teachers, New York, read the "Faerie Queene" in her eleventh year.

The State of Alabama suddenly leads all the States in the Union in membership. I have received from Augustus H. Mason,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dean of Howard College, Birmingham, Ala., the following list of students, all of whom have read the entire "Faerie Queene": Lizzie Lee Allsup, Birmingham; Elna Almgren, Birmingham; Ruby Deane Doyle, Birmingham; Bess Finney, Albertville; Mary John Finney, La Fayette; Nioma Lee, Cropwell; Sue Sargent, Mobile; Louise Short, Huntsville; Millard Hearn, Wadley; Luther E. Little, Alanton; John Denham Tucker, Jr., Birmingham.

Further contributors to the George Herbert Organ Fund and members of the Bemerton Club are G. W. Humphreys, of Cohoes, N. Y.; Charles E. Moore, of White Plains, and the Reverend Jesse Halsey, of Cincinnati.

Wilmarth S. Lewis, of Farmington, Conn., American novelist, writes linguistically as follows:

When you have established "vidience," do turn your attention to "ocularium." "The vidience rocked the ocularium with applause."

Another word-builder, Horace Walpole, wrote to Wm. Mason in 1783: "I have in mind, should you approve it, to call designers of gardens, *gardenists*, to distinguish them from *gardeners* or *landscapists*. I wish you would coin a term for the art itself." Mason failed to do so and all we have is "landscape gardening"—surely a poor thing.

With reference to the vexed question of professional voice control, I have an interesting letter from Edward Dickinson, professor of the history and criticism of music at Oberlin:

Nevertheless I have often wondered how actors and singers keep themselves in hand as they do. I have never wondered at this more than I did a few nights ago when I heard Roland Hayes deliver that heart-breaking unaccompanied song, "The Crucifixion," which he often puts at the end of his programs. Roland Hayes, as I happen to know, is a devout Christian as well as a profoundly poetic nature. I doubt if there was a dry eye in the hall, but in his voice there was not the slightest suggestion of wavering. How he could sing it in the way he did without breaking down is more than I can understand, except as I suppose that his indescribably pathetic effects in dynamics and timbre were calculated at every instant, and his will power was concentrated upon them. This is no disparagement, but just the reverse.

Mr. van Loon's "Tolerance" is a noble, useful, badly written book. He chose a great subject, took exactly the right attitude toward it, and then wrote as though he were talking to a night school of immigrants. I can see no reason for not treating so dignified a theme with dignity. He cannot write like John Morley any more than I can; but why— Anyhow, I am glad he wrote the book, for it is needed now more than almost any other treatise, and it is probably more needed in America than in any other country. He has the chief qualification for his task—for if he wrote with the tongues of men and of angels, and had not charity, his book would be worthless. I am not an agnostic, or a socialist, or a revolutionist, or an anarchist; but I have sufficient faith in God and in the United States to believe that neither can be seriously injured by free thought and free expression. There is no reason why the strongest religious and political convictions should not be accompanied by clear-eyed tolerance. Tolerance is the mark of the truly civilized and cultivated, mature mind. Those who are habitually intolerant can never learn, never develop; but a hospitable mind is ever growing. I am opposed to the suppression of free speech, and for two good reasons. It is unchristian and inexpedient. Suppression by force, whether it takes the form of deportation, imprisonment, or direct mob action, is unchristian. But it is also inexpedient. If history has proved anything, it has proved that every attempt to suppress free speech and free writing has strengthened the victims, and has increased the number of their adherents. The behavior of many American organizations and at times of our own governmental officials has been *boyish*. Intolerance is the mark of a childish mind; when one has become a man one should put away childish things. It is not accidental that England is more tolerant than America, and that the American city is more tolerant than the village. An increase in learning and wisdom is usually accompanied by an increase in tolerance. Two of our best judges are shining ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

amples of tolerance—Learned Hand and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Of the "prize" novels that I have read, I award first place to "Wild Geese," by Martha Ostenso. This is a fine work of art, and finest in its power of characterization. The *paterfamilias*, who not infrequently becomes the domestic tyrant, has seldom been more accurately portrayed.

Two well-written "thrillers" are "Beau Geste," by Percival Christopher Wren, and "The House of Crimson Shadows," by H. DeVere Stacpoole. These would make you immune to the railway journey from Jacksonville to New Orleans, and I know of no higher tribute.

No one is satisfied with an anthology—not even the editor. But if you want to own the best anthology of American poetry that I have seen, buy Richard Le Gallienne's "Book of American Verse." His remarks, in the preface, on Longfellow show that his head is clear.

In addition to being a sceptic on the merits of "An American Tragedy," I also dissent from what seems to be the general critical opinion concerning Ford's novel, "No More Parades." It seems to me written in an intolerably self-conscious and artificial style. Mr. Ford's style is not only vicious; it is viscous. Over all great art, says Lorado Taft, there is an air of serenity.

To all parents and teachers, I especially recommend two small books—"Men, Women and Colleges," by Professor Le Baron R. Briggs of Harvard, and "The Religion of Undergraduates," by the Reverend Cyril Harris. Both books are written with candor and earnestness. Religious people like me will wince when they read Harris's book, but we cannot deny the facts on which it is founded.

An hour of undiluted diversion may well be spent in reading Robert Benchley's "Pluck and Luck," which is intended to be funny and succeeds in the attempt.

Two of our youngest novelists, R. B. Barrett and Katharine Brush, have produced respectively "The Enemy's Gates" and "Glitter," both books dealing with flashy youth. Now Mr. Fitzgerald can do this properly, because he is a literary artist; whereas these two novels betray not only immaturity in years but immaturity in style. I should not mention them at all if I did not think they were worth reading, and if I did not think both authors showed potentiality. I have lived with undergraduates for forty-three years, and I have a higher opinion of their ability and character than I find in smart stories about them.

Only the other day, a student, who could not possibly be called either a prig or a grind, rebuked me quite justly. I was teaching Browning's "Grammarian's Funeral," and I remarked that a man could throw away his youth and ruin his health just as truly in the pursuit of learning and science as in dissipation. The only difference is, said I, ironically, that when he wastes his health in study we call him a fool; and when he wastes it in riotous living we say he is a good fellow. One of the undergraduates immediately took issue with me, saying that no matter what surface-opinion might be, the average student did admire the man who gave himself to serious study and did despise the man who indulged in vice. I think he is right, and I shall omit my comment when I teach that poem again.

The best four books that I have read on the Christian religion recently are "The Everlasting Man," by Chesterton; "According to Saint John," by Lord Charnwood; "The Christ of the New Testament," by Paul Elmer More, and "The Reasonableness of Christianity," by Douglas Clyde Macintosh, which book won a six-thousand-dollar prize.

I am glad that I was soundly trained in my youth in philosophy and metaphysics, for it has helped me many times, and never more than in reading this fine work by Professor Macintosh. If one wishes to know the true "Modernist" position, one cannot do better than read this book, which is able, fair-minded, reverent, scholarly, and devout. And yet I think in one respect the author is in error. I am anxious not to misrepresent him, a thing easy to do in the discussion of any philosophical treatise; but if I understand him correctly, he says that the Christian religion does not depend for its truth on any historical basis. That is, if Jesus had never lived at all, if the whole Gospel story were a myth, Christianity would still be just as true. I do not think so.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So far as the ethical teaching of Jesus is concerned, he is of course right. The ethical teaching of Jesus is simply that unselfishness is better than selfishness; if we should discover that the whole New Testament were a fairy tale, this ethical teaching would still stand. If Euclid had never lived, it would still be true that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. Truth is truth, no matter who first said it, or even if it were never said at all.

But is the ethical teaching all that there is to the Christian religion? For wise men have taught the same thing over and over again.

Suppose you received affectionate letters from some one, assuring you not only of steadfast love but of some great gift to come, and the letters were subsequently proved to be forgeries? Suppose an uncle left you a fortune in a will, and the will turned out to be fraudulent?

Not for a moment do I think that the Christian religion is important for what we may materially derive from it. It is important, however, because it professes to be a revelation from God in the person of His Son. Now if there is no Son, not only does the foundation of the Christian religion vanish, but we may well despair of God—this revelation being to Christians the most authentic means of communication.

Professor Macintosh is quite properly and honestly eager to believe nothing unscientific. But, like all philosophers, he has to make an unverifiable assumption. In his book, what he calls "moral optimism" is the true (and scientific) basis of religion. But not only is this an unverified and unverifiable assumption, it is denied by many of our most able and candid writers. It would never have been accepted by Schopenhauer, or by Thomas Hardy, George Santayana, Joseph Conrad, and many other first-rate minds. To these men an ethical view of the universe is impossible.

No, I here stand with the practical, common-sensible Lord Charnwood, whose researches bring him to the belief in the divinity of Christ; and with the scholar, Paul Elmer More, who says that without the Incarnation, there is no voice to man out of the eternal silence.

If I did not believe in the historicity of Jesus, I should not change my habit of life; but no one would ever see me worshipping in a Christian church again.

It is only fair to say that Professor Macintosh is seeking, more for the benefit of others than of himself, a scientific foundation for the Christian religion; he is a loyal and active and valuable member of an evangelical Christian church.

The average man is more interested in the prize ring than in the ring of the Nibelungen.

More women are eager to reduce physically than to expand spiritually.

I have sometimes been accused of disliking some of our sex-novelists because they are not gentlemen. How strange—when it is clear that they are all writers of breeding.

I saw one of them the other day sending a tiny parcel by the American Railway Express, and I wondered why he did not send it through the post; then I reflected that he was probably expressing his personality.

My advice to young authors. Don't imitate H. L. Mencken. Remember, even his broadest humor, his most violent denunciations, and his most diverting meditations on life invariably are founded on some actual *knowledge*. Better imitate his learning before you imitate his manner. Otherwise, David in Saul's armor will more closely resemble "what the man will wear" than you will resemble H. L. M. I am sure that Mencken's antagonists do not cause him so much embarrassment as his disciples. Now that a chorus of adulation salutes Theodore Dreiser, Mencken seems to be hedging.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

SPIRITUALLY speaking, there is a bit of Spanish territory in New York, the land that is bounded by the walls of the Hispanic Museum, in the northwestern part of the city. I do not know of an institution quite like it anywhere else in the world. Dedicated to the genius of a nation, it illustrates the subject in so many of its manifestations that amid its paintings and other treasures one seems to be literally on the soil that gave them birth, to breathe the very airs that energized their creation. The appeal of the museum is, in a word, an appeal of the Spanish soul. It is made, as I have just indicated, through many objects, but in none more eloquently than in works of pictorial art. These are not only numerous, but have an extraordinary range. The collection begins with a great array of Primitives and then passes rapidly to the traditions of El Greco, Zurburan, Velasquez, and Goya. Nor are the moderns forgotten. Fortuny, Domingo, Rico, and Madrazo are present, and there are abundant specimens of such later men as Zuloaga and Sorolla. The themes of these artists are, generally, characters from Spanish history or scenes and types from Spanish life. The Primitives, of course, dealt with religious subjects, but their devotional fervor gives place in the modern school to a more realistic preoccupation. It is curious to note this, by the way, in the case of a man like Velasquez. His powers, one would say, ought naturally to have carried him to the heights of the spirit. As a matter of fact, they did nothing of the sort. His Christ on the Cross is an impressive picture so far as it goes, but it is in no wise an inspired production, and in none of his religious designs does he transcend the level on which he struck his gait in the early *bodegones*. The point is apposite on the present occasion. There have been moments of spiritual ecstasy in Spanish painting. El Greco knew some of them, so did Zurburan, and they were vouchsafed in a measure to Murillo. Nevertheless it might be said of a typical Spanish artist, as Gautier said of himself, that he is a man for whom the visible world exists. The saying especially applies to the modern Spaniard whose last works have been installed in the Hispanic Museum. I mean Joaquin Sorolla.

♣ ♣ ♣

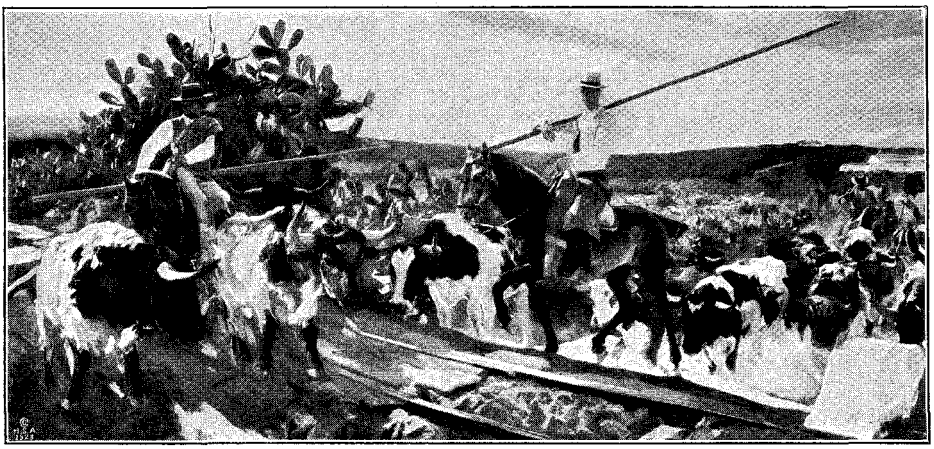
HE was fortunate in the fate that attended him through the years immediately preceding his death in 1923. In his prime, and painting at his best, he was permitted to complete his *magnum opus*, a set of fourteen large pictures reflecting as in a mirror some of the most characteristic phases of Spanish life. The commission was given to him when he was in the United States in 1910, and he gave himself up to his task for about five years. His studio was in Madrid, and he did much of the work there, but its essentials were established on the spot. He sketched and painted in the various Spanish provinces, seeking to make living transcripts of actualities. The result is what I can only describe as a tangible enlargement of that territory indicated above as embodied in the Hispanic Museum. A spacious room was erected to receive his canvases, and they have been affixed to the walls with nothing but a simple framework to divide attention. They are not in the strict meaning of the term mural paintings, conceived as an architectural unit and bound together by decorative convention. If, in broad intention, Sorolla harked back to any precedent it was not to that of Veronese but to that of Ghirlandajo, the maker of mural picture-books. Nay, he discarded even the Florentine's tendency to pay some slight tribute to architectural environment. He practised instead a perfectly free nationalism, giving a composition the requisite balance and order but keeping it in essence a vision of the thing seen.

What realism this implies will be readi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly understood by those who recall the big exhibition of his works at the Hispanic Museum in 1909. It will be remembered that his pictures then took Americans by storm. They did so because the figures in them leaped to the eye in a blaze of sunshine. His studies were marvellous in the interpretation of movement. They were, perhaps, a shade too marvellous. I have always remembered with amusement what happened when I went with Boldini to the Sorolla exhibition at the Georges Petit Gallery in Paris. As we progressed from picture to picture Boldini seemed suddenly to get into the grip of some hidden excitement and for a time hesitated about telling me just what was the matter! At last he could stand it no longer. "This man must work with a camera," he said; "they look like so many snapshots." I don't believe Sorolla ever in his life used a camera, but the episode I have cited points with some justice to the nature of those impressions through which he was first made known here.

A little better light is thrown on his art by some information given me by a fellow-countryman of his who was often in his studio. From this it appears that Sorolla was very much in love with his craft, uneasy and at a loss unless he had a brush in his hand and was using it. When he took it up in the morning, if there did not happen to be some problem already started for him he would tackle any object that came to hand, some studio property against the wall or a person casually entering the room. In other words, he profited by incessant practice and developed thereby his prodigious facility. It was a case of the dexterous magic of Fortuny come again. Only, Sorolla's dexterity was governed by a mood totally different from that of the brilliant painter who came before him. That Fortuny was a not unworthy disciple of Velasquez is shown by his superb Spanish Lady in the Metropolitan Museum, but more often he emulated what was flashing in Goya and gave to his subjects an essentially glittering character. In his remarkable work, to which I paid tribute at some length in these pages several months ago, the air of nature is challenged by the air of the studio. That was where Sorolla parted company with Fortuny and in the process contributed heavily to the renovation of modern Spanish art.



Andalucia.
From the painting by Sorolla at the Hispanic Museum.

I can feel as though it were yesterday the stir that he was making in Madrid when I first visited that city, years ago. All the younger artists swore by him. He was going to "dish" the old Fortuny sleight-of-hand, and they were with him to the last stroke of his campaign. I was a little dubious about it when I saw the first picture my friends cited. It was called, I think, Another Marguerite, a large picture of a poor prisoner in a third-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

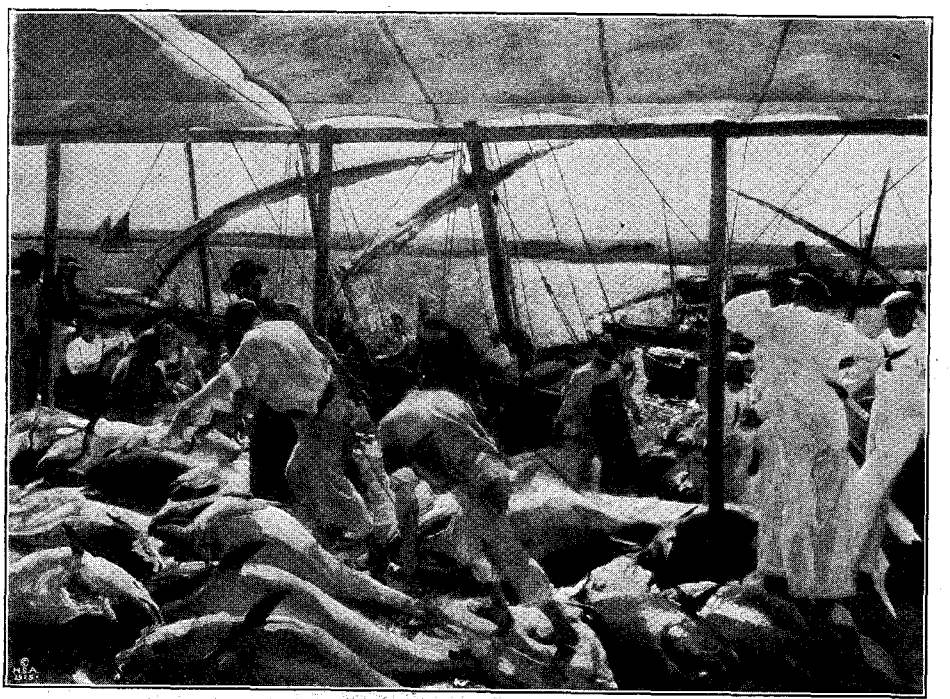
class railway carriage, accompanied by her guards. I recollect it as savoring more of the Paris Salon than anything else, and I was not surprised to hear that after his training at home he had had some experience in France. But I saw shortly afterward another painting of his which better explained the enthusiasm in the studios of Madrid. In Paris, it seems, he had been touched by the luminous art of Bastien-Lepage, and in this picture to which I refer you could see how it had stimulated him. He was beginning to paint in terms of light and air, and I can see now the old fisherman with his nets that he depicted against a sunlit white wall. Memory of the picture stays because it marked so happy a fusion of life and art, the fact so vividly recorded, the technique so broad, so flowing, so exhilaratingly clever.

Navarra.

From the painting by Sorolla at the Hispanic Museum.

Sorolla was emphatically the clever painter when his work was introduced here, in 1909, but he was more than that when he made the pictures now in the big room at the Hispanic Museum. These panels were to be his testament, his monument; and he painted them with a certain seriousness, using care in composition and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



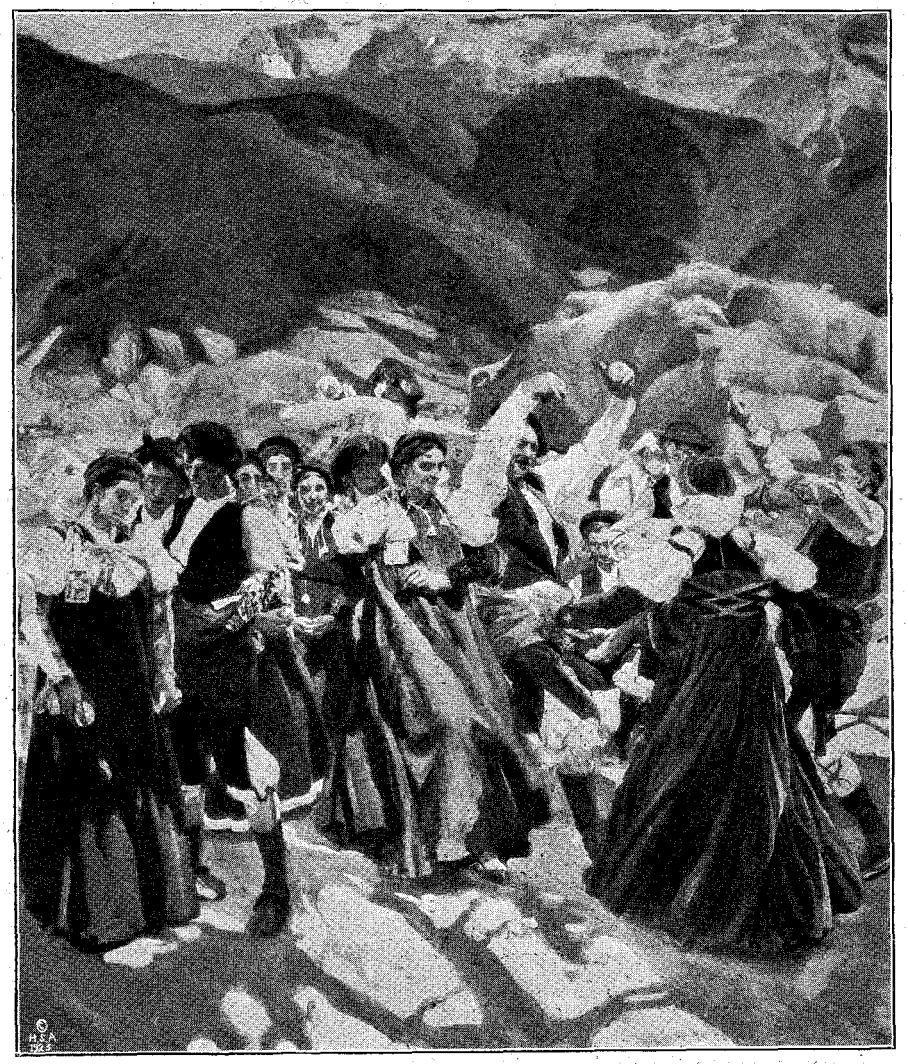
Ayamonte.
From the painting by Sorolla at the Hispanic Museum.

pursuing great thoroughness in his workmanship. The old facility is there, but it is tempered by a graver ambition and has more weight. You have no thought of the snapshot as you watch his Spanish people going about their business or pleasure in their divers provinces. The fishermen of Ayamonte haul the great tunny ashore, shaded by canvas from the light blazing down upon the blue waters beyond. In one picture you come upon a group of Sevillian penitents, and in another you observe the dance as it is danced in that city, or in still others you come in contact with the denizens of the bull-ring. The peasants of Castile fill one of the longest of the panels, a tremendous hurly-burly of racy figures and picturesque costumes, set against a background of bare plain and ancient walls.

Once, in the panel devoted to Navarra, you think that you are looking on at something like historical reconstruction. The costumes are of the Old World, and the men assembled under their antique banner seem to have stepped out of the Middle Ages. But they are really modern men, re-enacting at Roncal, as they do every June, an old Navarrese ceremony. Sorolla got this, as he got everything for his paintings, out of the present. The fishermen and cattle-herders, the peasants with their pigs or fruits, the dancers of Aragon, or the Basque of Guipuzcoa at his favorite game, are all the people of to-day, carrying on in a fine integrity—and this is one of the fascinations of the series—the customs and manners of virtually changeless Spain. They are admirably painted. Sorolla had got thoroughly into his stride by the time he made these pictures, and, as I have said, his great talent was steadied by his opportunity. The scenes are delightfully composed. The artist's draftsmanship is uniformly sinewy and efficient. His color is powerful without being violent, and it is saturated in warm light. He rendered a service to Spain when he organized this exposition of her human traits, and he rendered a service to Spanish art when he left in these canvases a standard of workmanship upholding the dignity of his school in a foreign land.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I HAVE thought of that standard in looking at more than one recent exhibition. In the March number of SCRIBNER'S I spoke of the Carnegie International and the Spanish section therein. As I write, the foreign pictures from that show have been brought from Pittsburgh to New York, and musing again upon them I am inclined to reiterate the comment that true ability is manifesting itself in the school to which Sorolla gave so much impetus. The least ingratiating factor in Zuloaga's art—his tincture of Montmartre sophistication and studied pose—receives, to be sure, too much of the flattery of imitation, but there is plenty of work in the Spanish section to show that the wholesome example of Sorolla's breadth and sincerity is not being neglected. Delightful proof of this was offered in February when one member of the younger Spanish group, Don Lopez Mezquita, had a large exhibition of his own at the Reinhardt Gallery. He affirmed himself an accomplished painter, charmingly polished in portraiture and



Aragon.

From the painting by Sorolla at the Hispanic Museum.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

singularly fluent and engaging in the treatment of picturesque types and subjects drawn from Spanish life. He well maintains the principle on which the vitality of modern Spanish art has been renewed, the principle of veracity and freedom.

Rosario and Maria.

From the painting by Lopez Mezquita shown at the Reinhardt Gallery.

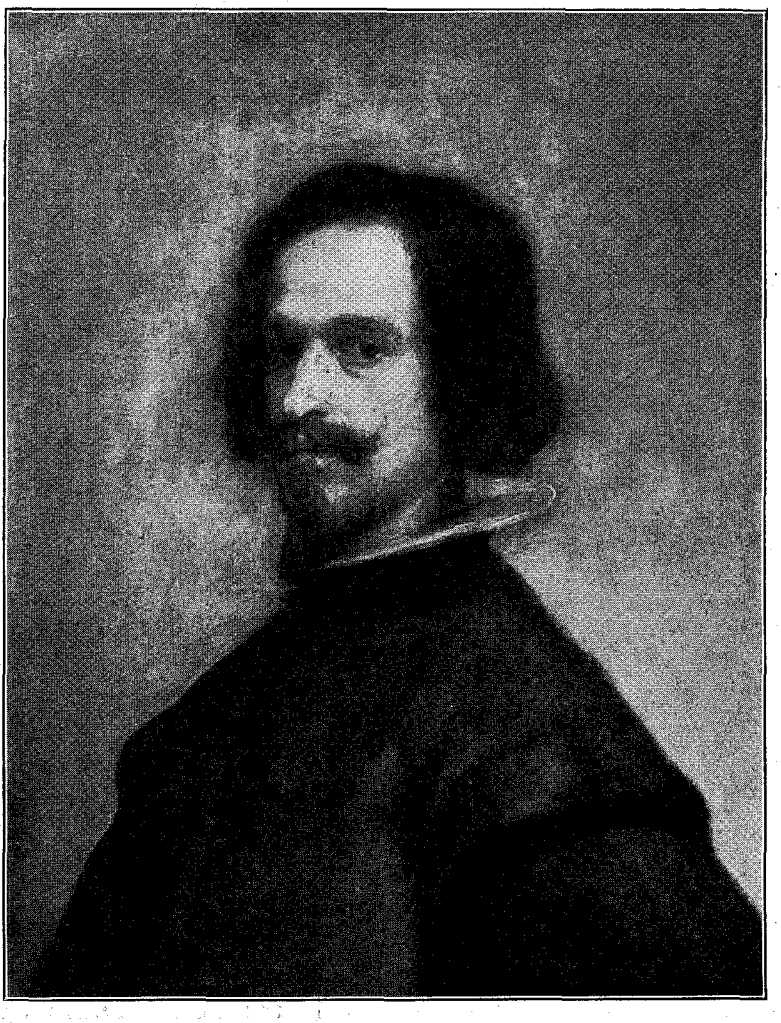
The Guitarist, Andres de Segovia.

From the portrait by Lopez Mezquita shown at the Reinhardt Gallery.

APROPOS of Spanish art, I cannot forbear reverting in this place to a portrait of Velasquez painted by himself which turned up at the Duveen Gallery in mid-winter. There are several self-portraits by the master. One of the most famous is that serene painting which hangs in the Capitoline Museum at Rome. He is believed to have painted himself also in the man with the great hat who figures in the right-hand corner of The Surrender of Breda. There is an authentic portrait in the museum at Valencia, and, of course, there is the famous figure in Las Meninas. The new portrait is one which Doctor August L. Mayer found in the Hanover Museum in 1917; catalogued as representing Velasquez but attributed to the brush of a Flemish painter. About a hundred years ago, by the way, it seems to have masqueraded as a portrait of Van Dyck, though the *golilla* alone, to say nothing of the features, should have made that hypothesis impossible. On comparison of it with photographs of the known portraits Doctor Mayer's identification of the Duveen painting seems to me absolutely conclusive and a deeply interesting contribution to the subject. Velasquez is a man of great dignity in the Capitoline

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portrait. He is equally sympathetic, in other moods, at Valencia and in the two great compositions to which I have referred. But, while he is distinctly less endearing in the new portrait, I feel very much in that presentment the Velasquez of the studio, unawed by Philip, undistracted by any courtly responsibilities, but just the sober craftsman, alone with himself and his art. The master has never seemed to me more humanly his own man than in this remarkable portrait, so happily recovered after hundreds of years.



Velasquez.
From the portrait by himself shown at the Duveen Gallery.

THE sale room has its interesting episodes. A month or two ago, writing in this place on the eve of the dispersal of the Billings collection at the American Art Galleries, I wondered how this amateur's Barbizon pictures would fare. The school had been not precisely under a cloud but certainly in the enjoyment of no such popularity as had followed it in the United States in earlier decades. I heard a good deal of gossip as to the chances of the Billings sale. Every one seemed doubtful. For my own part, the occasion seemed to me to be a test of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American connoisseurship, one to show whether our collectors were swayed by fashion or were faithful to works of lasting beauty. They rose perfectly to the situation. The thirty-one pictures in the collection brought a total of $401,300; fully half of them were in the Barbizon group, and it was this group that brought out the major figures. One old English picture, it is true, a landscape by Crome, fetched $47,000, but it was the sole challenge given to the French paintings. These came magnificently into the foreground. Mr. James Elverson paid $50,500 for Les Baigneuses des Iles, by Corot. Another Corot, La Charette de Gres, brought $27,000, and his Cavalier dans la Campagne rose to $30,000. In fact, it was a great evening for Corot, all of his works selling for good prices. And Rousseau was in as good form, his Bosquet d'Arbres fetching $25,000. Throughout the list, which included also Diaz, Dupré, Daubigny, and Troyon, the prestige of the school was whole-heartedly maintained. The dealers were, of course, represented, but whether they bought for themselves or clients is beside the point. All that matters is that Barbizon has *not* lost its vogue.

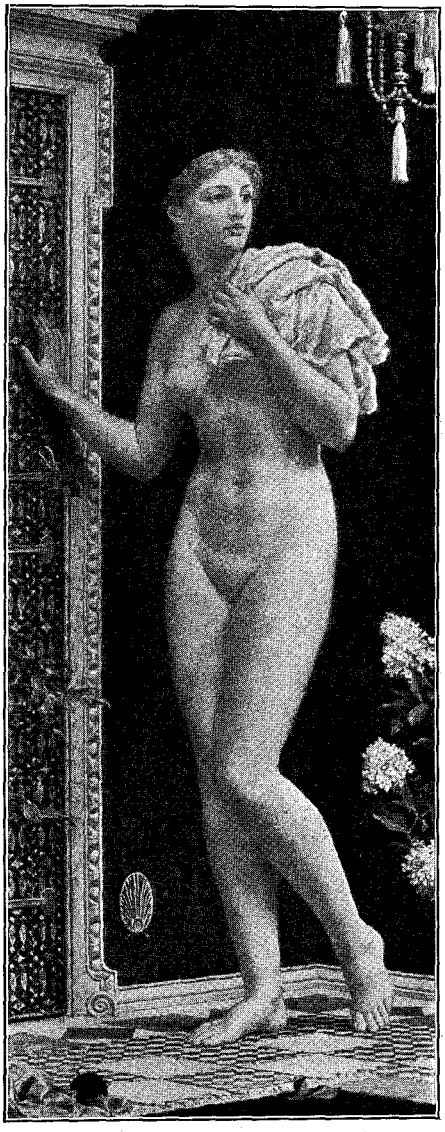
There was another auction episode inviting comment when the Leverhulme pictures were sold at the Anderson Galleries. They made a decidedly mixed company, but I am not concerned in this instance with the character of the collection as a whole or with the sum that it brought. I am interested rather in one of the painters represented, the late Albert Moore. Five of this Englishman's works were sold, one of them, the White Hydrangea, for $1,300, two for $1,000 each, one for $850, and one for $350. They did pretty well, though they might have done better. I was grateful for the mere fact that they were sold here. I have no recollection of Moore's appearing hitherto in an American auction room, and I like to believe that with this introduction his art may become better known here and receive the appreciation it deserves. It was, for me, the most engaging thing about the Leverhulme affair. Without unduly emphasizing the circumstance, I may note that Moore has a sentimental claim upon Americans, for he stood by

Cherry Blossom.
From the painting by Albert Moore in the Leverhulme sale.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whistler in the great quarrel with Ruskin, cordially testifying in his behalf. Whistler dedicated to him those biting pages in which he summed up "the *fin mot* and spirit" of the famous trial. Our American master valued Moore's support, and he valued it the more because he had a high opinion of his friend's work.

That work was exactly calculated to win Whistler's regard, it was so daintily decorative, so exquisite in feeling, so fastidious and so delicate in style. Moore, who was born in 1841 and died in 1893, was trained by an exacting father in a habit of fine draftsmanship. He entered the schools of the Royal Academy but never adopted the routine of that institution. Early in life he took to designing wallpaper and the like and subsequently had some experience as a mural painter, but the productions that won him his repute were such pictures as those in the Leverhulme collection, panels in which figures are portrayed just as so many charming embodiments of form and color. A subject for him, as Sidney Colvin has said, was "merely a mechanism for getting beautiful people into beautiful situations." That must have been the source of his charm for Whistler. His passion for pure beauty was exactly in harmony with the American's ideal. He has been compared with Leighton, especially, in the treatment of drapery, but as a matter of fact it is just in his drapery that he is infinitely Leighton's superior. The celebrated president of the Royal Academy was the victim of an incurable mannerism. The rippling folds of his classical draperies soon become cloying. It was not so with Moore. He had greater breadth in his draperies. He had style. He knew how to make a beautiful arabesque out of several figures, but he was most enchanting when he put one alone into a panel, set in a graceful attitude, with flowers in the background. The Cherry Blossom of the Leverhulme collection gave in perfection the measure of his art. It showed him for the discreet, delightful colorist that he was, it illustrated his ideal of form, and it fully disclosed the pure, original, and lovely note that he struck in modern British art. This picture sold for $850. Its purchaser obtained, in my opinion, a rare bargain.



White Hydrangea.

From the painting by Albert Moore in the Leverhulme sale.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN ITALIAN PEASANT.

From the water-color by Fortuny.

—See "The Field of Art," page 665.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED